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Beaumont

THE

WORKS

OF

Mr. *Francis Beaumont*,

AND

Mr. *John Fletcher*.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CONTAINING

The CHANCES, *and*
The BLOODY BROTHER,
Printed under the Inſpection of Mr. Seward.
The WILD-GOOSE CHACE,
A WIFE *for a* MONTH,
The LOVER'S PROGRESS, *and*
The PILGRIM,
Printed under the Inſpection of Mr. Sympſon.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON and S. DRAPER in the *Strand*.

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THE

CHANCES.

A

COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

APTNESS for Mirth to all, this inſtant Night
Thalia *hath prepar'd, for your Delight,*
Her choice and curious Viands, in each part
Seaſon'd with rarities of Wit and Art;
Nor fear I to be tax'd for a vain boaſt,
My Promiſe will find Credit with the moſt,
When they know ingenious Fletcher *made it, he*
Being in himſelf a perfect Comedy:
And ſome ſit here, I doubt not, dare aver
Living he made that Houſe a Theatre
Which he pleas'd to frequent; and thus much we
Could not but pay to his loud Memory.
For our ſelves, we do entreat that you would not
Expect ſtrange turns and windings, in the Plot,
Objects of State, and now and then a Rhime,
To gall particular Perſons with the time;
Or that his towring Muſe hath made her flight
Nearer your Apprehenſion than your Sight;
But if that ſweet Expreſſions, quick Conceit,
Familiar Language, faſhion'd to the weight
Of ſuch as ſpeak it, have the power to raiſe
Your Grace to us, with Trophies to his Praiſe;
We may profeſs, preſuming on his Skill,
If's Chances *pleaſe not you, our Fortune's ill.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DUKE *of* Ferrara.
Petruchio, *Governor of* Bologna.
Don John, *Don* Frederick, } *two* Spaniſh *Gentlemen, and Comerades.*
Antonio, *an old ſtout Gentleman, Kinſman to* Petruchio.
Three Gentlemen, Friends to the Duke.
Two Gentlemen, Friends to Petruchio.
Franciſco, *a Muſician,* Antonio's *Boy.*
Peter Vecchio, *a Teacher of Latin and Muſick, a reputed Wizard.*
Peter *and* Anthony, } *two Servants to Don* John *and* Frederick,
A Surgeon.

WOMEN.

Conſtancia, *Siſter to* Petruchio, *and Miſtreſs to the Duke.*
Gentlewoman, Servant to Conſtancia.
Old Gentlewoman, Landlady to Don John *and* Frederick.
Conſtancia, *a Whore to old* Antonio.
Bawd.

SCENE BOLOGNIA.

THE

THE CHANCES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Peter *and* Anthony.

PETER.

WOULD w'were remov'd from this Town, *Anthony*,
That we might taſte ſome quiet; for mine own part,
I'm almoſt melted with continual trotting
After Enquiries, Dreams, and Revelations,
Of who knows whom, or where: ſerve Wenching Soldiers,
That know no other Paradiſe but Plackets?
I'll ſerve a Prieſt in *Lent* firſt, and eat Bell-ropes.

Ant. Thou art the froward'ſt Fool ——

Pet. Why, good tame *Anthony?*
Tell me but this; to what end came we hither?

Ant. To wait upon our Maſters.

Pet. But how, *Anthony?*
Anſwer me that; reſolve me there, good *Anthony?*

Ant. To ſerve their uſes.

Pet. Shew your uſes, *Anthony:*

Ant. To be imploy'd in any thing.

Pet. No, *Anthony*,
Not any thing I take it; nor that thing

We travel to diſcover, like new Iſlands;
A ſalt itch ſerve ſuch uſes; in things of moment
Concerning things, I grant ye, not things errant,
Sweet Ladies things, and things to thank the Surgeon;
In no ſuch things, ſweet *Anthony*, put caſe——
Ant. Come, come, all will be mended; this inviſible
Of infinite report for Shape and Virtue, [Woman
That bred us all this trouble to no purpoſe,
They are determin'd now no more to think on,
But fall cloſe to their Studies.
Pet. Was there ever
Men known to run mad with Report before?
Or wander after that they know not where
To find? or if found, how to enjoy? are Mens Brains
Made now-a-days of Malt, that their Affections
Are never ſober? But like drunken People
Founder at every new Fame? I do believe too
That Men in Love are ever drunk, as drunken Men
Are ever loving.
Ant. Prithee be thou ſober,
And know, that they are none of thoſe, not guilty
Of the leaſt vanity of Love, only a doubt
Fame might too far report, or rather flatter
The Graces of this Woman, made them curious
To find the truth, which ſince they find ſo block'd
And lock'd up from their ſearches, they're now ſettled
To give the wonder over.
Pet. Would they were ſettled
To give me ſome new Shoes too: For I'll be ſworn
Theſe are e'en worn out to th' *reaſonable Soles*
In their good Worſhips buſineſs; and ſome ſleep
Would not do much amiſs, unleſs they mean
To make a Bell-man on me; and what now
Mean they to ſtudy, *Anthony*, *moral* Philoſophy
After their *mar-all* Women?
Ant. Mar a Fool's Head.
Pet. It will mar two Fools Heads and they take not heed,
Beſides the Giblets to 'em.
Ant. Will you walk, Sir,
And talk more out of hearing? Your Fool's Head

May

May chance to find a wooden Night-cap elſe.
Pet. I never lay in any.

Enter Don John, *and* Frederick.

Ant. Then leave your lying,
And your blind propheſying: Here they come,
You'd beſt tell them as much.
Pet. I am no Tell-tale. [*Exeunt.*
John. I would we could have ſeen her though; for ſure
She muſt be ſome rare Creature, or Report lies:
All Mens Reports too.
Fred. I could well wiſh I'd ſeen her;
But ſince ſhe's ſo conceal'd, ſo beyond venture
Kept and preſerv'd from view, ſo like a Paradiſe,
Plac'd where no Knowledge can come near her; ſo guarded,
As 'twere impoſſible, though known, to reach her,
I've made up my belief.
John. Hang me from this hour
If I more think upon her, or believe her,
But as ſhe came a ſtrong Report unto me,
So the next Fame ſhall loſe her.
Fred. 'Tis the next way;
But whither are you walking?
John. My old Round
After my Meat, and then to Bed.
Fred. Tis healthful.
John. Will not you ſtir?
Fred. I have a little buſineſs.
John. Upon my Life this Lady ſtill ——
Fred. Then you will loſe it.
John. 'Pray let's walk together.
Fred. Now I cannot.
John. I have ſomething to impart.
Fred. An hour hence
I will not miſs to meet you.
John. Where?
Fred. I'th' high Street;
For not to lie, I have a few Devotions
To do firſt, then I'm yours.
John. Remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Ant. Cut his Wind-pipe, I ſay.

1 *Gent.* Fye, *Antonio.*

Ant. Or knock his Brains out firſt, and then forgive him:
If you do thruſt, be ſure it be to th' hilts,
A Surgeon may ſee through him.

1 *Gent.* You are too violent.

2 *Gent.* Too open undiſcreet.

Petr. Am I not ruin'd?
The honour of my Houſe crack'd? my Blood poiſon'd?
My Credit and my Name?

2 *Gent.* Be ſure it be ſo,
Before ye uſe this violence: Let not doubt,
And a ſuſpecting anger ſo much ſway ye,
Your Wiſdom may be queſtion'd.

Ant. I ſay kill him,
And then diſpute the cauſe; cut off what may be,
And what is ſhall be ſafe.

2 *Gent.* Hang up a true Man,
Becauſe 'tis poſſible he may be thieviſh!
Alas, is this good Juſtice?

Petr. I know as certain
As day muſt come again, as clear as truth,
And open as belief can lay it to me,
That I am baſely wrong'd, wrong'd above Recompence;
Maliciouſly abus'd, blaſted for ever
In Name and Honour, loſt to all remembrance,
But what is ſmear'd, and ſhameful; I muſt kill him,
Neceſſity compels me.

1 *Gent.* But think better.

Petr. There is no other cure left; yet witneſs with me,
All that is fair in Man, all that is noble,
I am not greedy of this Life I ſeek for,
Nor thirſt to ſhed Man's Blood, and would 'twere poſſible,
I wiſh it with my Soul, ſo much I tremble
T' offend the Sacred Image of my Maker,
My Sword could only kill his Crimes; no, 'tis Honour,
Honour, my noble Friends, that Idol, Honour,

That

That all the World now worſhips, not *Petruchio*,
Muſt do this Juſtice.
Ant. Let it once be done,
And 'tis no matter, whether you, or Honour,
Or both, be acceſſary.
2 *Gent.* Do you weigh, *Petruchio*,
The Value of the Perſon, Power and Greatneſs,
And what this Spark may kindle?
Petr. To perform it,
So much I'm ty'd to Reputation,
And Credit of my Houſe, let it raiſe Wild-fires,
That all this Dukedom ſmoak, and Storms that toſs me
Into the Waves of everlaſting Ruin,
Yet I muſt through —— If ye dare ſide me ——
Ant. Dare?
Petr. Y'are Friends indeed, if not.
2 *Gent.* Here's none flies from you,
Do it in what deſign ye pleaſe, we'll back ye.
(1) *Petr.* But then be ſure ye kill him.
1 *Gent.* Is the Cauſe
So mortal, nothing but his Life?
Petr. Believe me,
A leſs Offence has been the Deſolation
Of a whole Name.
2 *Gent.* No other way to purge it?
Petr. There is, but never to be hop'd for.
2 *Gent.* Think an Hour more:
If then ye find no ſafer Road to guide ye,
We'll ſet up our Reſts too.
Ant. Mine's up already,
And hang him for my part goes leſs than Life.
2 *Gent.* If we ſee noble Cauſe, 'tis like our Swords
May be as free and forward as your Words. [*Exeunt.*

(1) 1 Gent. *But then be ſure ye kill him.*] As both the Gentlemen ſeem to endeavour to moderate *Petruchio*'s Paſſion in every thing they ſay beſide, it ſeems evident that nothing but miſtake has put this Speech of Violence into one of their Mouths. It ſurely belongs to *Petruchio*, and the next Speech which was given to the Second Gentleman, may be more properly given to the Firſt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Don John.

John. The civil Order of this Town *Bologna*,
Makes it belov'd and honour'd of all Travellers,
As a moſt ſafe Retirement in all Troubles;
Beſide the wholſome Seat, and noble Temper
Of thoſe Minds that inhabit it, ſafely wiſe,
And to all Strangers virtuous: But I ſee
My Admiration has drawn Night upon me,
And longer to expect my Friend may pull me
Into Suſpicion of too late a Stirrer,
Which all good Governments are jealous of.
I'll home, and think at liberty; yet certain,
'Tis not ſo far Night as I thought; for ſee,
A fair Houſe yet ſtands open, yet all about it
Are cloſe, and no Lights ſtirring, there may be foul Play;
I'll venture to look in; if there be Knaves,
I may do a good Office. [*Woman within.*
Within. Signieur?
John. What? How is this?
Within. Signieur *Fabritio?*
John. I'll go nearer.
Within. Fabritio?
John. This is a Woman's Tongue, here may be good done.
Within. Who's there?
Fabritio?
John. Ay.
Within. Where are ye?
John. Here.
Within. O come, for Heav'n's ſake!
John. I muſt ſee what this means.

Enter Woman with a Child.

Woman. I have ſtaid this long Hour for you, make no noiſe,
For things are in ſtrange Trouble: Here, be ſecret,
'Tis worth your Care; begone now; more Eyes watch us,
Than

Than may be for our Safeties.
John. Hark ye?
Woman. Peace: Good night.
John. She's gone, and I am loaden; Fortune for me;
It weighs well, and it feels well; it may chance
To be ſome Pack of Worth: by th' Maſs 'tis heavy;
If it be Coin or Jewels, 'tis worth welcome:
I'll ne'er refuſe a Fortune: I am confident
'Tis of no common Price: Now to my Lodging:
If it hit right, I'll bleſs this Night. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis ſtrange,
I cannot meet him; ſure he has encountred
Some Light-o'-love or other, and there means
To play at in and in for this Night. Well, *Don John*,
If you do ſpring a Leak, or get an Itch,
Till ye claw off your curl'd Pate, thank your Night-walks;
You muſt be ſtill a boot-halling: One round more,
Though it be late, I'll venture, to diſcover ye,
I do not like your Out-leaps. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, *and three Gentlemen.*

Duke. Welcome to Town, are ye all fit?
1 *Gent.* To point, Sir.
Duke. Where are the Horſes?
2 *Gent.* Where they were appointed.
Duke. Be private all, and whatſoever Fortune
Offer itſelf, let's ſtand ſure.
3 *Gent.* Fear not us,
Ere ye ſhall be endanger'd, or deluded,
We'll make a black Night on't.
Duke. No more; I know it;
You know your Quarters?

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* Will you go alone, Sir?
Duke. Ye ſhall not be far from me, the leaſt Noiſe
Shall bring ye to my reſcue.
2 *Gent.* We are counſell'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Don John.

John. Was ever Man ſo paid for being curious?
Ever ſo bobb'd for ſearching out Adventures,
As I am? did the Devil lead me? muſt I needs be peeping
Into Mens Houſes where I had no Buſineſs,
And make myſelf a Miſchief? 'Tis well carried;
I muſt take other Mens Occaſions on me,
And be I know not whom: Moſt finely handled:
What have I got by this now! What's the Purchaſe
A Piece of Evening Arras-work, a Child,
Indeed an Infidel: This comes of peeping:
A Lump got out of lazineſs; good white Bread,
Let's have no bawling with ye; 'ſdeath, have I
Known Wenches thus long, all the ways of Wenches,
Their Snares and Subtilties? Have I read over
All their School Learning, div'd into their Quiddits,
And am I now bum-fidled with a Baſtard?
Fetch'd over with a Card of five, and in mine old Days,
After the dire Maſſacre of a Million
Of Maiden-heads? Caught the common way, i'th' Night too
Under another's Name, to make the matter
Carry more weight about it? Well, *Don John*,
You will be wiſer one Day, when ye've purchas'd
A heavy of theſe Butter-prints together,
With ſearching out conceal'd Iniquities,
Without Commiſſion: Why, it would ne'er grieve me,
If I had got this Ginger-bread; ne'er ſtirr'd me,
So I had had a ſtroak for't; 't had been Juſtice
Then to have kept it; but to raiſe a Dairy

For

For other Mens Adulteries, (2) conſume myſelf in Caudles,
And ſcowring Works, in Nurſes, Bells, and Babies,
Only for Charity, for meer I thank you,
A little troubles me: The leaſt touch for it,
Had but my Breeches got it, had contented me.
Whoſe e'er it is, ſure 't had a wealthy Mother,
For 'tis well cloath'd, and if I be not cozen'd,
Well lin'd within: To leave it here were barbarous,
And ten to one would kill it; a more Sin
Than his that got it: Well, I will diſpoſe on't,
And keep it, as they keep Death's Heads in Rings,
To cry *memento* to me; no more peeping.
Now all the Danger is to qualifie
The good old Gentlewoman, at whoſe Houſe we live,
For ſhe will fall upon me with a Catechiſm
Of four Hours long: I muſt endure all;
For I will know this Mother: Come, good Wonder,
Let you and I be jogging; your ſtarv'd Trebble
Will waken the rude Watch elſe: All that be
Curious Night-walkers, may they find my Fee. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Sure he's gone home:
I've beaten all the Purlews,
But cannot bolt him: If he be a bobbing,
'Tis not my Care can cure him; To Morrow Morning
I ſhall have further knowledge from a Surgeon's——
Where he lies moor'd, to mend his Leaks.

(2) —— *conſume myſelf in* Candles,
And ſcowring Works, in Nurſes, Bells, and Babies,] Mr. *Sympſon* for *Caudles* would read *Caudles,* and for *Babies, Baubles.* The firſt ſeems probable, as *John* had before declar'd the Child an Infidel, and he muſt of courſe have a Chriſtening; the latter I don't admit. *Bells and Babies* expreſs the Childrens Toys better than *Baubles*; for *Bells* are equally *Baubles,* as well as *Babies* or *Dolls,* and conſequently that Reading would give a Tautology.

Enter

Enter Conſtantia.

Con. I'm ready,
And through a World of Dangers am flown to ye.
Be full of haſte and care, we are undone elſe:
Where are your People? Which way muſt we travel?
For Heav'n ſake ſtay not here, Sir.
Fred. What may this prove?
Con. Alas I am miſtaken, loſt, undone,
For ever periſh'd. Sir, for Heav'n ſake tell me,
Are ye a Gentleman?
Fred. I am.
Con. Of this Place?
Fred. No, born in *Spain*.
Con. As ever you lov'd Honour,
As ever your Deſires may gain their ends,
Do a poor wretched Woman but this Benefit,
For I am forc'd to truſt ye.
Fred. You've charm'd me,
Humanity and Honour bids me help ye;
And if I fail your Truſt——
Con. The Time's too dangerous
To ſtay your Proteſtations: I believe ye,
Alas, I muſt believe ye: From this Place,
Good noble Sir, remove me inſtantly,
And for a time, where nothing but yourſelf,
And honeſt Converſation may come near me,
In ſome ſecure Place ſettle me: What I am,
And why thus boldly I commit my Credit
Into a Stranger's Hand, the Fears and Dangers,
That force me to this wild Courſe, at more leiſure
I ſhall reveal unto you.
Fred. Come, be hearty,
He muſt ſtrike through my Life that takes ye from me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter Petruchio, Antonio, *and two Gentlemen.*

Petr. He will ſure come. Are ye well arm'd?
Ant. Ne'er fear us:
Here's that will make 'em dance without a Fiddle.
Petr. We are to look for no weak Foes, my Friends,
Nor unadviſed ones.
Ant. Beſt Gameſters make the beſt Game,
We ſhall fight cloſe and handſom then.
1 *Gent.* *Antonio,*
You are a thought too bloody.
Ant. Why? All Phyſicians
And penny Almanacks allow the opening
Of Veins this Month: Why do ye talk of bloody?
What come we for, to fall to Cuffs for Apples?
What, would ye make the Cauſe a Cudgel-quarrel?
On what Terms ſtands this Man? Is not his Honour
Open'd t' his Hand, and pick'd out like an Oyſter?
His Credit like a Quart Pot knockt together,
Able to hold no Liquor? Clear but this Point.
Petr. Speak ſoftly, gentle Couſin.
Ant. I'll ſpeak truly;
What ſhould Men do ally'd to theſe Diſgraces,
Lick o'er his Enemy, ſit down, and dance him?
2 *Gent.* You are as far o'th' bow Hand now.
Ant. And cry;
That's my fine Boy, thou wilt do ſo no more, Child.
Petr. Here are no ſuch cold Pities.
Ant. By Saint *Jaques,*
They ſhall not find me one: Here's old tough *Andrew,*
A ſpecial Friend of mine, and he but hold,
I'll ſtrike 'em ſuch a Hornpipe: Knocks I come for,
And the beſt Blood I light on; I profeſs it,
Not to ſcare Coſter-mongers; if I loſe mine own,
Mine Audit's caſt, and farewel five and fifty.
Petr. Let's talk no longer, place yourſelves with ſilence,
As I directed ye, and when time calls us,

As

As ye are Friends, ſo ſhew yourſelves.
Ant. So be it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Don John, *and his Landlady.*

Land. Nay, Son, if this be your regard.
John. Good Mother.
Land. Good me no goods; your Couſin, and yourſelf
Are welcome to me, whilſt you bear yourſelves
Like honeſt and true Gentlemen: Bring hither
To my Houſe, that have ever been reputed
A Gentlewoman of a decent, and fair carriage,
And ſo behav'd myſelf——
John. I know ye have.
Land. Bring hither, as I ſay, to make my Name
Stink in my Neighbour's Noſtrils? Your Devices,
Your Brats, got out of *Allicant*, and broken Oaths?
Your Linſey Woolſy Work, your haſty Puddings?
I foſter up your filch'd Iniquities?
You are deceiv'd in me, Sir, I am none
Of thoſe Receivers.
John. Have I not ſworn unto you,
'Tis none of mine, and ſhew'd you how I found it?
Land. Ye found an eaſie Fool that let you get it,
She'd better have worn Paſterns.
John. Will ye hear me?
Land. Oaths? What do you care for Oaths to gain your ends,
When ye are high and pamper'd? What Saint know ye?
Or what Religion, but your purpos'd Lewdneſs,
Is to be look'd for of ye? Nay, I will tell ye,
You will then ſwear like accus'd Cut-purſes,
As far off Truth too; and lye beyond all Faulconers:
I'm ſick to ſee this dealing.
John. Heav'n forbid, Mother.
Land. Nay, I am very ſick.
John. Who waits there?
Ant. Sir. [*Within.*

John.

John. Bring down the Bottle of Canary Wine.
Land. Exceeding ſick, Heav'n help me.
John. Haſte ye, Sirrah,
I muſt ev'n make her drunk; nay, gentle Mother.
Land. Now fie upon ye, was it for this Purpoſe
You fetch'd your Evening-walks for your Digeſtions,
For this pretended Holineſs? No Weather,
Not before Day could hold ye from the Matins.
Were theſe your bo-peep Prayers? you've pray'd well,
And with a learned Zeal: Watch'd well too; your Saint
It ſeems was pleas'd as well: Still ſicker, ſicker.

Enter Anthony *with a Bottle of Wine.*

John. There is no talking to her 'till I have drencht her.
Give me; here, Mother, take a good round Draught,
'Twill purge Spleen from your Spirits: Deeper, Mother.
Land. Ay, ay, Son, you imagine this will mend all.
John. All, i' faith, Mother.
Land. I confeſs the Wine
Will do his Part.
John. I'll pledge ye.
Land. But Son *John.*
John. I know your meaning, Mother; touch it once more,
Alas you look not well; take a round Draught,
It warms the Blood well, and reſtores the Colour,
And then we'll talk at large.
Land. A civil Gentleman?
A Stranger? One the Town holds a good regard of?
John. Nay, I will ſilence thee.
Land. One that ſhould weigh his fair Name? Oh, a Stitch!
John. There's nothing better for a Stitch, good Mother,
Make no ſpare of it, as you love your Health,
Mince not the matter.
Land. As I ſaid, a Gentleman,
Lodge in my Houſe? Now Heav'n's my Comfort, Signior!
John. I look'd for this.

Land. I did not think you would have us'd me thus;
A Woman of my Credit; one, Heav'n knows,
That lov'd you but too tenderly.
John. Dear Mother,
I ever found your Kindneſs, and acknowledge it.
Land. No, no, I am a Fool to counſel ye.
Where is the Infant? Come, let's ſee your Workmanſhip.
John. None of mine, Mother, but there 'tis, and a luſty one.
Land. Heav'n bleſs thee,
Thou hadſt a haſty making; but the beſt is,
'Tis many a good Man's Fortune: As I live
Your own Eyes, Signior, and the nether Lip
As like ye, as y' had ſpit it.
John. I am glad on't.
Land. Bleſs me, what things are theſe?
John. I thought my labour
Was not all loſt, 'tis Gold, and theſe are Jewels,
Both rich, and right I hope.
Land. Well, well, Son *John*,
I ſee ye are a Wood-man, and can chuſe
Your Deer, though it be i'th' dark, all your Diſcretion
Is not yet loſt; this was well clapt aboard:
Here I am with you now; when as they ſay
Your pleaſure comes with profit; when ye muſt needs do,
Do where ye may be done to, 'tis a Wiſdom
Becomes a young Man well: Be ſure of one thing,
Loſe not your labour and your time together,
Is Seaſons of a Fool, Son, Time is precious,
Work wary whilſt ye have it; ſince ye muſt traffick
Sometimes this ſlippery way, take ſure hold, Signior,
Trade with no broken Merchants, make your Lading,
As you would make your Reſt, adventurouſly,
But with Advantage ever.
John. All this time, Mother,
The Child wants looking to, wants Meat and Nurſes,
Land. Now bleſſing o' thy care; it ſhall have all,
And inſtantly; I'll ſeek a Nurſe myſelf, Son;
'Tis a ſweet Child: Ah my young *Spaniard*,
Take you no further care, Sir.
John. Yes, of theſe Jewels,

I muſt by your leave, Mother: Theſe are yours,
To make your care the ſtronger; for the reſt
I'll find a Maſter; the Gold for bringing up on't,
I freely render to your Charge.
Land. No more Words,
Nor no more Children, (good Son) as you love me,
This may do well.
John. I ſhall obſerve your Morals.
But where's *Don Frederick*, Mother?
Land. Ten to one
About the like Adventure; he told me,
He was to find you out. [*Exit.*
John. Why ſhould he ſtay thus?
There may be ſome ill chance in't: Sleep I will not,
Before I've found him: Now this Woman's pleas'd,
I'll ſeek my Friend out, and my Care is eas'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Enter Duke, *and Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Believe, Sir, 'tis as poſſible to do it,
As to remove the City; the main Faction [gers
Swarm through the Streets like Hornets, arm'd with An-
Able to ruin States: No ſafety left us,
Nor means to die like Men, if inſtantly
You draw not back again.
Duke. May he be drawn
And quarter'd too, that turns now; were I ſurer
Of Death than thou art of thy Fears, and with Death
More than thoſe Fears are too.
1 *Gent.* Sir, I fear not.
Duke. I would not crack my Vow, ſtart from my Honour,
Becauſe I may find Danger; wound my Soul,
To keep my Body ſafe. 1 *Gent.* I ſpeak not, Sir,
Out of a baſeneſs to you. *Duke.* No, nor do not
Out of a baſeneſs leave me: What is Danger,
More than the Weakneſs of our Apprehenſions?
A poor cold Part o'th' Blood? Who takes it hold of?

Cowards, and wicked Livers: Valiant Minds
Were made the Maſters of it; and as hearty Sea-men
In deſperate Storms, ſtem with a little Rudder
The tumbling Ruins of the Ocean;
So with their Cauſe and Swords do they do Dangers.
Say we were ſure to die all in this Venture,
As I am confident againſt it; is there any
Amongſt us of ſo fat a Senſe, ſo pamper'd,
Would chuſe luxuriouſly to lie a-Bed,
And purge away his Spirit, ſend his Soul out
In Sugar-ſops, and Syrups? Give me dying
As dying ought to be, upon mine Enemy,
Parting with Mankind, by a Man that's manly;
Let 'em be all the World, and bring along
Cain's Envy with 'em, I will on.

2 *Gent.* You may, Sir,
But with what ſafety?

1 *Gent.* Since 'tis come to dying,
You ſhall perceive, Sir, here be thoſe amongſt us
Can die as decently as other Men,
And with as little Ceremony: On, brave Sir.

Duke. That's ſpoken heartily.

1 *Gent.* And he that flinches,
May he die louſy in a Ditch,

Duke. No more dying,
There's no ſuch Danger in it: What's a Clock?

3 *Gent.* Somewhat above your Hour.

Duke. Away then quickly,
Make no noiſe, and no trouble will attend us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XI.

Enter Frederick, *and* Peter (*with a Candle.*)

Fred. Give me the Candle; ſo, go you out that way.

Pet. What have we now to do?

Fred. And o' your Life, Sirrah,
Let none come near the Door without my Knowledge,
No not my Landlady, nor my Friend. *Pet.* 'Tis done, Sir.

Fred. Nor any ſerious Buſineſs that concerns me.

Pet.

Pet. Is the Wind there again?
Fred. Be gone. *Pet.* I am, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Conſtantia.

Fred. Now enter without Fear.—— And, noble Lady,
That Safety and Civility ye wiſh'd for
Shall truly here attend you: No rude Tongue
Nor rough Behaviour knows this Place, no Wiſhes
Beyond the Moderation of a Man,
Dare enter here; your own Deſires and Innocence,
Join'd to my vow'd Obedience, ſhall protect you,
Were Dangers more than Doubts.
Con. Ye're truly noble,
And worth a Woman's truſt: Let it become me,
(I do beſeech you, Sir) for all your kindneſs,
To render with my Thanks, this worthleſs Trifle;
I may be longer troubleſome. *Fred.* Fair Offices
Are ſtill their own Rewards: Heav'n bleſs me, Lady,
From ſelling civil Courteſies: May it pleaſe ye,
If ye will force a Favour to oblige me,
Draw but that Cloud aſide, to ſatisfie me
For what good Angel I'm engag'd.
Con. It ſhall be,
For I am truly confident ye're honeſt:
The Piece is ſcarce worth looking on.
Fred. Truſt me
The Abſtract of all Beauty, Soul of Sweetneſs!
Defend me honeſt Thoughts, I ſhall grow wild elſe:
What Eyes are there, rather what little Heav'ns,
To ſtir Mens Contemplations? What a Paradiſe [rate:
Runs through each Part ſhe has? Good Blood be tempe-
I muſt look off; too excellent an Object
Confounds the Senſe that ſees it. Noble Lady,
If there be any further Service to caſt on me,
Let it be worth my Life, ſo much I honour ye,
Or the Engagement of whole Families.
Con. Your Service is too liberal, worthy Sir,
Thus far I ſhall entreat——
Fred. Command me, Lady,
You make your Power too poor.

Con. 'That preſently
With all convenient haſte, you would retire
Unto the Street you found me in.
Fred. 'Tis done.
Con. There, if you find a Gentleman oppreſt
With Force and Violence, do a Man's Office,
And draw your Sword to reſcue him.
Fred. He's ſafe,
Be what he will, and let his Foes be Devils,
Arm'd with your Pity, I ſhall conjure 'em.
Retire, this Key will guide ye: All things neceſſary
Are there before ye,
Con. All my Prayers go with ye. [*Exit.*
Fred. Ye clap on Proof upon me: Men ſay Gold
Does all, engages all, works through all Dangers:
Now I ſay Beauty can do more: The King's Exchequer,
Nor all his wealthy *Indies*, could not draw me
Through half thoſe Miſeries this Piece of Pleaſure
Might make me leap into: We're all like Sea-Cards,
All our Endeavours and our Motions,
(As they do to the North) ſtill point at Beauty,
Still at the faireſt: For a handſom Woman,
(Setting my Soul aſide) it ſhould go hard,
But I would ſtrain my Body: Yet to her,
Unleſs it be her own free Gratitude,
Hopes, ye ſhall die, and thou Tongue rot within me,
E'er I infringe my Faith: Now to my Reſcue. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, *purſued by* Petruchio, Antonio, *and that Faction.*

Duke. YOU will not all oppreſs me?
Ant. Kill him i'th' wanton Eye: Let me come to him.
Duke. Then ye ſhall buy me dearly.
Petr. Say you ſo, Sir?

Ant.

Ant. I ſay cut his Wezand, ſpoil his Piping:
Have at your Love-ſick Heart, Sir.

Enter Don John.

John. Sure 'tis fighting.
My Friend may be engag'd: fie Gentlemen,
This is unmanly Odds.
Ant. I'll ſtop your Mouth, Sir.
[Duke *falls down, Don* John *beſtrides him.*
John. Nay, then have at thee freely:
There's a Plumb, Sir, to ſatisfy your Longing.
Petr. Away: I hope I've ſped him: Here comes Reſcue,
We ſhall b' endanger'd: Where's *Antonio?*
Ant. I muſt have one Thruſt more, Sir.
John. Come up to me.
Ant. A Miſchief confound your Fingers.
Petr. How is't?
Ant. Well:
Ha's given me my *quietus eſt.* I felt him
In my ſmall Guts, I'm ſure h'as feez'd me:
This comes of ſiding with ye.
2 *Gent.* Can you go, Sir!
Ant. I ſhould go Man, and my Head were off.
Ne'er talk of going.
Petr. Come, all ſhall be well then,
I hear more Reſcue coming.

Enter the Duke's *Faction.*

Ant. Let's turn back then,
My Skull's uncloven yet, let me but kill.
Petr. Away for Heav'n ſake with him.
John. How is't?
Duke. Well Sir,
Only a little ſtagger'd.
Faction Duke. Let's purſue 'em.
Duke. No not a Man, I charge ye: Thanks good Coat,
Thou'ſt ſav'd me a ſhrewd Welcome: 'Twas put home too,
With a good Mind I'm ſure on't.
John. Are ye ſafe then?

Duke. My Thanks to you brave Sir, whoſe timely Valour,
And manly Courteſy came to my Reſcue.
John. Y'ad foul Play offer'd ye, and Shame befal him
That can paſs by Oppreſſion.
Duke. May I crave, Sir,
But thus much Honour more, to know your Name?
And him I am bound to?
John. For the Bond, Sir,
'Tis every good Man's Tie: To know me further
Will little profit ye; I am a Stranger,
My Country *Spain*; my Name *Don John*, a Gentleman
That lie here for my Study.
Duke. I have heard, Sir,
Much worthy mention of ye; yet I find
Fame ſhort of what ye are.
John. You are pleas'd, Sir,
To expreſs your Courteſy: May I demand
As freely what you are, and what Miſchance
Caſt you into this Danger?
Duke. For this preſent
I muſt deſire your Pardon: You ſhall know me
E'er it be long, Sir, and a nobler Thanks
Than now my Will can render.
John. Your Will's your own, Sir.
Duke. What is't you look for, Sir? have you loſt any thing?
John. Only my Hat i'th' Scuffle; ſure theſe Fellows
Were Night-ſnaps.
Duke. No, believe Sir: Pray ye uſe mine,
For 'twill be hard to find your own now.
John. No, Sir.
Duke. Indeed ye ſhall, I can command another:
I do beſeech ye honour me.
John. I will, Sir,
And ſo I'll take my Leave.
Duke. Within theſe few Days
I hope I ſhall be happy in your Knowledge,
Till when I love your Memory. [*Exit* Duke, *&c.*
John. I yours.
This is ſome noble Fellow, *Enter*

Enter Frederick.

Fred. 'Tis his Tongue ſure.
Don John?
John. Don Frederick?
Fred. Y'are fairly met, Sir:
I thought ye had been a Bat-fowling: Prithee tell me,
What Revelations haſt thou had to Night,
That Home was never thought of?
John. Revelations?
I'll tell thee *Frederick*, but before I tell thee,
Settle thy Underſtanding.
Fred. 'Tis prepar'd, Sir.
John. Why then mark what ſhall follow. This Night, *Frederick*,
This bawdy Night ——
Fred. I thought no leſs.
John. This blind Night,
What doſt think I've got?
Fred. The Pox, it may be.
John. Would 'twere no worſe: Ye talk of Revelations,
I have got a Revelation will reveal me
An arrant Coxcomb while I live.
Fred. What is't?
Thou haſt loſt nothing?
John. No, I have got, I tell thee,
Fred. What haſt thou got?
John. One of the Infantry, a Child.
Fred. How?
John. A chopping Child, Man.
Fred. 'Give ye Joy, Sir.
John. A Lump of Lewdneſs *Frederick*, that's the Truth on't:
This Town's abominable.
Fred. I ſtill told ye, *John*,
Your whoring muſt come home; I counſell'd ye:
But where no Grace is ——
John. 'Tis none o' mine, Man.
Fred. Anſwer the Pariſh ſo.
John. Cheated in troth;

Peeping

Peeping into a Houſe, by whom I know not,
Nor where to find the Place again: no, *Frederick*,
Had I but kiſt the Ring for't; 'tis no poor one,
That's my beſt Comfort, for't has brought about it
Enough to make it Man.
Fred. Where is't?
John. At home.
Fred. A ſaving Voyage: But what will you ſay Signior,
To him that ſearching out your ſerious Worſhip,
Has met a ſtranger Fortune?
John. How, good *Frederick?*
A militant Girl now to this Boy would hit it?
Fred. No, mine's a nobler Venture: What do you think, Sir,
Of a diſtreſſed Lady, one whoſe Beauty
Would over-ſell all *Italy?*
John. Where is ſhe———
Fred. A Woman of that rare Behaviour,
So qualified, as Admiration
Dwells round about her: Of that perfect Spirit———
John. Ay marry, Sir.
Fred. That admirable Carriage,
That Sweetneſs in Diſcourſe; young as the Morning,
Her Bluſhes ſtaining his.
John. But where's this Creature?
Shew me but that.
Fred. That's all one, ſhe's forth-coming,
I have her ſure, Boy.
John. Hark ye *Frederick*,
What truck betwixt my Infant?
Fred. 'Tis too light, Sir,
(3) Stick to your Charge, good *Don John*, I am well.
John. But is there ſuch a Wench?
Fred. Firſt tell me this,
Did ye not lately as ye walk'd along,

(3) *Stick to your* Chages———] The Miſtake of the laſt Edition. Mr. *Sympſon* and I both read *Charge*, but I find *Charges* in the old Folio. It may be a Doubt whether we ſhould read as we do, or thus;

Stick to our *Charges, good* Don John, *I'm well.*

Diſcover

Diſcover People that were arm'd, and likely
To do Offence?
John. Yes marry, and they urg'd it
As far as they had Spirit.
Fred. Pray go forward.
John. A Gentleman I found ingag'd amongſt 'em,
It ſeems of noble Breeding, I'm ſure brave Metal,
As I return'd to look you, I ſet in to him,
And without hurt (I thank Heav'n) reſcued him,
And came myſelf off ſafe too.
Fred. My Work's done then:
And now to ſatisfy you, there is a Woman,
Oh *John*, there is a Woman———
John. Oh, where is ſhe?
Fred. And one of no leſs Worth than I aſſure ye;
And which is more, fallen under my Protection.
John. I am glad of that: forward, ſweet *Frederick.*
Fred. And which is more than that, by this Night's Wandring,
And which is moſt of all, ſhe is at home too, Sir.
John. Come, let's be gone then.
Fred. Yes, but 'tis moſt certain,
You cannot ſee her, *John.*
John. Why?
Fred. She has ſworn me
That none elſe ſhall come near her: Not my Mother,
'Till ſome few doubts are clear'd.
John. Not look upon her? What Chamber is ſhe in?
Fred. In ours.
John. Let's go, I ſay:
A Woman's Oaths are Wafers, break with making,
They muſt for Modeſty a little: We all know it.
Fred. No, I'll aſſure you, Sir.
John. Not ſee her?
I ſmell an old dog trick of yours; well, *Frederick*,
Ye talk'd to me of whoring, let's have fair play,
Square dealing, I would wiſh ye.
Fred. When 'tis come
(Which I know never will be) to that Iſſue,
Your Spoon ſhall be as deep as mine, Sir.

John.

John. Tell me,
And tell me true, is the Cauſe honourable,
Or for your eaſe?
Fred. By all our Friendſhip, *John*,
'Tis honeſt, and of great end.
John. I am anſwer'd:
But let me ſee her though; leave the Door open
As ye go in.
Fred. I dare not:
John. Not wide open,
But juſt ſo, as a jealous Husband
Would level at his wanton Wife through.
Fred. That Courteſie,
If ye deſire no more, and keep it ſtrictly,
I dare afford ye: Come, 'tis now near Morning. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Peter, *and* Anthony.

Pet. Nay the old Woman's gone too.
Ant. She's a Catterwauling
Among the Gutters: But conceive me, *Peter*,
Where our good Maſters ſhould be?
Pet. Where they ſhould be
I do conceive, but where they are, good *Anthony*——
Ant. Ay, there it goes: My Maſters bo-peeps with me,
With his fly popping in and out again,
Argued a Cauſe, a frippery Cauſe.
Pet. Believe me,
They bear up with ſome carvel.
Ant. I do believe thee,
For thou haſt ſuch a Maſter for that Chaſe,
That 'till he ſpend his Main Maſt——
Pet. Pray remember
Your Courteſie, good *Anthony*, and withal,
How long 'tis ſince your Maſter ſprung a leak,
He had a ſound one ſince he came.
Ant. Hark. *Pet.* What? [*Lute ſounds within.*
Ant. Doſt not hear a Lute?
Again! *Pet.* Where is't?

Ant.

Ant. Above in my Maſter's Chamber.
Pet. There's no Creature; he hath the Key himſelf, Man.
(4) *Ant.* This is his Lute, let him have it.
Pet. I grant you; but who ſtrikes it?
Ant. An admirable Voice too, hark ye.

SONG, [*within.*]

Mercileſs Love, whom Nature hath deny'd
The uſe of Eyes, leſt thou ſhouldſt take a pride
And glory in thy Murthers: Why am I,
That never yet tranſgreſs'd thy Deity,
(5) *Never broke Vow, from whoſe Eyes never flew*
Diſdainful Dart, whoſe hard Heart none e'er ſlew,
Thus ill rewarded? Thou art young and fair,
Thy Mother ſoft and gentle as the Air,
Thy holy Fire ſtill burning, blown with Prayer.
Then everlaſting Love reſtrain thy Will,
'Tis God-like to have Power, but not to kill.

(4) Ant. *This is his Lute. Let him have it.*] The Song was inſerted before this Line in the two former Editions. The Reaſon of the Change of its Place is very plain.

(5) *Never broke Vow, from whoſe Eyes never*
Flew diſdainful Dart,
Whoſe hard Heart never
Slew thoſe Rewarders?
Thou art young and fair,] The ſecond Folio boaſts of having at no ſmall Coſt obtain'd a Copy of theſe Plays corrected by an intimate and ingenious Friend of both the Authors, with ſeveral Prologues, Epilogues and Songs, not inſerted in the former Folio, or in any of the old Quartos. I never was able yet to trace the leaſt Footſteps of any ſuch ingenious Corrector of the ſecond Folio, except in one ſingle Play, viz. *The Falſe One*, in which there are ſeveral juſt Emendations. But I verily believe that they were not made from the Copy thus boaſted of; for this is one of the Songs inſerted from it, and the Reader will ſee how exceedingly incorrect it is printed. The Meaſure of all, except the laſt Line quoted above, only wants to be replac'd; but that laſt is deficient in Senſe as well as Meaſure. I ſuppoſe the Word *ill* to have been the Monoſyllable loſt, and *Rewarders* to have been put for *rewarded*, and then it would run ——*Thus Rewarders*: This being too glaringly abſurd might be thought to be amended by making it ——*Thoſe Rewarders.*

Pet.

Pet. Anthony,
Art ſure we are at home?
Ant. Without all doubt, *Peter.*
Pet. Then this muſt be the Devil.
Ant. Let it be; [*Sing again.*
Good Devil ſing again: O dainty Devil!
Peter believe it, a moſt delicate Devil,
The ſweeteſt Devil——

Enter Frederick, *and Don* John.

Fred. If ye could leave peeping.
John. I cannot by no means.
Fred. Then come in ſoftly,
And as ye love your Faith, preſume no further
Than ye have promiſed.
John. Baſta.
Fred. What make you up ſo early, Sir?
John. You, Sir, in your Contemplations.
Pet. O pray ye Peace, Sir.
Fred. Why Peace, Sir?
Pet. Do you hear!
John. 'Tis your Lute.
Fred. Pray ye ſpeak ſoftly,
She's playing on't.
Ant. The Houſe is haunted; Sir,
For this we have heard this half Year.
Fred. Ye ſaw nothing?
Ant. Not I.
Pet. Nor I, Sir.
Fred. Get us our Breakfaſt then, and make no Words on't;
We'll undertake this Spirit, if it be one.
Ant. This is no Devil, *Peter.* [*Sing.*] Mum, there be
Bats abroad. [*Exeunt Servants.*
Fred. Stay, now ſhe ſings.
John. An Angel's Voice I'll ſwear.
Fred. Why did'ſt thou ſhrug ſo?
Either allay this Heat; or as I live
I will not truſt ye.
John. Paſs: I warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Conſtantia.

Con. To curſe thoſe Stars, that Men ſay govern us,
To rail at Fortune, fall out with my Fate,
And tax the general World, will help me nothing:
Alas, I am the ſame ſtill, neither are they
Subject to helps, or hurts: Our own Deſires
Are our own Fates, our own Stars, all our Fortunes,
Which as we ſway 'em, ſo abuſe, or bleſs us.

Enter Frederick, *and Don* John *peeping.*

Fred. Peace to your Meditations.
John. Pox upon ye,
Stand out o'th' Light.
Con. I crave your Mercy, Sir,
My Mind o'er-charg'd with care made me unmannerly.
Fred. Pray ye ſet that Mind at reſt, all ſhall be perfect.
John. I like the Body rare, a handſome Body,
A wondrous handſome Body: Would ſhe would turn:
See, and that ſpightful Puppy be not got
Between me and my Light again.
Fred. 'Tis done,
As all that you command ſhall be: The Gentleman
Is ſafely off all Danger.
John. O de Dios.
Con. How ſhall I thank ye, Sir? how ſatisfie?
Fred. Speak ſoftly, gentle Lady, all's rewarded.
Now does he melt like Marmalad. [*Aſide.*
John. Nay, 'tis certain,
Thou art the ſweeteſt Woman I e'er look'd on:
I hope thou art not honeſt.
Fred. None diſturb'd ye?
Con. Not any, Sir, nor any Sound came near me,
I thank your care.
Fred. 'Tis well.
John. I would fain pray now,

But

(6) But th' Devil and that Fleſh there, (O the World!)
What are we made to ſuffer?
Fred. He'll enter;
Pull in your Head and be hang'd.
John. Hark ye, *Frederick.*
I have brought ye home your Pack-ſaddle.
Fred. Pox upon ye.
Con. Nay let him enter: Fie my Lord the Duke,
Stand peeping at your Friends.
Fred. Ye are cozen'd, Lady,
Here is no Duke.
Con. I know him full well, Signior.
John. Hold thee there, Wench.
Fred. This mad-brain'd Fool will ſpoil all.
Con. I do beſeech your Grace come in.
John. My Grace,
There was a Word of Comfort.
Fred. Shall he enter,
Who e'er he be?
John. Well follow'd, *Frederick.*
Con. With all my Heart.
Fred. Come in then.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Bleſs ye, Lady.
Fred. Nay ſtart not, though he be a Stranger to ye,
He's of a noble Strain, my Kinſman, Lady,
My Country-man, and Fellow Traveller,
One Bed contains us ever, one Purſe feeds us,
And one Faith's free between us; do not fear him,
He's truly honeſt.
John. That's a Lye.
Fred. And truſty,
Beyond your Wiſhes: Valiant to defend,

(6) *But th' Devil and that Fleſh there,* o' the World,
What are we made to ſuffer?] There are two ways of correcting this, either by making it, *(O the World!)* an exclamatory Parentheſis, or by reading, *and the World*— the Senſe would then be, *That he would pray,* if that Fleſh there, the World and the Devil did not prevent him. I prefer the former, as nearer the Trace of the Letters.

And

And modeſt to converſe with, as your Bluſhes.
John. Now may I hang myſelf; this Commendation
Has broke the Neck of all my Hopes: For now
Muſt I cry, "no forſooth, and I forſooth, and ſurely,
"And truly as I live, and as I am honeſt.
H'as done theſe things for 'nonce too; for he knows,
Like a moſt envious Raſcal as he is,
I am not honeſt, nor deſire to be,
Eſpecially this way: H'as watch'd his time,
But I ſhall quit him.
Con. Sir, I credit ye.
Fred. Go kiſs her, *John.*
John. Plague o' your Commendations.
Con. Sir, I ſhall now deſire to be a trouble.
John. Never to me, ſweet Lady: Thus I ſeal
My Faith, and all my Service.
Con. One Word, Seignior.
John. Now 'tis impoſſible I ſhould be honeſt,
She kiſſes with a Conjuration
Would make the Devil dance: What points ſhe at?
My Leg I warrant, or my well knit Body,
Sit faſt, *Don Frederick.*
Fred. 'Twas given him by that Gentleman
You took ſuch care of; his own being loſt i'th' ſcuffle.
Con. With much joy may he wear it: 'tis a right one,
I can aſſure ye, Gentleman, and right happy
May you be in all Fights for that fair Service.
Fred. Why do ye bluſh?
Con. 'T had almoſt cozen'd me,
For not to lye, when I ſaw that, I look'd for
Another Maſter of it; but 'tis well. [*Knock within.*
Fred. Who's there?

Enter Anthony.

Stand ye a little cloſe: Come in, Sir, [*Exit Con.*
Now what's the News with you?
Ant. There is a Gentleman without
Would ſpeak with *Don John.*
John. Who, Sir?
Ant. I do not know, Sir, but he ſhews a Man

Of no mean reckoning.
Fred. Let him ſhew his Name,
And then return a little wiſer.
Ant. Well, Sir. [*Exit* Anthony.
Fred. How do you like her, *John?*
John. As well as you, *Frederick*,
For all I'm honeſt; you ſhall find it ſo too.
Fred. Art thou not honeſt?
John. Art thou an Aſs?
And modeſt as her Bluſhes? Why, what Blockhead
Would e'er have popt out ſuch a dry Apology,
For his dear Friend? And to a Gentlewoman,
A Woman of her Youth, and Delicacy.
They're Arguments to draw them to abhor us.
An honeſt moral Man? 'Tis for a Conſtable:
A handſome Man, a wholeſome Man, a tough Man,
A liberal Man, a likely Man, a Man
Made up like *Hercules*, unſlak'd with Service:
The ſame to Night, to morrow Night, the next Night,
And ſo to perpetuity of Pleaſures,
Theſe had been things to hearken to, things catching:
But you have ſuch a ſpic'd conſideration,
Such qualms upon your Worſhip's Conſcience,
Such Chil-blains in your Blood, that all things pinch ye,
Which Nature, and the liberal World makes Cuſtom,
And nothing but fair Honour, O ſweet Honour!
Hang up your Eunuch Honour: That I was truſty,
And valiant, were things well put in; but modeſt!
A modeſt Gentleman! O Wit where waſt thou?
Fred. I'm ſorry, *John.*
John. My Lady's Gentlewoman
Would laugh ~~me~~ to a School-boy, make me bluſh
With playing with my Codpiece point: Fie on thee,
A Man of thy Diſcretion?
Fred. It ſhall be mended:
And henceforth ye ſhall have your due.

Enter Anthony.

John. I look for't: How now, who is't?
Ant. A Gentleman of this Town,

And

And calls himſelf *Petruchio.*

Enter Conſtantia.

John. I'll attend him.
Con. How did he call himſelf? *Fred. Petruchio,*
Does it concern you ought?
Con. O Gentlemen,
The Hour of my Deſtruction is come on me,
I am diſcover'd, loſt, left to my Ruin:
As ever ye had pity——
John. Do not fear,
Let the great Devil come, he ſhall go through me:
Loſt here, and we about ye?
Fred. Fall before us?
Con. O my unfortunate Eſtate, all Angers
Compar'd to his, to his——
Fred. Let his, and all Mens,
Whilſt we have Power and Life— ſtand up for Heav'n ſake.
Con. I have offended Heav'n too; yet Heav'n knows—
John. We are all evil:
Yet Heav'n forbid we ſhould have our deſerts.
What is he? *Con.* Too too near to my Offence, Sir;
O he will cut me piece-meal.
Fred. 'Tis no Treaſon?
John. Let it be what it will, if he cut here,
I'll find him cut-work.
Fred. He muſt buy you dear,
With more than common Lives.
John. Fear not, nor weep not:
By Heav'n I'll fire the Town before ye periſh,
And then, the more the merrier, we'll jog with ye.
Fred. Come in, and dry your Eyes.
John. Pray no more weeping:
Spoil a ſweet Face for nothing? My return
Shall end all this I warrant you.
Con. Heav'n grant it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Petruchio, *with a Letter.*

Petr. This Man ſhould be of ſpecial Rank:
For theſe commends carry no common way,
No ſlight worth with 'em;
He ſhall be he.

Enter Don John.

John. 'Save ye, Sir: I'm ſorry
My Buſineſs was ſo unmannerly, to make ye
Wait thus long here.
Petr. Occaſions muſt be ſerv'd, Sir:
But is your Name *Don John?*
John. It is, Sir. *Petr.* Then,
Firſt, for your own brave ſake I muſt embrace ye:
Next, from the Credit of your noble Friend
Hernando de Alvara, make ye mine:
Who lays his Charge upon me in this Letter
To look ye out, and for the Goodneſs in ye,
Whilſt your Occaſions make ye Reſident
In this place, to ſupply ye, love and honour ye:
Which had I but known ſooner——
John. Noble Sir,
You'll make my thanks too poor: I wear a Sword, Sir,
And have a Service to be ſtill diſpos'd of,
As you ſhall pleaſe command it.
Petr. Gentle Sir,
That manly Courteſie is half my Buſineſs:
And to be ſhort, to make ye know I honour ye,
And in all points believe your worth like Oracle,
And how above my Friends, which are not few,
And thoſe not ſlack, I eſtimate your Virtues,
Make yourſelf underſtand, this Day *Petruchio*,
A Man that may command the ſtrength of this Place,
Hazard the boldeſt Spirits, hath made choice
Only of you, and in a noble Office.
John. Forward, I'm free to entertain it.

Petr.

Petr. Thus then:
I do beſeech ye mark me.
John. I ſhall do it.
Petr. *Ferrara*'s Duke, would I might call him worthy,
But that h' has raz'd out from his Family,
As he has mine with infamy, this Man,
Rather this powerful Monſter, we being left
But two of all our Houſe, to ſtock our Memories,
My Siſter, and myſelf; with Arts, and Witchcrafts,
Vows, and ſuch Oaths Heav'n has no Mercy for,
Drew to diſhonour this weak Maid, by ſtealths,
And ſecret Paſſages I knew not of,
Oft he obtain'd his Wiſhes, oft abus'd her:
I am aſham'd to ſay the reſt: This purchas'd,
And his hot Blood allay'd, as Friends forſake us
At a Miles end upon our way, he left her,
And all our Name to ruin.
John. This was foul Play,
And ought to be rewarded ſo.
Petr. I hope ſo;
He 'ſcap'd me Yeſter-night: Which if he dare
Again adventure for, Heav'n pardon him,
I ſhall with all my Heart.
John. For me, brave Seignior,
What do ye intend?
Petr. Only, fair Sir, this Truſt,
Which from the Commendations of this Letter,
I dare preſume well plac'd, nobly to bear him
By word of Mouth a ſingle Challenge from me,
That Man to Man, if he have Honour in him,
We may decide all Difference.
John. Fair, and noble,
And I will do it home: When ſhall I viſit ye?
Petr. Pleaſe you this afternoon, I will ride with you:
For at a Caſtle ſix Miles hence, we're ſure
To find him.
John. I'll be ready.
Petr. To attend ye,
My Man ſhall wait; with all my Love. [*Exit* Petr.
John. My Service ſhall not fail ye.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How now?
John. All's well: Who doſt thou think this Wench is? Gueſs, and thou canſt?
Fred. I cannot.
John. Be it known then,
To all Men by theſe Preſents, this is ſhe,
She, ſhe, and only ſhe, our curious Coxcombs
Were errant two Months after.
Fred. Who, *Conſtantia?*
Thou talk'ſt of Cocks and Bulls.
John. I talk of Wenches,
Of Cocks and Hens, *Don Frederick*; this is the Pullet
We two went proud after.
Fred. It cannot be,
John. It ſhall be;
Siſter to *Don Petruchio:* I know all, Man.
Fred. Now I believe.
John. Go to, there has been ſtirring,
Fumbling with Linnen, *Frederick.*
Fred. 'Tis impoſſible,
You know her Fame was pure as Fire.
John. That pure Fire
Has melted out her Maiden-head: She's crack'd:
We've all that hope of our ſide, Boy.
Fred. Thou tell'ſt me,
To my Imagination, things incredible:
I ſee no looſe Thought in her.
John. That's all one,
She is looſe i'th' hilts by Heav'n: But the World muſt know
A fair way, upon Vow of Marriage.
Fred. There may be ſuch a ſlip.
John. And will be, *Frederick,*
Whilſt the old Game's a-foot: I fear the Boy
Will prove hers too I took up.
Fred. Good Circumſtance
May cure all this yet.

John,

John. There thou hit'ſt it, *Frederick:*
Come, let's walk in and comfort her: Her being here
Is nothing yet ſuſpected: Anon I'll tell thee
Wherefore her Brother came, who by this light
Is a brave noble Fellow, and what Honour
H'as done to me a Stranger: There be Irons
Heating for ſome, will hiſs into their Heart bloods,
E'er all be ended; ſo much for this time.
Fred. Well, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Landlady, and Peter.

Land. COME, ye do know.
Pet. I do not by this Hand, Miſtreſs.
But I ſuſpect.
Land. What?
Pet. That if Eggs continue
At this Price, Women will ne'er be ſav'd
By their good Works.
Land. I will know.
Pet. Ye ſhall, any thing
Lies in my Power: The Duke of *Lorain* now
Is ſeven Thouſand ſtrong: I heard it of a Fiſh-wife,
A Woman of fine Knowledge.
Land. Sirrah, Sirrah.
Pet. The Pope's Bulls are broke looſe too, and 'tis ſuſpected
They ſhall be baited in *England.*
Land. Very well, Sir.
Pet. No, 'tis not ſo well neither.
Land. But I ſay to ye.
Who is it keeps your Maſter Company?
Pet. I ſay to you, *Don John.*
Land. I ſay what Woman?
Pet. I ſay ſo too.

Land. I ſay again, I will know.
Pet. I ſay 'tis fit ye ſhould.
Land. And I tell thee
He has a Woman here.
Pet. And I tell thee
'Tis then the better for him.
Land. You are no Bawd now?
Pet. Would I were able to be call'd unto it:
A worſhipful Vocation for my Elders;
For as I underſtand, it is a Place
Fitting my Betters far.
Land. Was ever Gentlewoman
So frumpt off with a Fool? Well, ſawcy Sirrah,
I will know who it is, and for what Purpoſe;
I pay the Rent, and I'll know how my Houſe
Comes by theſe Inflammations: If this geer hold,
Beſt hang a Sign-poſt up, to tell the Signiors,
Here ye may have Lewdneſs at Livery.

Enter Frederick.

Pet. 'Twould be a great Eaſe to your Age.
Fred. How now?
Why what's the matter, Landlady?
Land. What's the matter?
Ye uſe me decently among ye, Gentlemen.
Fred. Who has abus'd her, you, Sir?
Land. 'Ods my Witneſs
I will not be thus treated, that I will not.
Pet. I gave her no ill Language.
Land Thou lyeſt lewdly,
Thou took'ſt me up at every Word I ſpoke,
As I had been a Maukin, a flurt Gillian;
And thou think'ſt, becauſe thou can'ſt write and read,
Our Noſes muſt be under thee.
Fred. Dare you, Sirrah?
Pet. Let but the Truth be known, Sir, I beſeech ye,
She raves of Wenches, and I know not what, Sir.
Land. Go to, thou know'ſt too well, thou wicked Varlet,

Thou

Thou Inſtrument of Evil.
Pet. As I live, Sir,
She is ever thus till Dinner.
Fred. Get ye in,
I'll anſwer you anon, Sir.
Pet. By this Hand
I'll break your Poſſet-Pan. [*Exit.*
Land. Then by this Hood
I'll lock the Meat up.
Fred. Now your Grief, what is't?
For I can gueſs ——
Land. Ye may with Shame enough,
If there were Shame amongſt ye; nothing thought on,
But how ye may abuſe my Houſe? not ſatisfy'd
With bringing home your Baſtards to undo me,
But you muſt drill your Whores here too? My Patience
(Becauſe I bear, and bear, and carry all,
And as they ſay am willing to groan under)
Muſt be your Make-ſport now.
Fred. No more of theſe Words,
Nor no more Murmurings, Lady: For you know
That I know ſomething. I did ſuſpect your Anger,
But turn it preſently and handſomely,
And bear yourſelf diſcreetly to this Woman,
For ſuch an one there is indeed.
Land. 'Tis well, Son.
Fred. Leaving your Devils Matins, and your Melancholies,
Or we ſhall leave our Lodgings.
Land. You have much need
To uſe theſe vagrant Ways, and to much Profit:
Ye had that might content
(At home within yourſelves too) right good Gentlemen,
Wholeſome, and ye ſaid handſome: But you Gallants,
Beaſt that I was to believe ye——
Fred. Leave your Suſpicion:
For as I live there's no ſuch thing.
Land. Mine Honour;
And 'twere not for mine Honour,
Fred. Come, your Honour,

Your

Your Houſe, and you too, if you dare believe me,
Are well enough: Sleek up yourſelf, leave crying,
For I muſt have ye entertain this Lady
With all Civility, ſhe well deſerves it,
Together with all Secrecy: I dare truſt ye,
For I have found ye faithful: When you know her,
You'll find your own Fault: No more Words, but do it.
Land. You know you may command me.

Enter Don John.

John. Worſhipful Lady,
How does thy Velvet Scabbard? By this Hand
Thou look'ſt moſt amiably, now could I willingly,
And 'twere not for abuſing thy *Geneva* Print there,
Venture my Body with thee.
Land. You'll leave this Roguery
When you come to my Years.
John. By this Light
Thou art not above fifteen yet, a meer Girl,
Thou haſt not half thy Teeth: Come——
Fred. Prithee, *John*,
Let her alone, ſhe has been vex'd already;
She'll grow ſtark mad, Man.
John. I would ſee her mad,
An old mad Woman——
Fred. Prithee be patient.
John. Is like a Miller's Mare, troubled with Tooth-ach.
She'll make the rareſt Faces.
Fred. Go, and do it,
And do not mind this Fellow.
Land. Well, *Don John*,
There will be Times again; when, O good Mother,
What's good for a Carnoſity in the Bladder?
O the green Water, Mother.
John. Doting take ye;
Do ye remember that?—
Fred. She has paid ye now, Sir.
Land. Clary, ſweet Mother, Clary.
Fred. Are ye ſatisfied?
Land. I'll never whore again, never give Petticoats

And

And Waſtecoats at five Pound apiece: Good Mother,
Quickly Mother; now mock on, Son.
John. A Devil grind your old Chaps. [*Exit Landlady.*
Fred. By this Hand, Wench,
I'll give thee a new Hood for this.
Has ſhe met with your Lordſhip?
John. Touchwood take her.

Enter Anthony.

She's a rare Ghoſtly Mother.
Ant. Below attends ye
The Gentleman's Man, Sir, that was with you.
John. Well, Sir;
My time is come then; yet if my Project hold,
You ſhall not ſtay behind; I'll rather truſt

Enter Conſtantia.

A Cat with ſweet Milk, *Frederick*; by her Face,
I feel her Fears are working.
Con. Is there no way,
I do beſeech ye think yet, to divert
This certain Danger?
Fred. 'Tis impoſſible;
Their Honours are engag'd.
Con. Then there muſt be murther,
Which, Gentlemen, I ſhall no ſooner hear of,
Than make one in't: You may if you pleaſe, Sir,
Make all go leſs yet.
John. Lady, were't mine own Cauſe,
I could diſpenſe; but loaden with my Friend's truſt,
I muſt go on; though general Maſſacres
As much I fear——
Con. Do ye hear, Sir; for Heav'n's pity
Let me requeſt one love of you.
Fred. Yes, any thing.
Con. This Gentleman I find too reſolute,
Too hot and fiery for the Cauſe; as ever
You did a virtuous Deed, for Honour's ſake
Go with him, and allay him; your fair Temper
And noble Diſpoſition, like wiſh'd Show'rs,

May quench thoſe eating Fires, that would ſpoil all elſe.
I ſee in him Deſtruction.
Fred. I will do it;
And 'tis a wiſe Conſideration,
To me a bounteous Favour. Hark ye, *John*;
I will go with ye.
John. No.
Fred. Indeed I will.
Ye go upon a hazard; no denial,
For as I live, I'll go.
John. Then make ye ready,
For I am ſtraight o' Horſe-back.
Fred. My Sword on,
I am as ready as you; what my beſt Labour,
With all the Art I have can work upon 'em,
Be ſure of, and expect fair end; the old Gentlewoman
Shall wait upon you; ſhe's both grave and private,
And ye may truſt her in all points.
(7) *Con.* You're noble:
Fred. And ſo I kiſs your Hand.
John. That Seal for me too,
And I hope happy Iſſue, Lady.
Con. All Heav'n's Care upon ye, and my Prayers.
John. So,
Now my Mind's at reſt.
Fred. Away, 'tis late, *John*. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio, *a Surgeon, and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Come, Sir, be hearty, all the worſt is paſt.
Ant. Give me ſome Wine.
Sur. 'Tis Death, Sir,
Ant. 'Tis a Horſe, Sir.

(7) Con. *You are noble;*
And ſo I kiſs your Hand.] The latter part of this certainly belongs to *Frederick*. 'Tis the uſual Compliment from a Gentleman to a Lady, but not from a Lady to a Gentleman; and *John* confirms it by deſiring the ſame Favour.

To be dreſt to the Tune of Ale only!
Nothing but Sawces to my Sores!
2 *Gent.* Fie, *Antonio*,
You muſt be govern'd.
Ant. H'as giv'n me a damn'd Clyſter,
Only of Sand and Snow-Water, Gentlemen,
Has almoſt ſcowr'd my Guts out.
Sur. I have giv'n you that, Sir,
Is fitteſt for your State.
Ant. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of Rooks, and drown'd Chickens,
Stew'd Pericraniums, and Pia-maters;
And when I go to Bed (by Heav'n 'tis true, Gentlemen)
He rolls me up in Lints, with Labels at 'em,
That I am juſt the Man i'th' Almanack,
(8) My Head and Face is *Aries* Place.
Sur. Will't pleaſe ye
To let your Friends ſee you open'd?
Ant. Will't pleaſe you, Sir,
To let me have a Wench? I feel my Body
Open enough for that yet.
Sur. How, a Wench?
Ant. Why look ye, Gentlemen, thus I am us'd ſtill,
I can get nothing that I want.
1 *Gent.* Leave theſe things,
And let him open ye.
Ant. D' ye hear, Surgeon?
Send for the Muſick, let me have ſome Pleaſure
To entertain my Friends, beſides your Sallads,
(9) Your green Salves, and your Searcloths, and ſome Wine too,
That I may only ſmell to it; or by this Light
I'll die upon thy Hand, and ſpoil thy Cuſtom.
1 *Gent.* Let him have Muſick.

(8) In *Head and Face*——] Former Editions.

(9) *Your green Salves, and your* Searches,—] Neither Mr. *Sympſon* or I reject *Searches* as Nonſenſe, but both think that *Searcloths* is probably the true Word.

Enter

Enter Rowland *with Wine.*

Sur. 'Tis in the Houſe, and ready,
(10) If he will ask no more. But Wine—— [*Muſick.*
2 *Gent.* He ſhall not drink it.
Sur. Will theſe things pleaſe ye?
Ant. Yes, and let 'em ſing
John Dorrie.
2 *Gent.* 'Tis too long.
Ant. I'll have *John Dorrie,*
For to that warlike Tune I will be open'd: [geon,
Give me ſome Drink, have ye ſtopt the Leaks well, Sur-
All will run out elſe?
Sur. Fear not.
Ant. Sit down, Gentlemen:
And now advance your Plaiſters. [*Song of* John Dorrie.
Give 'em ten Shillings, Friends; how do ye find me?
What Symptoms do you ſee now?
Sur. None, Sir, dangerous;
But if you will be rul'd——
Ant. What Time?
Sur. I can cure you
In forty Days, if you will not tranſgreſs me.
Ant. I have a Dog ſhall lick me whole in twenty;
In how long canſt thou kill me?
Sur. Preſently.
Ant. Do it, there's more Delight in't.
1 *Gent.* You muſt have Patience.
Ant. Man, I muſt have Buſineſs; this fooliſh Fellow
Hinders himſelf; I have a dozen Raſcals
To hurt within theſe five Days; good Man-mender,
Stop me with ſome Parſly, like ſtuft Beef,
And let me walk abroad.
Sur. Ye ſhall walk ſhortly.
Ant. For I muſt find *Petruchio.*
2 *Gent.* Time enough.
1 *Gent.* Come, lead him in, and let him ſleep: within
theſe three Days

(10) *If he will ask no more but Wine——*] Former Editions.

We'll

We'll beg ye leave to play.
2 *Gent.* And then how things fall,
We'll certainly inform ye.
Ant. But Surgeon, promiſe me
I ſhall drink Wine then too.
Sur. A little temper'd.
Ant. Nay, I'll no tempering, Surgeon.
Sur. Well, as't pleaſe ye,
So ye exceed not.
Ant. Farewel: And if ye find
The mad Slave that thus ſlaſh'd me, commend me to him,
And bid him keep his Skin cloſe.
1 *Gent.* Take your Reſt, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Conſtantia, *and Landlady.*

Con. I have told ye all I can, and more than yet
Thoſe Gentlemen know of me; ever truſting
Your Counſel and Concealment; for to me
You ſeem a worthy Woman; one of thoſe
Are ſeldom found in our Sex, wiſe and virtuous,
Direct me I beſeech ye.
Land. Ye ſay well, Lady,
And hold ye to that Point, for in theſe Buſineſſes
A Woman's Counſel that conceives the matter,
(Do you mark me? that conceives the matter, Lady)
Is worth ten Mens Engagements: She knows ſomething,
And out of that can work like Wax; when Men
Are giddy-headed, either out of Wine,
Or a more Drunkenneſs, vain Oſtentation,
Diſcovering all; there is no more keep in 'em
Than hold upon an Eel's Tail; nay, 'tis held faſhion
T' defame now all they can.
Con. Ay, but theſe Gentlemen———
Land. Do not you truſt to that; theſe Gentlemen
Are as all Gentlemen of the ſame Barrel;
Ay, and the ſelf-ſame Pickle too. Be't granted,
They've us'd ye with Reſpect and fair Behaviour;

E'er

E'er ſince ye came, do you know what muſt follow?
They're *Spaniards*, Lady, Gennets of high Mettle,
Things that will thraſh the Devil or his Dam,
Let 'em appear but cloven.
Con. Now Heav'n bleſs me.
Land. Mad Colts will court the Wind; I know 'em, Lady,
To the leaſt Hair they have; and I tell you,
Old as I am, let but the Pint Pot bleſs 'em,
They'll offer to my Years——
Con. How?
Land. Such rude Gambols——
Con. To you?
Land. Ay, and ſo handle me, that oft I'm forc'd
To fight of all four for my Safety; there's the younger,
Don John, the arrant'ſt *Jack* in all this City;
The other, Time has blaſted, yet he'll ſtoop,
If not o'erflown, and freely on the quarry;
H'as been a Dragon in his days. (11) But *Tarmont*,
Don Jenkin is the Devil himſelf, the Dog-days,
The moſt incomprehenſible Whore-maſter,
Twenty a Night is nothing; Beggars, Broom-women,
And thoſe ſo miſerable, they look like Famine,
Are all ſweet Ladies in his drink.
Con. He's a handſome Gentleman;
Pity he ſhould be maſter of ſuch Follies.
Land. He's ne'er without a noiſe of Syringes
In's Pocket, thoſe proclaim him; (12) Purging-Pills,
Waters to cool his Conſcience, in ſmall Viols:
With thouſand ſuch ſufficient Emblems; the Truth is,
Whoſe Chaſtity he chops upon he cares not,

(11) *But* Tarmont,] i. e. *Termagant.*

(12) ——— birding *Pills*,] When a Word occurs that we can affix no Idea to, ſuitable to the Context, and no Dictionary or Gloſſary will give us any Aſſiſtance, we are forc'd to treat it as a Corruption; tho' after all, I believe there were hundreds of Words common in our Authors Age, that have no Exiſtence now in any Dictionary. Sometimes the Context explains their Meaning, or they are found in different Paſſages, and their Meaning more eaſily aſcertain'd. Nothing of this happens here, and as the natural Word *purging* is near the Trace of the Letters I have inſerted it in the Text.

He

He flies at all; Baſtards upon my Conſcience,
He'as now in making, multitudes; the laſt Night
He brought home one; I pity her that bore it,
But we are all weak Veſſels, ſome rich Woman
(For wife I dare not call her) was the Mother,
For it was hung with Jewels; the bearing Cloth
No leſs than Crimſon Velvet.

Con. How?

Land. 'Tis true, Lady.

Con. Was it a Boy too?

Land. A brave Boy; deliberation
And judgment ſhew'd in's getting, as I'll ſay for him,
He's as well pac'd for that ſport——

Con. May I ſee it?
For there's a Neighbour of mine, a Gentlewoman,
Has had a late Miſchance, which willingly
I would know further of; now if you pleaſe
To be ſo courteous to me.

Land. Ye ſhall ſee it:
But what do ye think of theſe Men now ye know 'em,
And of the Cauſe I told ye of? Be wiſe,
Ye may repent too late elſe; I but tell you
For your own good, and as you'll find it, Lady.

Con. I am adviſ'd.

Land. No more Words then; do that,
And inſtantly, I told ye of, be ready;
Don John, I'll fit you for your frumps.

Con. I ſhall be:
But ſhall I ſee this Child?

Land. Within this half Hour;
Let's in, and there think better; (13) ſhe that's wiſe,
Leaps at Occaſion firſt; the reſt pay for it. [*Exeunt.*

(13) ——— *ſhe that's wiſe,*
Leaps at Occaſion firſt; the reſt pay *for it.*] Mr. *Sympſon* would read,
——— *the reſt* pray *for it.*
i. e. *The Wiſe ſeize Occaſion when it's firſt offer'd, others only ſtand* praying *for it.* I cannot agree to this Emendation, the old Reading being capable of a Senſe full as clear as this. *The Wiſe ſeize the firſt Occaſion, the reſt who do not do ſo* pay *or* ſuffer *for it.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Petruchio, Don John, *and* Frederick.

John. Sir, he is worth your Knowledge, and a Gentleman,
If I that ſo much love him, may commend him,
Of free and virtuous Parts; and one, if foul play
Should fall upon us, for which fear I brought him,
Will not fly back for fillips.
Petr. Ye much honour me,
And once more I pronounce ye both mine. *Fred.* Stay,
What Troop is that below i'th' Valley there?
John. Hawking, I take it.
Petr. They are ſo; 'tis the Duke, 'tis ev'n he, Gentlemen,
Sirrah, draw back the Horſes 'till we call ye,
I know him by his Company.
Fred. I think too
He bends up this way.
Petr. So he does.
John. Stand you ſtill
Within that Covert 'till I call: You, *Frederick*,
By no means be not ſeen, unleſs they offer
To bring on odds upon us; he comes forward,
Here will I wait him fairly: To your Cabins.
Petr. I need no more inſtruct ye?
John. Fear me not,
I'll give it him, and boldly. [*Exeunt* Petr. *and* Fred.

Enter Duke and his Faction.

Duke. Feed the Hawks up,
We'll fly no more to day; O my bleſt Fortune!
Have I ſo fairly met the Man?
John. Ye have, Sir,
And him you know by this.
Duke. Sir, all the Honour
And Love——
John. I do beſeech your Grace ſtay there,
(For I know ye too now) that Love and Honour

I come not to receive; nor can you give it,
'Till ye appear fair to the World; I muſt beſeech ye
Diſmiſs your Train a little.
Duke. Walk aſide,
And out of hearing. I command ye: Now, Sir.
John. Laſt time we met, I was a Friend.
Duke. And nobly
You did me a Friend's Office: Let your Buſineſs
Be what it may, you muſt be ſtill——
John. Your pardon,
Never a Friend to him, cannot be Friend
To his own Honour.
Duke. In what have I tranſgreſs'd it?
Ye make a bold Breach at the firſt, Sir.
John. Bolder,
You made that Breach that let in Infamy,
And Ruin, to ſurpriſe a noble Stock.
Duke. Be plain, Sir.
John. I will, and ſhort; ye've wrong'd a Gentleman,
Little behind yourſelf, beyond all Juſtice,
Beyond the Mediation of all Friends.
Duke. The Man, and manner of Wrong?
John. Petruchio,
The Wrong, ye've whor'd his Siſter.
Duke. What's his Will in't?
John. His Will is to oppoſe you like a Gentleman,
And ſingle, to decide all.
Duke. Now ſtay you, Sir,
And hear me with the like Belief: This Gentleman,
His Siſter that you nam'd, true, I've long lov'd,
Nor was that Love laſcivious, as he makes it;
As true, I have enjoy'd her: No leſs Truth,
I have a Child by her: But that ſhe, or he,
Or any of that Family are tainted,
Suffer diſgrace, or ruin, by my Pleaſures,
I wear a Sword to ſatisfie the World no,
And him in this Cauſe when he pleaſe; for know, Sir,
She is my Wife, contracted before Heav'n,
(Witneſs I owe more tye to, than her Brother)
Nor will I fly from that Name, which long ſince

Had had the Churches Approbation,
(14) But for his jealous Anger.
John. Sir, your Pardon,
And all that was my Anger, now my Service.
Duke. Fair Sir, I knew I should convert ye; had two
But that rough Man here now too——
John. And ye ſhall, Sir:
Whoa, ho, ho.
Duke. I hope ye've laid no Ambuſh?

Enter Petruchio.

John. Only Friends.
Duke. My noble Brother, welcome:
Come put your Anger off, we will no fighting,
Unleſs you will maintain I am unworthy
To bear that Name.
Petr. D' you ſpeak this heartily?
Duke. Upon my Soul, and truly; the firſt Prieſt
Shall put you out of theſe doubts.
Petr. Now I love ye;
And I beſeech you pardon my Suſpicions.
You are now more than a Brother, a brave Friend too.
John. The good Man's over-joy'd.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. How, how, how goes it?
John. Why, the Man has his Mare again, and all's well, *Frederick*,
The Duke profeſſes freely he's her Husband.
Fred. 'Tis a good hearing.
John. Yes, for modeſt Gentlemen.
I muſt preſent ye: May it pleaſe your Grace,
To number this brave Gentleman, my Friend,
And noble Kinſman, amongſt thoſe your Servants.
Duke. O my brave Friend! you ſhow'r your Bounties on me

(14) *But for 'bis jealous* Danger.] *i. e.* For the Danger ariſing from his Jealouſy: But from what the Duke ſays to *Petruchio* below, *Anger* ſeems, both to Mr. *Symſon* and me, to be moſt probably the true Word.

Amongſt

Amongſt my beſt Thoughts, Seignior, in which Number
You being worthily diſpos'd already,
May place your Friend to honour me.
Fred. My Love, Sir,
And where your Grace dares truſt me, all my Service.
Petr. Why, this is wondrous happy: But now, Brother,
Now comes the bitter to our ſweet: *Conſtantia.*
Duke. Why, what of her?
Petr. Nor what, nor where, do I know:
Wing'd with her fears laſt Night, beyond my knowledge,
She quit my Houſe, but whither? ——
Fred. Let not that——
Duke. No more, good Sir, I've heard too much.
Petr. Nay, ſink not,
She cannot be ſo loſt,
John. Nor ſhall not, Gentlemen;
Be free again, the Lady's found; that Smile, Sir,
Shews ye diſtruſt your Servant.
Duke. I do beſeech ye——
John. Ye ſhall believe me: By my Soul ſhe's ſafe.
Duke. Heav'n knows, I would believe, Sir.
Fred. Ye may ſafely.
John. And under noble uſage: This fair Gentleman
Met her in all her doubts laſt Night, and to his Guard
(Her fears being ſtrong upon her) ſhe gave her Perſon,
Who waited on her to our Lodging; where all reſpect,
Civil and honeſt ſervice now attend her.
Petr. Ye may believe now.
Duke. Yes, I do, and ſtrongly:
Well, my good Friends, or rather my good Angels,
For ye have both preſerv'd me; when theſe Virtues
Die in your Friend's Remembrance ——
John. Good your Grace,
Loſe no more time in Compliment, 'tis too precious;
I know it by myſelf there can be no Hell
To his that hangs upon his Hopes; eſpecially
In way of luſty Pleaſures.
Petr. He has hit it.
Fred. To horſe again then, for this Night I'll crown ye
With all the Joys ye wiſh for.

Petr. Happy Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Franciſco.

Fran. This is the maddeſt Miſchief: never Fool
Was ſo fobb'd off, as I am; made ridiculous,
And to myſelf mine own Aſs: Truſt a Woman?
I'll truſt the Devil firſt; for he dare be
Better than's Word ſometime: What Faith have I broke?
In what Obſervance fail'd? Let me conſider,

Enter Don John, *and* Frederick.

For this is monſtrous Uſage.
Fred. Let them talk,
We'll ride on fair and ſoftly.
Fran. Well, *Conſtantia.*
Fred. Conſtantia! what's this Fellow? Stay by all means.
Fran. Ye've ſpun yourſelf a fair Thread now.
Fred. Stand ſtill, *John.*
Fran. What Cauſe had you to fly? What Fear poſſeſt ye?
Were ye not ſafely lodg'd from all Suſpicion?
Us'd with all gentle means? Did any know
How ye came thither, or what your Sin was.
Fred. John,
I ſmell ſome Juggling, *John.*
John. Yes, *Frederick,*
I fear it will be found ſo.
Fran. So ſtrangely,
Without the Counſel of your Friends; ſo deſperately
To put all Dangers on ye?
Fred. 'Tis ſhe.
Fran. So deceitfully,
After a Stranger's Lure!
John. Did ye mark that, *Frederick?*
Fran. To make ye appear more Monſter; and the Law
More cruel to reward ye? to leave all,
All that ſhould be your Safeguard, to ſeek Evils?
Was this your Wiſdom? this your Promiſe? well,
He that incited ye——

Fred.

Fred. Mark that too.
John. Yes, Sir. [Lady,
Fran. 'Had better have plough'd farther off; now,
What will your laſt Friend, he that ſhould preſerve ye,
And hold your Credit up, the brave *Antonio*,
Think of this Slip? He'll to *Petruchio*,
And call for open Juſtice.
John. 'Tis ſhe, *Frederick.*
Fred. But what that he is, *John.*
Fran. I do not doubt yet
To bolt ye out, for I know certainly
Ye are about the Town ſtill: Ha, no more Words. [*Exit.*
Fred. Well.
John. Very well.
Fred. Diſcreetly.
John. Finely carried.
Fred. You have no more of theſe Tricks?
John. Ten to One, Sir.
I ſhall meet with 'em if ye have.
Fred. Is this honeſt?
John. Was it in you a Friend's part to deal double?
I am no Aſs, *Don Frederick.*
Fred. And, *Don John*,
It ſhall appear I am no Fool: Diſgrace me
To make yourſelf a Letcher?
'Tis boyiſh, baſe.
John. 'Tis falſe, and moſt unmanly to upbraid me,
Nor will I be your Bolſter, Sir. [Eunuch,
Fred. Thou wanton Boy, thou'dſt better have been
Thou common-Woman's Courteſy, than thus
Laſcivious; baſely to have bent mine Honour.
A Friend? I'll make a Horſe my Friend firſt.
John. Holla, holla,
Ye kick too faſt, Sir: What ſtrange Brains have you got,
That dare crow out thus bravely? I better been an Eunuch?
I privy to this Dog-trick? clear yourſelf,
For I know where the Wind ſits, and moſt nobly,
Or as I have a Life——
Fred. No more: Their Horſes.
[*A Noiſe within like Horſes.*

Nor ſhew no diſcontent: To Morrow comes;
Let's quietly away: If ſhe be at home,
Our Jealouſies are put off.
John. The Fellow,

Enter Duke, and Petruchio.

We've loſt him in our Spleens, like Fools.
Duke. Come, Gentlemen,
Now ſet on roundly: Suppoſe ye have all Miſtreſſes,
And mend your pace according.
Petr. Then have at ye. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, *and* John.

Petr. NOW to *Bologna*, my moſt honour'd Brother,
I dare pronounce y'a hearty and ſafe welcome,
Our Loves ſhall now way-lay ye; welcome, Gentlemen.
John. The ſame to you, brave Sir; *Don Frederick*,
Will ye ſtep in, and give the Lady notice
Who comes to honour her?
Petr. Bid her be ſudden,
We come to ſee no curious Wench: A Night-gown
Will ſerve the turn: Here's one that knows her nearer.
Fred. I'll tell her what ye ſay, Sir. [*Exit* Fred.
Duke. My dear Brother,
Ye are a merry Gentleman.
Petr. Now will the Sport be,
T'obſerve her Alterations; how like a Wild-fire
She'll leap into your Boſom; then ſeeing me,
Her Conſcience, and her Fears creeping upon her,
Dead as a Fowl at Souſe, ſhe'll ſink.
Duke. Fair Brother,
I muſt entreat you——
Petr. I conceive your Mind, Sir,
I will not chide her: Yet ten Duckets, Duke,
She falls upon her Knees, ten more ſhe dare not——

Duke.

Duke. I muſt not have her frighted.
Petr. Well, you ſhall not:

Enter Frederick, *and* Peter.

But like a Summer's Evening againſt Heat,
Mark how I'll gild her Cheeks?
John. How now?
(15) *Duke.* Ye may, Sir.
Fred. Not to abuſe your Patience, noble Friends,
Nor hold ye off with tedious Circumſtance,
For you muſt know——
Petr. What?
Duke. Where is ſhe?
Fred. Gone, Sir.
Duke. How?
Petr. What did you ſay, Sir?
Fred. Gone, by Heav'n; removed,
The Woman of the Houſe too.
John. Well, *Don Frederick.*
Fred. Don John, it is not well, but——
Petr. Gone?
Fred. This Fellow
Can teſtify I lye not.
Pet. Some four Hours after
My Maſter was departed, with this Gentleman,
My Fellow and myſelf being ſent of Buſineſs,
(As we muſt think) of purpoſe——
Petr. Hang theſe Circumſtances,
They appear like Owls, to ill Ends.
John. Now could I eat
The Devil in his own Broth, I'm ſo tortur'd.
Gone?
Petr. Gone?

(15) Fred. *Ye may, Sir:*
Not to abuſe your Patience,——] I have ventur'd to give the three firſt Words of *Frederick*'s Speech to the *Duke:* they are a proper Anſwer to *Petruchio,* but are not intelligible in *Frederick*'s Mouth, without conſidering them as a broken Sentence relating to the mutual Suſpicion between *John* and him, and then perhaps too much would be left wanting.

Fred.

Fred. Directly gone, fled, ſhifted: What would you have me ſay?

Duke. Well, Gentlemen,
Wrong not my good Opinion.

Fred. For your Dukedom
I will not be a Knave, Sir.

John. He that is,
A Rot run in his Blood.

Petr. But hark ye, Gentlemen,
Are ye ſure ye had her here, did ye not dream this?

John. Have you your Noſe, Sir?

Petr. Yes, Sir.

John. Then we had her.

Petr. Since you're ſo ſhort, believe your having her
Shall ſuffer more Conſtruction.

John. Let it ſuffer.
But if I be not clear of all Diſhonour,
Or Practice that may taint my Reputation,
And ignorant of where this Woman is,
Make me your City's Monſter.

Duke. I believe ye.

John. I could lie with a Witch now, to be reveng'd
Upon that Raſcal did this.

Fred. Only thus much
I would deſire your Grace, for my Mind gives me
Before Night yet ſhe's yours: Stop all Opinion,
And let no Anger out, 'till full Cauſe call it,
Then every Man's own Works to juſtify him;
And this Day let us give to ſearch: My Man here
Tells me, by chance he ſaw out of a Window
(Which Place he's taken notice of) ſuch a Face
As our old Landlady's, he believes the ſame too,
And by her Hood aſſures it: Let's firſt thither,
For ſhe being found, all's ended.

Duke. Come, for Heav'n's ſake,
And Fortune, an thou be'ſt not ever turning,
If there be one firm Step in all thy Reelings,
Now ſettle it, and ſave my Hopes: Away, Friends.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio *and his Servant.*

Ant. With all my Jewels?
Ser. All, Sir.
Ant. And that Mony
I left i'th' Trunk?
Ser. The Trunk broke, and that gone too.
Ant. *Franciſco* of the Plot?
Ser. Gone with the Wench too.
Ant. The mighty Pox go with 'em: Belike they thought
I was no Man of this World, and thoſe Trifles
Would but diſturb my Conſcience.
Ser. Sure they thought, Sir,
You would not live to perſecute 'em.
Ant. Whore and Fidler,
Why, what a Conſort have they made; Hen and Bacon?
Well, my ſweet Miſtreſs, well, good Madam Mar-tail?
You that have hung about my Neck, and lick'd me,
I'll try how handſomly your Ladyſhip
Can hang upon a Gallows, there's your Maſter-piece;
But hark ye, Sirrah, no Imagination
Of where they ſhould be?
Ser. None, Sir, yet we've ſearch'd
All Places we ſuſpected; I believe, Sir,
They've taken tow'rds the Ports.
Ant. Get me a Conjurer,
One that can raiſe a Water-Devil, I'll port 'em;
Play at Duck and Drake with my Mony; take heed, Fidler;
I'll dance ye by this Hand, your Fiddle-ſtick
I'll greaſe of a new Faſhion, for preſuming
To meddle with my De-gambos: Get me a Conjurer,
Enquire me out a Man that lets out Devils:
None but my *C. Cliffe* ſerve your turn?
Ser. I know not ———
Ant. In every Street, *Tom* Fool, any blear-ey'd People
With red Heads, and flat Noſes, can perform it;

Thou

Thou ſhalt know 'em by their half Gowns and no Breeches:
Mount my Mare, Fidler? Ha Boy! up at firſt daſh?
Sit ſure, I'll clap a Nettle, and a ſmart one,
Shall make your Filly firk I will: fine, Fidler,
I'll put you to your Plunge, Boy: Sirrah, meet me
Some two Hours hence at home; in the mean time
Find out a Conjurer, and know his Price,
How he will let his Devils by the Day out,
I'll have 'em, an they be above Ground. [*Exit* Ant.

Ser. Now bleſs me,
What a mad Man is this? I muſt do ſomething
To pleaſe his Humour: Such a Man I'll ask for,
And tell him where he is; but to come near him,
Or have any thing to do with his Don Devils,
I thank my Fear, I dare not, nor I will not. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, Frederick, John, Peter, *and Servant with Bottles.*

Fred. Whither wilt thou lead us?
Pet. 'Tis hard by, Sir.
And ten to one this Wine goes thither.
Duke. Forward.
Petr. Are they grown ſo merry?
Duke. 'Tis moſt likely,
She's heard of this good Fortune, and determines
To waſh her Sorrows off.
Pet. 'Tis ſo; that Houſe, Sir,
Is it: Out of that Window certainly
I ſaw my old Miſtreſſes Face.
Petr. They're merry indeed, [*Muſick.*
Hark, I hear Muſick too.
Duke. Excellent Muſick.
John. Would I were ev'n among 'em, and alone now;
A Pallate for the purpoſe in a Corner,
And good rich Wine within me; what gay Sport
Could I make in an Hour now?

SONG.

SONG.

Welcome ſweet Liberty, and Care farewel,
I am mine own;
She is twice damn'd, that lives in Hell,
When Heav'n is ſhown.
Budding Beauty, blooming Years
Were made for Pleaſure, farewel Fears,
For now I am myſelf, mine own Command,
My Fortune always in my Hand.

Fred. Hark, a Voice too;
Let's not ſtir yet by any means.
John. Was this her own Voice?
Duke. Yes ſure.
Fred. 'Tis a rare one.

Enter Bawd (above.)

Duke. The Song confirms her her; too: For if ye mark it,
It ſpake of Liberty, and ſo enjoying
The happy end of Pleaſure.
Pet. Look ye there, Sir.
Do ye know that Head?
Fred. 'Tis my good Landlady,
I find Fear has done all this.
John. She I ſwear,
And now do I know by the hanging of her Hood,
(16) She's parcel drunk; ſhall we go in?
Duke. Not yet, Sir.
Petr. No, let 'em take their Pleaſure.
Duke. When it is higheſt, [*Muſick.*

(16) *She's parcel drunk:*] In the ſame manner our Authors uſe.—*A parcel Bawd. Skinner* ſays in his Dictionary of obſolete Words, that *Percel* ſignifies *partly*; but he treats it as the ſame with the common word *Parcel* from the *French*, *Parcell*, a Contraction of the *Italian*, *Particella*, in *Latin*, *Particula*. How from thence it ſhould come to ſignify *partly*, may be difficult to gueſs. Perhaps through much the ſame channel as *partly* is deriv'd. From Goods being divided into *Parcels* a *Parcel* came to ſignify a Bundle; and from thence us'd adjectively or adverbially may ſignify *bulky*, *corpulent*, *portly*, one that looks as if he carry'd a Bundle before him.

We'll

We'll ſtep in, and amaze 'em: Peace, more Muſick.
John. This Muſick murders me: What Blood have I now?
Fred. I ſhould know that Face. [*Enter* Fran. *and Exit.*
John. By this Light 'tis he, *Frederick*,
That bred our firſt Suſpicions, the ſame Fellow.
Fred. He that we overtook, and overheard too,
Diſcourſing of *Conſtantia*.
John. Still the ſame;
Now he ſlips in.
Duke. What's that?
Fred. She muſt be here, Sir:
This is the very Fellow, I told your Grace.

Enter Franciſco.

We found upon the way; and what his Talk was.
Petr. Why, ſure I know this Fellow; yes, 'tis he,
Franciſco, *Antonio*'s Boy, a rare Muſician,
He taught my Siſter on the Lute, and is ever
(She loves his Voice ſo well) about her: Certain,
Without all doubt ſhe is here: It muſt be ſo.
John. Here? That's no Queſtion: What ſhould our Hen o'th' game elſe
Do here without her? If ſhe be not here
(I am ſo confident) let your Grace believe
We two are arrant Raſcals, and have abus'd ye.
Fred. I ſay ſo too.
John. Why there's the Hood again now.
(17) The Card that guides us; I know the Fabrick of it,
And know the old Tree of that Saddle yet, 'twas made of
A hunting Hood, obſerve it.
Duke. Who ſhall enter?
Petr. I'll make one.
John. I, another.
Duke. But ſo carry it,

(17) *The* Guard *that guides us:*] In either Senſe of the Word *Guard* as a *Watch* or *Sentinel*, or as a *Fringe*, or Hem of a Garment, the Word is intelligible in this Place; but ſure 'tis not a very natural Expreſſion, and I have therefore ventur'd to diſcard it, to make room for what I think a very happy Conjecture of Mr. *Sympſon*'s *Card*, i. e. the Chart or Mariners Compaſs.

That

That all her Joys flow not together.
John. If we told her,
Your Grace would none of her?
Duke. By no means, Signior,
'Twould turn her wild, ſtark frantick.
John. Or aſſur'd her——
Duke. Nothing of that ſtern Nature: This ye may, Sir,
That the Conditions of our Fear yet ſtand
On nice and dangerous Knittings: Or that a little
I ſeem to doubt the Child.
John. Would I could draw her
To hate your Grace with theſe things.
Petr. Come, let's enter.
And now he ſees me not, I'll ſearch her ſoundly.
[*Exeunt* Petr. *and* John.
Duke. Now Luck of all ſides. [*Muſick.*
Fred. Doubt it not: More Muſick:
Sure ſhe has heard ſome Comfort.
Duke. Yes, ſtand ſtill, Sir.
Fred. This is the maddeſt Song.
Duke. Applyed for certain
To ſome ſtrange Melancholy ſhe is loaden with.
Fred. Now all the Sport begins—— hark?
Duke. They are amongſt 'em,
The Fears now, and the Shakings? [*Trampling above.*
Fred. Our old Lady
(Hark how they run) is even now at this Inſtant
Ready to loſe her Head-piece by *Don John*,
Or creeping through a Cat-hole. [Petr. *and* John *within.*
Petr. Bring 'em down,
And you, Sir, follow me.
Duke. He's angry with 'em,
I muſt not ſuffer this.
John. [*within.*] Bowl down the Bawd there,
Old *Erra mater*: You, Lady Leachery,
For the good-will I bear to th' Game, moſt tenderly
Shall be led out, and laſh'd.

Enter

Enter Petruchio, John, *Whore, and Bawd, with* Franciſco.

Duke. Is this *Conſtantia?*
Why Gentlemen? What do you mean? Is this ſhe?
Whore. I am *Conſtantia*, Sir.
Duke. A Whore ye are, Sir.
Whore. 'Tis very true: I am a Whore indeed, Sir.
Petr. She will not lye yet, though ſhe ſteal.
Whore. A plain Whore,
If you pleaſe to imploy me.
Duke. And an impudent——
Whore. Plain-dealing now is Impudence.
One, if you will, Sir, can ſhew ye as much Sport
In one half Hour, and with as much Variety,
As a far wiſer Woman can in half a Year:
For there my way lies.
Duke. Is ſhe not drunk too?
Whore. A little gilded o'er, Sir.
Old Sack, old Sack, Boys.
Petr. This is *ſaliant.*
John. A brave bold Quean.
Duke. Is this your Certainty?
Do ye know the Man ye wrong thus, Gentlemen?
Is this the Woman meant? *Fred.* No.
Duke. That your Landlady?
John. I know not what to ſay.
Duke. Am I a Perſon
To be your Sport, Gentlemen?
John. I do believe now certain
I am a Knave; but how, or when——
Duke. What are you?
Petr. Bawd to this Piece of Pye-Meat.
Bawd. A poor Gentlewoman
That lies in Town, about Law Buſineſs,
And't like your Worſhips.
Petr. You ſhall have Law, believe it.
Bawd. I'll ſhew your Maſterſhip my Caſe.
Petr. By no means,
I'd rather ſee a Cuſtard.

Bawd.

Bawd. My dead Husband
Left it even thus, Sir.
John. Bleſs mine Eyes from Blaſting,
I was never ſo frighted with a caſe.
Bawd. And ſo, Sir ———
Petr. Enough, put up good Velvet Head.
Duke. What are you two now,
By your own free Confeſſions?
Fred. What you ſhall think us,
Though to myſelf I am certain, and my Life
Shall make that good and perfect, or fall with it.
John. We are ſure of nothing, *Frederick*, that's the Truth on't:
I do not think my Name's *Don John*, nor dare not
Believe any thing that concerns me, but my Debts,
Nor thoſe in way of Payment: Things are ſo carried,
What to entreat your Grace, or how to tell ye
We are, or we are not, is paſt my Cunning,
But I would fain imagine we are honeſt,
And o' my Conſcience, I would fight in't ———
Duke. Thus then,
For we may be all abus'd.
Petr. 'Tis poſſible.
For how ſhould this concern them?
Duke. Here let's part ———
Until to Morrow this time: We to our Way,
To make this Doubt out, and you to your Way;
Pawning our Honours then to meet again,
When if ſhe be not found ———
Fred. We ſtand engaged
To anſwer, any worthy way we're call'd to.
Duke. We ask no more.
Whore. Y'have done with us then?
Petr. No, Dame.
Duke. But is her Name *Conſtantia?*
Petr. Yes, a Moveable
Belonging to a Friend of mine: Come out, Fidler,
What ſay you to this Lady? Be not fearful.
Fran. Saving the Reverence of my Maſter's Pleaſure,
I ſay ſhe is a Whore, and that ſhe'as robb'd him,

Hoping his Hurts would kill him.
Whore. Who provok'd me?
Nay, Sirrah, ſqueak, I'll ſee your treble Strings
Ty'd up too: if I hang, I'll ſpoil your Piping,
Your ſweet Face ſhall not ſave ye.
Petr. Thou damn'd Impudence,
And thou dry'd Devil; where's the Officer?
Pet. He's here, Sir.

Enter Officer.

Petr. Lodge theſe ſafe, till I ſend for 'em;
Let none come to 'em, nor no Noiſe be heard
Of where they are, or why: Away.
John. By this Hand,
A handſome Whore. Now will I be arreſted,
And brought home to this Officer's: A ſtout Whore,
I love ſuch ſtirring Ware: Pox o' this Buſineſs,
A Man muſt hunt out Morſels for another,
And ſtarve himſelf: A quick-ey'd Whore, that's Wild-fire,
And makes the Blood dance through the Veins like Billows.
I will reprieve this Whore.
Duke. Well, good Luck with ye.
Fred. As much attend your Grace.
Petr. To morrow certain——
John. If we out-live this Night, Sir.
Fred. Come, *Don John*,
We've ſomething now to do.
John. I'm ſure I would have.
Fred. If ſhe ben't found, we muſt fight.
John. I'm glad on't,
I have not fought a great while.
Fred. If we die——
John. There's ſo much Mony ſav'd in Letchery.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, *below*; *and* Vecchio *above*.

Duke. IT ſhould be hereabouts.
Petr. Your Grace is right,
This is the Houſe, I know it.
Vec. Grace? *Duke.* 'Tis further
By the Deſcription we receiv'd.
Petr. Good my Lord the Duke,
Believe me, for I know it certainly,
This is the very Houſe.
Vec. My Lord the Duke?
Duke. Pray Heav'n this Man prove right now.
Petr. Believe it, he's a moſt ſufficient Scholar,
And can do rare Tricks this way; for a Figure,
Or raiſing an Appearance, whole Chriſtendom
Has not a better; I've heard ſtrange Wonders of him.
Duke. But can he ſhew us where ſhe is?
Petr. Moſt certain.
And for what cauſe too ſhe departed.
Duke. Knock then.
For I am great with Expectation,
Till this Man ſatisfie me: I fear the *Spaniards*,
Yet they appear brave Fellows: Can he tell us?
Petr. With a wet Finger, whether they be falſe.
Duke. Away then. *Petr.* Who's within here?

Enter Vecchio.

Vec. Your Grace may enter.
Duke. How can ye know me?
Petr. He knows all.
Vec. And you, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Don John *and* Frederick.

John. What do you call his Name?
Fred. Why, *Peter Vecchio.*

John. They ſay he can raiſe Devils, can he make 'em
Tell Truth too, when he 'as rais'd 'em? for believe it,
Theſe Devils are the lying'ſt Raſcals.
Fred. He can compel 'em.
John. With what? Can he
Tye Squibs i'their Tails, and fire the Truth out?
Or make 'em eat a bawling Puritan,
Whoſe ſanctified Zeal ſhall rumble like an Earthquake?
Fred. With Spells, Man.
John. I with Spoons as ſoon, doſt think
The Devil ſuch an Aſs as the People make him?
Such a poor Coxcomb? ſuch a penny Foot-poſt!
Compell'd with Cròſs and Pile to run of Errands?
With *Aſteroth*, and *Behemoth*, and *Belſagor?*
Why ſhould he ſhake at Sounds, that lives in a Smith's
Or, if he do —— [Forge?
Fred. Without all doubt he does, *John.*
John. Why ſhould not Bilbo raiſe him, or (18) a Pair
of Bullyons,
They go as big as any? or an unſhod Car,
When he goes, tumble, tumble o'er the Stones,
Like *Anacreon*'s drunken Verſes,
Theſe make as fell a Noiſe; methinks the Cholick
Well handled, and fed with Small-Beer ——
Fred. 'Tis the Virtue ——
John. The Virtue? nay, an Goodneſs fetch him up once,
H'as loſt a Friend of me; the wiſe old Gentleman
Knows when, and how; I'll lay this Hand to two Pence,
Let all the Conjurers in Chriſtendom,
With all their Spells and Virtues, call upon him,
And I but think upon a Wench, and follow it,
He ſhall be ſooner mine than theirs; where's Virtue?
Fred. (19) Thou art the moſt ſufficient, (I'll ſay for thee)
Not

(18) —— *A Pair of Bullyons,*] Neither Mr. *Sympſon* or I can find by any Dictionary what theſe are. It ſhould ſeem moſt probable that they are Inſtruments us'd in coining Money, and us'd here chiefly from the Sound of the Word, as *Bilbo* is a grand affected Word for a Sword

(19) *Thou art the moſt ſufficient,*] Mr. *Sympſon* thinks that we ſhould read *affident* here; but as that would break the Meaſure; ſo it would,

Not to believe a Thing ——
John. O Sir, ſlow Credit
Is the beſt Child of Knowledge; I'll go with ye,
And if he can do any thing, I'll think
As you would have me.
Fred. Let's enquire along,
For certain we are not far off.
John. Nor much nearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke, Petruchio, and Vecchio.

Vec. You loſt her Yeſter-night.
Petr. How think you, Sir?
Duke. Is your Name *Vecchio*?
Vec. Yes, Sir. *Duke.* And you can ſhew me
Theſe things you promiſe.
Vec. Your Grace's Word bound to me,
No Hand of Law ſhall ſeize me.
Duke. As I live, Sir ——
Petr. And, as I live, that can do ſomething too, Sir.
Vec. I take your Promiſes: Stay here a little,
Till I prepare ſome Ceremonies, and I'll ſatisfie ye.
The Lady's Name's *Conſtantia*? *Petr.* Yes.
Vec. I come ſtraight. [*Exit* Vecchio.
Duke. Sure he's a learned Man.
Petr. The moſt now living; [ſtances,
Did your Grace mark when we told all theſe Circum-
How ever and anon he bolted from us
To uſe his Study's Help?
Duke. Now I think rather
To talk with ſome Familiar.

would, I think, weaken the Senſe; for *ſufficient* is us'd in the ſame Senſe as *ſelf-ſufficient*, one that ſets up his own Reaſon againſt the common Opinion of Mankind. The ridiculous Abſurdity of believing in Conjurers and Witches is finely expos'd both here and in *The Bloody Brother*; yet it is but a few Years ſince our whole Legiſlature have freed themſelves from the Imputation of this abſurd Belief, and it is to this Day far from being worn out of the Minds of the Vulgar.

Petr. Not unlikely,
For ſure he has 'em ſubject.
Duke. How could he elſe
Tell when ſhe went, and who went with her?
Petr. True.
Duke. Or hit upon mine Honour; or aſſure me
The Lady lov'd me dearly?

Enter Vecchio, *in his Habiliments.*

Petr. 'Twas ſo.
Vec. Now,
I do beſeech your Grace, ſit down, and you, Sir;
Nay, pray ſit cloſe like Brothers.
Petr. A rare Fellow.
Vec. And what ye ſee, ſtir not at, nor ſee a Word,
Until I ask ye; for what ſhall appear
Is but weak Apparition, and thin Air,
Not to be held, nor ſpoken to. [*Knocking within.*
[John, Frederick, *and a Servant within.*
Duke. We are counſell'd ——
Vec. What Noiſe is that without there?
Fred. [*within.*] We muſt ſpeak with him.
Serv. [*within.*] He's buſie, Gentlemen.
John. [*within.*] That's all one, Friend
We muſt and will ſpeak with him.
Duke. Let 'em in, Sir,
We know their Tongues and Buſineſs, 'tis our own,
And in this very Cauſe that we now come for,
They alſo come to be inſtructed.
Vec. Let 'em in then:
Sit down, I know your Meaning.

Enter Frederick, John, *and Servant.*

Fred. The Duke before us?
Now we ſhall ſure know ſomething.
Vec. Not a Queſtion,
But make your Eyes your Tongues ——
John. This's a ſtrange Jugler,
Neither indent before-hand for his Payment,
Nor know the Breadth o'th' Buſineſs; ſure his Devil

Comes

Comes out of *Lapland*, where they ſell Men Winds
For dead Drink and old Doublets.
Fred. Peace, he conjures.
John. Let him, he cannot raiſe my Devil.
Fred. Prithee, Peace.

Vec. *Appear, appear,*
And you ſoft Winds ſo clear,
That dance upon the Leaves, and make them ſing
Gentle Love-lays to the Spring,
Gilding all the Vales below
With your Verdure, as ye blow,
Raiſe theſe Forms from under Ground,
With a ſoft and happy Sound. [Soft Muſick.

John. This is an honeſt Conjurer, and a pretty Poet;
I like his Words well, there's no Bombaſt in 'em.
But do you think now he can cudgel up the Devil
With this ſhort Staff of Verſes?
Fred. Peace, the Spirits ——— [*Two Shapes of Women paſſing by.*
John. Nay, and they be no worſe ———
Vec. Do you know theſe Faces?
Duke. No.
Vec. Sit ſtill upon your Lives then, and mark what follows;
Away, away.
John. Theſe Devils do not paint ſure?
Have they no ſweeter Shapes in Hell?
Fred. Hark now, *John.* [Conſtantia *paſſes by.*
John. Ay, marry, this moves ſomething like, this Devil
Carries ſome Metal in her Gate.
Vec. I find ye,
You'd ſee her Face unvail'd?
Duke. Yes.
Vec. Be uncover'd.
Duke. O Heav'n!
Vec. Peace.
Petr. See how ſhe bluſhes.
John. *Frederick*,
This Devil for my Mony; this is ſhe, Boy.

Why doſt thou ſhake? I burn.
Vec. Sit ſtill, and ſilent.
Duke. She looks back at me, now ſhe ſmiles, Sir.
Vec. Silence.
Duke. I muſt riſe, or I burſt. [*Exit* Conſtantia.
Vec. Ye ſee what follows——
Duke. O gentle Sir, this Shape again.
Vec. I cannot.
'Tis all diſſolv'd again; this was the Figure?
Duke. The very ſame, Sir.
No Hope once more to ſee it?
Vec. You might have kept it longer, had ye ſpar'd it,
Now 'tis impoſſible.
Duke. No means to find it?
Vec. Yes, that there is, ſit ſtill a while, there's Wine
To thaw the Wonder from your Hearts; drink well, Sir.
[*Exit* Vecchio.
John. This Conjurer is a right good Fellow too,
A Lad of Mettle; two ſuch Devils more
Would make me a Conjurer; what Wine is it?
Fred. (20) *Hock.*
John. The Devil's in it then; look how it dances.
Well, if I be——
Petr. We are all before ye,
That's your beſt Comfort, Sir.
John. By the Maſs brave Wine;
Nay, and the Devils live in this Hell, I dare venture
Within theſe two Months yet to be delivered
Of a large Legion of 'em.

Enter Vecchio.

Duke. Here he comes;
Silence of all ſides, Gentlemen.

(20) *Hollock.*] The difficulty of pronouncing *German* Names often makes great Confuſion in the ſpelling. *Bacharach* and *Hochſt* two neighbouring Towns, one upon the *Rhine*, and the other a little higher upon the *Main*, give Names to the two Wines *Bacbrack* and *Hock*; the former oftener occurs in our Authors and the Writers of their Age, tho' now all the Wines that come from the Neighbourhood of *Hochſt* receive their Name from thence.

Vec.

Vec. Good your Grace,
Obſerve a ſtricter Temper, and you too, Gallants,
You'll be deluded all elſe. This merry Devil
That next appears, for ſuch a one you'll find it,
Muſt be call'd up by a ſtrange Incantation,
A Song, and I muſt ſing it: 'pray bear with me,
And pardon my rude Pipe; for yet, e'er parting
Twenty to one I pleaſe ye.
Duke. We are arm'd, Sir.
Petr. Nor ſhall you ſee us more tranſgreſs.
Fred. What think'ſt thou
Now, *John?*
John. Why, now do I think, *Frederick,*
(And if I think amiſs Heav'n pardon me)
This honeſt Conjurer, with ſome four or five
Of his good Fellow-Devils, and myſelf,
Shall be yet drunk e'er Midnight.

SONG.

COme away, thou Lady gay,
Hoiſt; how ſhe ſtumbles?
Hark how ſhe mumbles.
Dame Gillian. Anſwer. *I come, I come.*
By old Claret I enlarge thee,
By Canary thus I charge thee,
(21) *By* Britain-*Metheglin, and Peeter,*
Appear, and anſwer me in Meeter.
Why when?
Why Gill?
Why when?
Anſwer. *You'll tarry till I am ready.*

(21) *By* Britain-*Metheglin, and* Peeter,] *Peeter* is the Name of a Liquor that neither Mr. *Sympſon* or I can find in any Dictionary. It may, perhaps, be a Wine from ſome Part of the *Pope*'s Dominions, or *Peter's Patrimony*; but this is a meer Conjecture. Another has ſince occurr'd that ſeems more probable. We find the *Rheniſh* Wines *Backrack* and *Hock* to be in much repute in our Authors Age: Now *Hochſt* ſtands near the Confluence of the River *Weter* with the *Main*, might not *Weeter* therefore be the true Reading?

Once again I conjure thee,
(22) By the Poſe in thy Noſe,
And the Gout in thy Toes;
By thine old dryed Skin,
And the Mummy within;
By thy little, little Ruff,
And thy Hood that's made of Stuff;
By thy Bottle at thy Breech,
And thine old ſalt Itch;
By the Stakes, and the Stones,
That have worn out thy Bones,

Appear,
Appear.
Appear.
Anſwer. *Oh I am here.*

Fred. Peace, he conjures. [now,
John. Why, this is the Song, *Frederick*; twenty pound
To ſee but our *Don Gillian.*

Enter Landlady and the Child.

Fred. Peace, it appears.
John. I cannot peace; Devils in French Hoods, *Frederick?*
Satan's old Syringes? *Duke*, What's this?
Vec. Peace. *John.* She, Boy.
Fred. What doſt thou mean?
John. She, Boy, I ſay. *Fred.* Ha?

(22) *By the* Poſe——] The *Poſe* is an old *Engliſh* Word uſed by *Chaucer* for a Catarrh or Defluxion of Rheum. Mr. *Sympſon* ſays that *Hollingſhed* tells us, that the *Poſe* is a Diſtemper which was rarely, if ever, known among the *Engliſh* till Chimneys were introduc'd, which was not long before his Time; that before then Fires were made againſt *Rere-Doſſes*, and the Smoke got out how it could. This may be true: Rich People burnt chiefly Coke or Charcoal in the middle of their Halls, as many of the Colleges of *Cambridge* and *Oxford* do ſtill; but why either this or ſmoky Houſes ſhould ſo entirely prevent Colds and Rheums in the Head ſeems ſomewhat ſtrange. *Hollingſhed*, perhaps, meant no more than that Catarrhs were much more riſe than formerly. I verily believe Chimneys to be pernicious to Health in general, and could wiſh to ſee Stoves as cuſtomary here as they are both in warmer and colder Climates abroad.

John.

John. She, Boy,
The very Child too, *Frederick.*
Fred. She laughs on us
Aloud, *John*, has the Devil theſe Affections?
I do believe 'tis ſhe, indeed.
Vec. Stand ſtill.
John. I will not;
(23) *Who calls* Jeronimo *from his naked Bed?*
Sweet Lady, was it you? if thou beeſt the Devil,
Firſt, having croſt myſelf, to keep out wildfire,
Then ſaid ſome ſpecial Prayers to defend me
Againſt thy moſt unhallowed Hood, have at thee.
Land. Hold, Sir, I am no Devil.
John. That's all one.
Land. I am your very Landlady.
John. I defie thee;
Thus as St. *Dunſtan* blew the Devil's Noſe with
A pair of Tongs, even ſo, Right Worſhipful——
Land. Sweet Son, I am old *Gillian.*
Duke. This is no Spirit.
John. Art thou old *Gillian*, Fleſh and Bone?
Land. I am, Son.
Vec. Sit ſtill, Sir, now I'll ſhew you all. [*Exit* Vec.
John. Where's thy Bottle?
Land. Here, I beſeech ye, Son——
John. For I know the Devil
Cannot aſſume that Shape.
Fred. 'Tis ſhe, *John*, certain—— [you
John. A Hog's pox o' your mouldy Chaps, what makes
Tumbling and juggling here?
Land. I am quit now, Seignior,
For all the pranks you play'd, and railings at me,
For to tell true, out of a Trick I put
Upon your high Behaviours, which was a Lye,
But then it ſerv'd my turn, I drew the Lady

(23) *Who calls* Jeronimo——] This Play, which had a great Run in Queen *Elizabeth*'s Reign, is the Butt which *Shakeſpear*, *Johnſon*, and our Authors, are continually ſhooting their Wit at. For the fulleſt Account of it, ſee *Johnſon*'s *Every Man in his Humour*, Act I. Scene V.

Unto

Unto my Kinſman's here, only to torture
Your Don-ſhips for a Day or two; and ſecure her
Out of all thoughts of Danger; here ſhe comes now.

Enter Vecchio, *and* Conſtantia.

Duke. May I yet ſpeak?
Vec. Yes, and embrace her too,
For one that loves you dearer——
Duke. O my ſweeteſt.
Petr. Bluſh not, I will not chide ye.
Con. To add more
Unto the Joy I know, I bring ye, ſee, Sir,
The happy Fruit of all our Vows!
Duke. Heav'n's Bleſſing
Be round about thee ever.
John. Pray bleſs me too,
For if your Grace be well inſtructed this way,
You'll find the keeping half the getting.
Duke. How, Sir?
John. I'll tell you that anon.
Con. 'Tis true, this Gentleman
Has done a Charity worthy your Favour,
And let him have it, dear Sir.
Duke. My beſt Lady
He has, and ever ſhall have: So muſt you, Sir,
To whom I'm equal bound as to my Being.
Fred. Your Grace's humble Servant——
Duke. Why kneel you, Sir?
Vec. For pardon for my boldneſs; yet 'twas harmle
And all the Art I have, Sir; thoſe your Grace ſaw,
Which you thought Spirits, were my Neighbours Childre
Whom I inſtruct in Grammar here, and Muſick;
Their Shapes (the Peoples fond Opinions,
Believing I can conjure, and oft repairing
To know of Things ſtoln from 'em) I keep about me,
And always have in readineſs. By conjecture
Out of their own Confeſſions, I oft tell 'em
Things that by chance have fall'n out ſo; which way
(Having the Perſons here, I knew you ſought for)
I wrought upon your Grace; my end is mirth,

A

And pleaſing, if I can, all Parties.
Duke. I believe it,
For you have pleas'd me truly: So well pleas'd me,
That when I ſhall forget it——
Petr. Here's old *Antonio*,
I ſpy'd him at a Window, coming mainly
I know about his Whore; the Man you light on,
As you diſcover'd to me; good your Grace,
Let's ſtand by all, 'twill be a Mirth above all,
T' obſerve his pelting Fury.
Vec. About a Wench, Sir?
Petr. A young Whore that has rob'd him.
Vec. But do you know, Sir,
Where ſhe is?
Petr. Yes, and will make that perfect——
Vec. I am inſtructed well then.
John. If he come
To have a Devil ſhew'd him, by all means
Let me be he, I can roar rarely.
Petr. Be ſo,
But take heed to his Anger.
Vec. Slip in quickly,
There you ſhall find Suits of all ſorts: When I call
Be ready, and come forward. [*Exeunt all but* Vecchio.
Who's there comes in?

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Are you the Conjurer?
Vec. Sir, I can do a little
That way, if you pleaſe to employ me.
Ant. Preſently, ſhew me a Devil that can tell——
Vec. Where your Wench is.
Ant. You are i'th' right; as alſo where the Fidler
That was conſenting to her.
Vec. Sit ye there, Sir,
Ye ſhall know preſently: Can ye pray heartily?
Ant. Why is your Devil ſo furious?
Vec. I muſt ſhew ye
A Form may chance affright ye.

Ant.

Ant. He muſt fart Fire then:
Take you no care for me.
Vec. Aſcend, *Aſhſ'roth,*

Enter Don John *like a Spirit.*

Why, when, appear I ſay——Now queſtion him.
Ant. Where is my Whore, Don Devil?
John. Gone to *China,*
To be the great *Cham*'s Miſtreſs.
Ant. That's a lye, Devil.
Where are my Jewels?
John. Pawn'd for Petticoats.
Ant. That may be: Where's the Fidler?
John. Condemn'd to th' Gallows
For robbing of a Mill.
Ant. The lying'ſt Devil
That e'er I dealt withal, and the unlikelieſt!
What was that Raſcal hurt me?
John. I.
Ant. How?
John. I.
Ant. Who was he?
John. I.
Ant. Do you hear, Conjurer?
Dare you venture your Devil?
Vec. Yes.
Ant. Then I'll venture my Dagger;
Have at your Devil's Pate; do you mew?

Enter All.

Vec. Hold.
Petr. Hold there,
I do command you hold.
Ant. Is this the Devil?
Why, Conjurer——
Petr. He has been a Devil to you, Sir;
But now you ſhall forget all; your Whore's ſafe,
And all your Jewels, your Boy too.
John. Now the Devil indeed
Lay his ten Claws upon thee, for my Pate

Finds

Finds what it is to be a Fiend.
Ant. All ſafe?
Petr. 'Pray ye know this Perſon; all's right now.
Ant. Your Grace
May now command me then: But where's my Whore?
Petr. Ready to go to whipping.
Ant. My Whore whipt?
Petr. Yes, your Whore without doubt, Sir.
Ant. Whipt! 'pray, Gentlemen.
Duke. Why, would you have her once more rob ye? the young Boy
You may forgive, he was entic'd.
John. The Whore, Sir,
Would rather carry pity: A handſome Whore.
Ant. A Gentleman I warrant thee.
Petr. Let's in all,
And if we ſee contrition in your Whore, Sir,
Much may be done.
Duke. Now my dear Fair to you,
And the full Conſummation of my Vow. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

WE have not held you long, nor do I ſee
One Brow in this ſelected Company
Aſſuring a diſlike: Our Pains were eas'd
Could we be confident that all riſe pleas'd;
But ſuch Ambition ſoars too high: If We
Have ſatisfy'd the beſt, and they agree
In a fair Cenſure, We have our Reward,
And in them arm'd deſire no ſurer Guard.

THE

THE ASTOR LIBRARY

THE BLOODY BROTHER;

OR,

ROLLO.

A

TRAGEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ROllo, } *Brothers, Dukes of* Normandy.
Otto, }
Aubrey, *their Kinſman.*
Gisbert, *the Chancellor.*
Baldwin, *the Prince's Tutor.*
Grandpree, } *Captains of* Rollo's *Faction.*
Verdon, }
Trevile, } *Captains of* Otto's *Faction.*
Duprete, }
Latorch, Rollo's *Earwig.*
Hamond, *Captain of the Guard to* Rollo.
Allan, *his Brother.*
Norbrett, }
La Fisk, }
Rufee, } *Five cheating Rogues.*
De Bubo, }
Pipeau, }
Cook.
Yeoman of the Cellar.
Butler.
Pantler.
Lords.
Sheriff.
Guards.
Officers.
Boys.

WOMEN.

Sophia, *Mother to the Dukes.*
Matilda, *her Daughter.*
Edith, *Daughter to* Baldwin.

THE

THE BLOODY BROTHER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Gisbert *and* Baldwin.

(1) BALDWIN.

THE Brothers then are met?
Gisb. They are.
Bald. 'Tis thought
They may be reconcil'd. *Gisb.* 'Tis rather wiſht,
For ſuch, whoſe Reaſon doth direct their Thoughts
Without Self-flattery, dare not hope it, *Baldwin*,
The Fires of Love, which the dead Duke believ'd
His equal Care of both would have united,
Ambition

(1) Baldwin. *The Brothers then are met?*
Gisb. *They are*, Sir.
Bald. *'Tis thought they may be reconcil'd.*
Gisb. *'Tis rather wiſht, for ſuch, whoſe Reaſon*
Doth direct their Thoughts without Self-flattery,
Dare not hope it.
Bald. *The Fires of Love*, &c.] The old Quarto of 1640, the firſt Edition of this Play, gives this Paſſage thus.

Bald. *The Brothers then are met?*
Gisb. *They are.*
Bald. *'Tis thought they may be reconcil'd.*

Ambition hath divided: And there are
Too many on both Parts, that know they cannot
Or riſe to Wealth or Honour, their main Ends,
(2) Unleſs the Tempeſt of the Prince's Fury
Make troubled Seas, and thoſe Seas yield fit Billows
To heave them up; and theſe are too well practis'd
In their bad Arts to give way to a Calm,
Which yielding reſt to good Men proves their Ruin.

Bald. And in the Shipwrack of their Hopes and Fortunes,
The Dukedom might be ſav'd, had it but ten
That ſtood affected to the general good,
With that confirm'd Zeal which brave *Aubrey* does.

Gisb. He is indeed the perfect Character
Of a good Man, and ſo his Actions ſpeak him.

Bald. And did you obſerve the many Doubts and Cautions
The Brothers ſtood upon before they met?

Gisb. I did; and yet, that ever Brothers ſhould

Gisb. *'Tis rather wiſh'd,*
For ſuch, whoſe Reaſon do direct their Thoughts
Without Self-flattery, dare not hope it, Baldwin.
The Fires of Love, which the dead Duke believ'd
His equal Care &c.

The Reader will perceive a very ſmall Miſtake here in the Meaſure, but the ſecond Folio and Octavo inſtead of correcting it were led by it into a total neglect of the Meaſure, and a Confuſion of the Speakers; and indeed they have both printed this Play ſo ſhockingly incorrect, that without the old Quarto all the critical Sagacity upon Earth (as infallible as it is too apt to imagine itſelf) could never have reſtor'd it, as will evidently appear in the next Note. Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon* have both very accurately collated the three Editions of this Play, and I had endeavour'd to do the ſame before I ſaw theirs, ſo that I hope nothing material will be overlook'd; but it would be tedious to the Reader to inſert any but the groſſer Errors of the late Editions.

(2) *Unleſs the Tempeſt of the Prince's Fury*
Make troubled Seas, and thoſe Seas yield fit Billows
In their bad Arts to give way to a Calm,
Which yielding reſt and good, *prove their Ruin,*
And in the Shipwrack of their Hopes and Fortunes,
The Dukedom might be ſav'd,——] Thus the two laſt Editions had confounded Senſe, Meaſure, and Speakers, which are all reſtored from the old Quarto.

Stand

Stand on more nice Terms, than ſworn Enemies
After a War proclaim'd, would with a Stranger
Wrong the Reporter's Credit; they ſaluted
At diſtance, and ſo ſtrong was the Suſpicion
Each had of other, that before they durſt
Embrace, they were by ſeveral Servants ſearch'd,
As doubting conceal'd Weapons, Antidotes
Ta'en openly by both, fearing the Room
Appointed for the Interview was poiſon'd,
The Chairs and Cuſhions, with like care, ſurvey'd;
And, in a word, in every Circumſtance,
So jealous on both Parts, that it is more
Than to be fear'd, Concord can never join
Minds ſo divided.

Bald. Yet our beſt Endeavours
Should not be wanting, *Gisbert*,

Gisb. Neither ſhall they.

Enter Grandpree *and* Verdon.

But what are theſe?

Bald. They are without my Knowledge;
But by their Manners and Behaviours,
They ſhould expreſs themſelves.

Grand. Since we ſerve *Rollo*,
The elder Brother, we'll be *Rollians*,
Who will maintain us, Lads, as brave as *Romans*;
You ſtand for him?

Verd. I do.

Grand. Why, then obſerve
How much the Buſineſs, the ſo long'd-for Buſineſs,
By Men that are nam'd from their Swords, concerns you.
Lechery, our common Friend, ſo long kept under,
With Whips, and beating fatal Hemp, ſhall riſe,
(3) And Bawdry, in a *French* Hood, plead before her,
Where it ſhall be concluded, after Twelve
Virginity ſhall be carted.

(3) *And Bawdry, in a* French *Hood plead, before her Virginity ſhall be carted.*] The late Editions had dropt a Line between theſe, not indeed with ſuch havock of the Senſe as in the former Inſtance, but they had a little injur'd it by falſe Points as well as this Omiſſion.

Verd. Excellent!

Grand. And Hell but grant, the Quarrel that's between
The Princes may continue, and the Buſineſs
That's of the Sword, t'out-laſt three Suits in Law;
And we will make Attornies Lans-prizadoes,
And our brave Gown-men Practiſers of Back-ſword;
The Pewter of all Serjeants Maces ſhall
Be melted, and turn'd into common Flaggons,
In which it ſhall be lawful to carouſe
To their moſt lowſie Fortunes.

Bald. Here's a Stateſman!

Grand. A Creditor ſhall not dare, but by Petition,
To make Demand of any Debt; and that
Only once every Leap-year, in which, if
The Debtor may be won for a *French* Crown,
To pay a Soulz, he ſhall be regiſtred
His Benefactor.

Verd. The Chancellor hears you.

Grand. Fear not, I now dare ſpeak as loud as he,
And will be heard, and have all I ſpeak Law;
Have you no Eyes? There is a Reverence due
From Children of the Gown, to Men of Action.

Gisb. How's this?

Grand. Even ſo; the Times, the Times are chang'd,
All Buſineſs is not now preferr'd in Parchment,
Nor ſhall a Grant paſs that wants this Broad-Seal;
This Seal, d'ye ſee? Your Gravity once laid
My Head and Heels together in the Dungeon,
For cracking a ſcald Officer's Crown, for which
A Time is come for Vengeance, and expect it;
For know, you have not full three Hours to live.

Gisb. Yes, ſomewhat longer. *Grand.* To what end?

Gisb. To hang you;
Think on that, Ruffian. *Grand.* For you, School-maſter,
You have a pretty Daughter; let me ſee,
Near Three a-clock, (by which time, I much fear,
I ſhall be tir'd (4) with killing ſome five hundred)

(4) ——*with* killing *ſome five hundred*] The Corruption of the two laſt Editions.

Provide

Provide a Bath, and her to entertain me,
And that ſhall be your Ranſom.
Bald. Impudent Raſcal!

Enter to them Trevile *and* Duprete.

Gisb. More of the Crew?
Grand. What are you? *Rollians?*
Trev. No; this for *Rollo*, and all ſuch as ſerve him;
We ſtand for *Otto.*
Grand. You ſeem Men of Faſhion,
And therefore I'll deal fairly, you ſhall have
The Honour this Day to be chronicled
The firſt Men kill'd by *Grandpree*; you ſee this Sword,
A pretty fooliſh Toy, my Valour's Servant,
And I may boldly ſay a Gentleman,
It having made, when it was *Charlemaign*'s,
Three thouſand Knights; this, Sir, ſhall cut your Throat,
And do you all fair Service elſe.
Trev. I kiſs your Hands for the good Offer; here's another too, the Servant of your Servant ſhall be proud to be ſcour'd in your ſweet Guts; 'till when pray you command me.
(5) *Grand.* Your Idolater, Sir.
[*Exeunt. Manent* Gisb. *and* Bald.
Gisb. That ever ſuch ſhould hold the Names of Men,
Or Juſtice be held Cruelty, when it labours
To pluck ſuch Weeds up!
Bald. Yet they are protected.
And by the Great ones. *Gisb.* Not the good ones, *Baldwin.*

Enter to them Aubrey.

Aubr. Is this a time to be ſpent thus, by ſuch
As are the principal Miniſters of the State?
When they that are the Heads, have fill'd the Court
With Factions, a weak Woman only left
To ſtay their bloody Hands? Can her weak Arm

(5) Grand. *Your Idolater, Sir.*] The Politeneſs of the *French* Duellifts is inimitably burleſqu'd, both here and in the firſt Act of the *Little French Lawyer*, on which ſee Note the Seventh of that Play.

Alone divert the Dangers ready now
To fall upon the Common-wealth, and bury
The Honours of it, leaving not the Name
Of what it was. Oh, *Gisbert*, the fair Trials
And frequent Proofs which our late Maſter made,
Both of your Love and Faith, gave him Aſſurance,
To chuſe you at his Death to be a Guardian;
Nay, Father to his Sons; and that great Truſt,
How ill do you diſcharge? I muſt be plain,
That, at the beſt, y'are a ſad Looker-on
Of thoſe bad Practices you ſhould prevent.
And where's the Uſe of your Philoſophy
In this ſo needful time? Be not ſecure;
For, *Baldwin*, be aſſur'd, ſince that the Princes,
When they were young, and apt for any Form,
Were giv'n to your Inſtruction, and grave Ordering;
'Twill be expected that they ſhould be good,
Or their bad Manners will b' imputed yours.

Bald. 'Twas not in me, my Lord, to alter Nature.

Gisb. Nor can my Counſels work on them, that will not
Vouchſafe me hearing.

Aubr. Do theſe Anſwers ſort,
Or with your Place, or Perſons, or your Years?
Can *Gisbert*, being the Pillar of the Laws,
See them trod under Foot, or forc'd to ſerve
The Princes unjuſt Ends; and, with a Frown,
Be ſilenc'd from exclaiming on th' Abuſe?
Or *Baldwin* only weep the deſp'rate Madneſs
Of his ſeduced Pupils? See their Minds,
Which with good Arts he labour'd to build up,
Examples of ſucceeding Times, o'erturn'd
By undermining Paraſites; no one Precept
(6) Leading to any Act, or great, or good,

But

(6) *Leading to any* Art,—] No two Words are oftener put each for the other than *Act* and *Art*. Here, indeed, either will make Senſe, but the old Quarto's is certainly the true Reading and the more natural. At the Beginning of the third Act of *Monſieur Thomas*, *Celide* ſays,

What living Name can dead Age leave behind him,
What Art *of Memory but fruitleſs Dotage?*

Mr. *Theo-*

But is forc'd from their Memory, in whoſe room
Black Counſels are receiv'd, and their Retirements
And ſecret Conference producing only
Dev'liſh Deſigns, a Man would ſhame to father;
(7) But I talk when I ſhould do, and chide others
For that I now offend in.

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto, Verdon, *and* Duprete.

Rol. See't confirm'd?
Gisb. Now do, or never ſpeak more: We are yours.

Mr. *Theobald* has rightly corrected this in his Margin, *What Act of Memory*; but when I printed that Play I happened not to be able to have recourſe to Mr. *Theobald*'s Corrections, and, fortunately, this is the only one of the leaſt Conſequence made by him which I happened to overlook.

(7) *But I talk when I ſhould do, and chide others*
For that I now offend in: See't confirm'd,
Now do, or never ſpeak more.
Gisb. *We are yours.*
Enter *Rollo, Latorch,* &c.
Rol. *You ſhall know* &c.] Thus the two laſt Editions, without any Regard to the Quarto, which prints it thus:
But I talk when I ſhould do, and chide others
For what I now offend in.

SCENE V.

Rollo, Latorch, Trevile, Grandpree, Otto, Verdon, Duprete, Gisbert, Baldwin, Aubrey.

Gisb. *See't confirm'd?*
Now do, or never ſpeak more.
We are yours.
Rol. *You ſhall know* &c.

This is certainly much preferable to the former, but yet I believe there is a ſmall Miſtake in it. *See it confirm'd*, is a meer Pleonaſm either in *Gisbert*'s or *Aubrey*'s Mouth; but in *Rollo*'s it is a fine Continuation of a ſuppos'd previous Diſpute between the Brothers, *Otto* having inſiſted upon the Confirmation of his Father's Will, which appointed him Co-heir of the Dukedom, *Rollo* with Indignation replies,
See't confirm'd?
The abrupt opening of a Play or Scene in this manner is a very great Beauty. *Terence* almoſt always introduces his Characters in the Continuance of ſome Paſſion, and it has the ſame Effect which the like Conduct has in the Epic Poem,
——————— *in medias res*
Non ſecus ac notas auditorem rapit.

Rol.

Rol. You ſhall know who I am.
Otto. I do, my Equal.
Rol. Thy Prince; give way——— were we alone, I'd force thee,
In thy beſt Blood, to write thyſelf my Subject,
And glad I would receive it.
Aubr. Sir. *Gisb.* Dear Lord.
Otto. Thy Subject?
Rol. Yes, nor ſhall tame Patience hold me
A Minute longer, only half My-ſelf;
My Birth gave me this Dukedom, and my Sword
Shall change it to the common Grave of all
That tread upon her Boſom, e'er I part with
A Piece of Earth, or Title that is mine.
Otto. I need it not, and would ſcorn to receive,
Though offer'd, what I want not: Therefore know
From me, tho' not deliver'd in great Words,
Eyes red with Rage, poor Pride, and threatning Action;
Our Father at his Death, then, when no Accent,
Wer't thou a Son, could fall from him in vain,
Made us Co-heirs, our part of Land and Honours
Of equal Weight; and to ſee this confirm'd,
The Oaths of theſe are yet upon Record,
Who, though they ſhould forſake me, and call down
The Plagues of Perjury on their ſinful Heads,
I would not leave myſelf.
Trev. Nor will we ſee
The Will of the dead Duke infring'd. *Lat.* Nor I
The Elder robb'd of what's his Right.
Grand. Nor you?
Let me take place, I ſay, I will not ſee't;
My Sword is ſharpeſt.
Aubr. Peace, you Tinder-boxes,
That only carry Matter to make a Flame,
Which will conſume you.
Rol. You are troubleſome. [*To* Baldwin.
This is no time for Arguments, my Title
Needs not your School-Defences, but my Sword,
With which the Gordian of your Sophiſtry
Being cut, ſhall ſhew th' Impoſture. For your Laws

It

It is in me to change them as I pleaſe,. [*To* Gisbert.
I being above them; *Gisbert*, would you have me
Protect them?
Let them now ſtretch their extreameſt Rigour,
And ſeize upon that Traitor; and your Tongue
Make him appear firſt dang'rous, and then odious;
And after under the Pretence of Safety
For the ſick State, the Land's and Peoples Quiet,
Cut off his Head: And I'll give up my Sword,
And fight with them at a more certain Weapon
To kill, and with Author'ty.
Gisb. Sir, I grant
The Laws are uſeful Weapons, but found out
To aſſure Innocence, not to oppreſs.
Rol. Then you conclude him Innocent? *Gisb.* The Power
Your Father gave him muſt not prove a Crime.
Aubr. Nor ſhould you ſo receive it.
Bald. To which purpoſe,
All that dare challenge any part in Goodneſs
Will become Suppliants to you.
Rol. Such have none
That dare move me in this: Hence I defie you,
Be of his Party, bring it to your Laws,
And thou thy double Heart, thou popular Fool,
Your moral Rules of Juſtice, and her Balance;
I ſtand on mine own Guard.
Otto. Which thy Unjuſtice
Will make thy Enemies. By the Memory
Of him, (whoſe better Part now ſuffers for thee,
Whoſe reverend Aſhes, with an impious Hand,
Thou throw'ſt out to Contempt, in thy repining
At his ſo juſt Decree) thou art unworthy
Of what his laſt Will, not thy Merits, gave thee,
That art ſo ſwoln within, with all thoſe Miſchiefs
That e'er made up a Tyrant, that thy Breaſt,
The Priſon of thy Purpoſes, cannot hold them,
But that they break forth, and, in thy own Words,
Diſcover what a Monſter they muſt ſerve
That ſhall acknowledge thee.

Rol.

Rol. Thou ſhalt not live
To be ſo happy. *Aubr.* Nor your Miſeries
Begin in Murther.
[*He offers his Sword at* Otto, *the Faction joining.*
[Aubrey *between ſevers the Brothers.*
Duty, Allegiance,
And all reſpects of what you are, forſake me:
Do you ſtare on's? Is this a Theatre?
Or ſhall theſe kill themſelves, like to mad Fencers,
To make you Sport? Keep them aſunder, or,
By Heav'n, I'll charge on all.
Grand. Keep the Peace,
I am for you, my Lord, and if you'll have me,
I'll act the Conſtable's part.
Aubr. Live I to ſee this?
Will you do that your Enemies dare not wiſh,
And cheriſh in yourſelves thoſe Furies, which
Hell would caſt out? Do, I am ready; kill me,
And theſe, that would fall willing Sacrifices
To any Power that would reſtore your Reaſon,
And make you Men again, which now you are not.
Rol. Theſe are your Bucklers, Boy.
Otto. My Hindrances;
And were I not confirm'd, my Juſtice in
The taking of thy Life, could not weigh down
The Wrong, in ſhedding the leaſt Drop of Blood
Of theſe whoſe Goodneſs only now protects thee,
Thou ſhould'ſt feel I in Act would prove myſelf
What thou in Words doſt labour to appear.
Rol. Hear this, and talk again? I'll break through all,
But I will reach thy Heart.
Otto. 'Tis better guarded.

Enter Sophia.

Soph. Make way, or I will force it, who are theſe?
My Sons? my Shames; turn all your Swords on me,
And make this wretched Body but one Wound,
So this unnatural Quarrel find a Grave
In the unhappy Womb that brought you forth:
Dare you remember that you had a Mother,

Or

Or look on theſe grey Hairs, made ſo with Tears,
For both your Goods, and not with Age; and yet
Stand doubtful to obey her? from me you had
Life, Nerves, and Faculties, to uſe theſe Weapons;
And dare you raiſe them againſt her, to whom
You owe the means of being what you are?
Otto. All Peace is meant to you.
Soph. Why is this War then?
As if your Arms could be advanc'd, and I
Not ſet upon the Rack? Your Blood is mine,
Your Danger's mine, your Goodneſs I ſhould ſhare in;
And muſt be branded with thoſe impious Marks
You ſtamp on your own Foreheads and on mine,
If you go on thus: For my good Name therefore,
Though all Reſpects of Honour in yourſelves
Be in your fury choakt, throw down your Swords;
Your Duty ſhould be ſwifter than my Tongue;
And join your Hands while they are innocent;
You've Heat of Blood, and Youth apt to Ambition,
To plead an eaſie Pardon for what's paſt:
But all the Ills beyond this Hour committed,
From God or Men muſt hope for no Excuſe.
Gish. Can you hear this unmov'd?
Aub. No Syllable
Of this ſo pious Charm, but ſhould have Power
To fruſtrate all the juggling Deceits,
With which the Devil blinds you.
Otto. I begin
To melt, I know not how.
Rol. Mother, I'll leave you;
And, Sir, be thankful for the Time you live,
Till we meet next, (which ſhall be ſoon and ſudden)
To her Perſwaſion for you.
Soph. O yet, ſtay,
And rather than part thus, vouchſafe me hearing,
As Enemies; how is my Soul divided?
My Love to both is equal, as my Wiſhes;
But is return'd by neither; my griev'd Heart,
Hold yet a little longer, and then break.
I kneel to both, and will ſpeak ſo, but this

Takes

(8) Takes from me the Authority of a Mother,
And therefore, like myſelf, *Otto*, to thee,
(And yet obſerve, Son, how thy Mother's Tears
Outſtrip her forward Words, to make way for 'em)
Thou art the younger, *Otto*, yet be now
The firſt Example of Obedience to me,
And grow the elder in my Love.

Otto. The means
To be ſo happy? *Soph.* This; yield up thy Sword,
And let thy Piety give thy Mother Strength
To take that from thee, which no Enemies Forces
Could e'er deſpoil thee of: Why doſt thou tremble,
And with a fearful Eye fixt on thy Brother,
Obſerv'ſt his ready Sword, as bent againſt thee?
I am thy Armour, and will be pierc'd through
Ten thouſand times, before I will give way
To any Peril may arrive at thee;
And therefore fear not.

Otto. 'Tis not for myſelf,
But for you, Mother; you are now ingag'd
In more than lies in your unqueſtion'd Virtue;
For, ſince you have diſarm'd me of Defence,
Should I fall now, though by his Hand, the World
May ſay it was your Practice.

Soph. All Worlds periſh,
Before my Piety turn Treaſon's Parent,
Take it again, and ſtand upon your Guard,
And while your Brother is, continue arm'd;
And yet this fear is needleſs, for I know,
My *Rollo*, though he dares as much as Man,
So tender of his yet untainted Valour,
So noble, that he dares do nothing baſely.

(8) *Takes from me th' Authority of a* Mother's Power;] The Quarto reads,

Takes the Authority of a Mother's Power;

If this latter be not more corrupt, it is evident that *of* ſhould be *off*, as I firſt intended to read, and find that Mr. *Theobald* read ſo too: But there is a Pleonaſm and Impropriety *in taking Authority from Power*, which I ſcarce think genuine, and I therefore inſert in the Text what ſeems the natural Expreſſion.

You

(9) You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear
Both; for each others Safety, not mine own.
Know yet, my Sons, when of Neceſſity
You muſt deceive, or be deceiv'd; 'tis better
To ſuffer Treaſon, than to act the Traitor;
And in a War like this, in which the Glory
Is his that's overcome; conſider then
What 'tis for which you ſtrive: Is it the Dukedom?
Or the Command of theſe ſo ready Subjects?
Deſire of Wealth? or whatſoever elſe
Fires your Ambition? 'Tis ſtill deſp'rate Madneſs,
To kill the People which you would be Lords of;
With Fire and Sword to lay that Country waſte
Whoſe Rule you ſeek for: To conſume the Treaſures,
Which are the Sinews of your Governments,
In cheriſhing the Factions that deſtroy it:
Far, far be this from you: Make is not queſtion'd
Whether you can have Intereſt in that Dukedom,
Whoſe Ruin both contend for. *Otto.* I deſire
But to enjoy my own, which I will keep.
Rol. And rather than Poſterity ſhall have cauſe
To ſay I ruin'd all, divide the Dukedom,
I will accept the Moiety.
Otto. I embrace it.
Soph. Divide me firſt, or tear me Limb by Limb,
And let them find as many ſeveral Graves
As there are Villages in *Normandy*:
And 'tis leſs Sin, than thus to weaken it.

(9) *You doubt him; he fears you; I doubt and fear*
Both; for others Safety, and *not mine own.*] The old Quarto reads the ſecond Line,

Both; for others Safety, not my own.

This wanting a Syllable, the late Editions, to fill up the Meaſure, added one, but in a Place where it does more harm than good. Mr. *Theobald*, Mr. *Sympſon*, and I, have each different Readings, which the Reader will pleaſe to take his choice of; tho' Partiality, perhaps, makes me inſert my own in the Text. Mr. *Theobald* reads,

——— *I doubt and fear*
You *both*, *for others Safety*, *not my own.*

Mr. *Sympſon reads*,

For both, *for others Safety*, *not my own.*

To

To hear it mention'd doth already make me
Envy my dead Lord, and almoſt blaſpheme
Thoſe Powers that heard my Prayer for Fruitfulneſs,
And did not with my firſt Birth cloſe my Womb;
(10) To me alone my ſecond Bleſſing proves
My firſt, my firſt of Miſery, for if Heav'n
Which gave me *Rollo*, there had ſtaid his Bounty,
And *Otto*, my dear *Otto*, ne'er had been,
Or being, had not been ſo worth my Love,
The ſtream of my Affection had run conſtant
In one fair Current, all my Hopes had been
Laid up in one; and fruitful *Normandy*
In this Diviſion had not loſt her Glories:
For as 'tis now, 'tis a fair Diamond,
Which being preſerv'd entire, exceeds all Value,
But cut in Pieces (though theſe Pieces are
Set in fine Gold by the beſt Workman's cunning)
Parts with all Eſtimation: So this Dukedom,
As 'tis yet whole, the neighbouring Kings may covet,
But cannot compaſs; which divided, will
Become the Spoil of every barbarous Foe
That will invade it.

Gisb. How this works in both!

Bal. Prince *Rollo*'s Eyes have loſt their Fire.

Gisb. And Anger,
That but ev'n now wholly poſſeſs'd good *Otto*,
Hath given Place to Pity. *Aubr.* End not thus,
Madam, but perfect what's ſo well begun.

Soph. I ſee in both, fair Signs of Reconcilement,
Make them ſure Proofs they are ſo: The Fates offer

(10) *To me alone my ſecond Bleſſing proves*
My firſt of Miſery, for if that *Heav'n*] The Quarto reads,
To me alone my ſecond Bleſſing proves my firſt,
My firſt of Miſery, for if Heav'n

The late Editions not underſtanding this, thought it a meer accidental Repetition, not conſidering that when properly rang'd it was abſolutely neceſſary to the Meaſure. Beſides this, it would be cruel to call *Otto* the dutiful Son, her *Firſt of Miſery?* No, ſhe ſays, that her ſecond Bleſſing made her firſt become a Curſe to her, which was certainly the Caſe as *Rollo* was the Incendiary. The old Quarto therefore was wrong pointed, as well as rang'd wrong.

To

To your free choice, either to live Examples
Of Piety, or Wickedneſs: If the latter
Blinds ſo your Underſtanding, that you cannot
Pierce through her painted Out-ſide, and diſcover
That ſhe is all Deformity within,
Boldly tranſcend all Precedents of Miſchief,
(11) And let the laſt, and the worſt Act of Tyrants,
The Murther of a Mother, but begin
The Scene of Blood you after are to heighten:
But if that Virtue, and her ſure Rewards,
Can win you to accept her for your Guide,
To lead you up to Heav'n, and there fix you
The faireſt Stars in the bright Sphere of Honour;
Make me the Parent of an hundred Sons,
All brought into the World with Joy, not Sorrow,
And every one a Father to his Country,
In being now made Mother of your Concord.

Rol. Such, and ſo good, loud Fame for ever ſpeak you.

Bald. I, now they meet like Brothers.

[*The Brothers caſt away their Swords, and embrace.*

Gisb. My Heart's Joy
Flows thro' my Eyes. *Aubr.* May never Woman's Tongue
Hereafter be accus'd, for this one's Goodneſs.

Otto. If we contend, from this Hour, it ſhall be
How to o'ercome in brotherly Affection.

Rol. Otto is *Rollo* now, and *Rollo*, *Otto*,
Or as they have one Mind, rather one Name:
From this Attonement let our Lives begin,
Be all the reſt forgotten.

Aubr. Spoke like *Rollo*.

Soph. And, to the Honour of this Reconcilement,

(11) *And let the laſt, and the worſt* End *of* Tyrannies,
The Murther of a Mother, but begin
The Stain *of Blood you after are to heighten:*] *End*, in the firſt Line, and *Stain* in the third, are only the corrupt Readings of the late Editions. I have reſtor'd the true. But Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon*, both concur with me in preferring *Tyrants* to *Tyrannies*, as the Alluſion to *Nero*'s murdering his Mother becomes more evident. I ſhould, indeed, have thought the Change ſcarce deſerving of a Note, but that Mr. *Theobald* thought one neceſſary, by putting *L. T.* his uſual Mark for one.

We all this Night will, at a publick Feaſt,
With choice Wines, drown our late Fears, and with Muſick
Welcome our Comforts.

Bald. Sure and certain ones.

(12) *Soph.* Supported thus I am ſecure; O Sons,
This is your Mother's Triumph.

Rol. You deſerve it. [*Exeunt.*

[*Manent* Grandpree, Verdon, Trevile *and* Duprete.

Grand. Did ever ſuch a hop'd-for Buſineſs end thus?

Verd. 'Tis fatal to us all, and yet you, *Grandpree*,
Have the leaſt cauſe to fear.

Grand. Why, what's my Hope?

Verd. The Certainty that you have to be hang'd;
You know the Chancellor's Promiſe.

Grand. Plague upon you.

Verd. What think you of a Bath, and a Lord's Daughter
To entertain you?

Grand. Thoſe Deſires are off.
Frail Thoughts, all Friends, no *Rollians* now, nor *Otto's*.
The ſeveral Court'ſies of our Swords and Servants
(13) Defer to apter Conſequence; let's make uſe
Of this Night's Freedom, a ſhort Parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk freely;
Nay, to our Drink we ſhall have Meat too, that's
No uſual Buſineſs to the Men o'th' Sword.

(12) Soph. *Supported thus I am ſecure; O Sons,*
This is your Mother's Triumph.
Rol. *You deſerve it.*] This, which would give a pleaſing, a noble, and majeſtic Exit to *Sophia* the Heroine of this Scene, is entirely left out by the late Editions.

(13) *Defer to* After-*Conſequence; let's make uſe*
Of this Night's Freedom, a ſhort Parliament to us,
In which it will be lawful to walk *freely;*] *After-Conſequence* is a poor Tautology, but chargeable only on the late Editions; *apter* is the old and true Reading. Mr. *Sympſon* thinks that to carry on the Metaphor from the *Parliament* we ſhould read, *talk freely*, and indeed I at firſt alter'd it ſo myſelf; but conſidering the Privilege of Parliament exempting the Members from impriſonment, and the Fear *Grandpree* was in of having only one Night's Exemption from it, the preſent Reading ſeems unexceptionable.

Drink

Drink deep with me to Night, we ſhall to Morrow,
Or whip, or hang the merrier.
Trev. Lead the Way then. [*Exeunt:*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Latorch *and* Rollo.

Lat. WHY ſhould this trouble you?
Rol. It does, and muſt do
'Till I find Eaſe. *Lat.* Conſider then, and quickly;
And, like a wiſe Man, take the Current with you,
Which once turn'd Head, will ſink you; bleſt Occaſion
Offers herſelf in thouſand Safeties to you;
Time ſtanding ſtill to point you out your Purpoſe,
And Reſolution (the true Child of Virtue)
Ready to execute: What dull cold Weakneſs
Has crept into your Boſom, whoſe meer Thoughts,
Like tempeſts, ploughing up the ſailing Foreſts,
Ev'n with their Swing were wont to ſhake down Hazards.
What is't, your Mother's Tears?
Rol. Prithee be patient.
Lat. Her Hands held up? her Prayers, or her Curſes?
(14) Oh Power of Pray'r, drop'd through by a Woman!
Take heed the Soldiers ſee it not; 'tis miſerable,
In *Rollo* below miſerable; take heed your Friends,
The Sinews of your Cauſe, the Strength you ſtir by,
Take heed, I ſay, they find it not: Take heed
Your own Repentance (like a Paſſing-bell)
Too late, and too loud, tell the World y'are periſh'd:

(14) *Oh Power of* Paper, *drop'd through by a Woman!*] *Paper* for *Prayer* is the groſs Miſtake of the late Editions only; but I ſuſpect the old Quarto had made one too in the latter part of the Line, for what is the Antecedent to *drop'd through by a Woman?* We muſt go back to *Thoughts or Reſolution*, and then indeed it is intelligible: But I rather think the true Reading to be,

O Pow'r of Pray'r and Tears drop'd by a Woman!

(15) What noble Spirit, eager of Advancement,
Whoſe Intereſt is his Plough; what Sword whoſe ſharpneſs
Waits but the Arm to wield it; or what Hope,
After the World has blown abroad this Weakneſs,
Will move again, or make a Wiſh for *Rollo?*
Rol. Are we not Friends again by each Oath ratified,
Our Tongues the Heralds to our Hearts?
Lat. Poor Hearts then.
Rol. Our worthier Friends.
Lat. No Friends, Sir, to your Honour;
Friends to your Fall: Where is your Underſtanding,
The noble Veſſel that your full Soul ſail'd in,
Rib'd round with Honours; where is that? 'tis ruin'd,
The Tempeſt of a Woman's Sighs has ſunk it.
Friendſhip, take heed, Sir, is a ſmiling Harlot,
That when ſhe kiſſes, kills; a ſoder'd Friendſhip,
Piec'd out with Promiſes; O painted Ruin?
Rol. Latorch, he is my Brother.
Lat. The more doubted;
For hatred hatch'd at home is a tame Tiger,
May fawn and ſport, but never leave his Nature;
The Jars of Brothers, two ſuch mighty ones,
Is like a ſmall Stone thrown into a River,
The Breach ſcarce heard, but view the beaten Current,
And you ſhall ſee a thouſand angry Rings
Riſe in his Face, ſtill ſwelling and ſtill growing;
(16) So Jars Diſtruſts encircle; Diſtruſts Dangers,

And

(15) *What noble Spirit, eager of Advancement,*
Whoſe Imployment *is his Plough*;] When an Expreſſion is obſcure, only borders upon a poetical Sentiment, and will not ſtand in the Verſe, there is great Reaſon to doubt its Genuineneſs. The moſt proper Expreſſion with regard to the *Plough* is when a Soldier's Sword is call'd his *Plough*, by which he is to cultivate his Fortunes. Our Authors alſo very juſtly, in ſome Place, call a Man's Wit his Plough, and here the true Word ſeems to have been *Intereſt*, the Plough which moſt Men follow; *Imployment* indeed may be underſtood, but as it quite ſpoils the Meaſure I have ventur'd to diſcard it.

(16) *So Jars circling Diſtruſts, Diſtruſts breed Dangers,*
And Dangers Death, the greateſt extreme Shadows;
'Till nothing bound 'em but the Shoar, their Graves;] The old Quarto reads,

So

And Dangers Death the greateſt extreme follows,
'Till nothing bound 'em but the ſhoar, their Graves.
There is no manly Wiſdom, nor no Safety
In leaning to this League, this piece-patcht Friendſhip;
This rear'd-up Reconcilement on a Billow,
Which as it tumbles, totters down your Fortune;
Is't not your own you reach at, Law and Nature
Uſhering the way before you? Is not he
Born and bequeath'd your Subject? *Rol.* Ha. *Lat.* What Fool
Would give a Storm leave to diſturb his Peace,
When he may ſhut the Caſement? Can that Man
Has won ſo much upon you by your Pity,
(17) And's drawn ſo high, that like an ominous Comet,
He darkens all your Light; can this couch'd Lion
(Though now he licks and locks up his fell Paws,
Craftily humming, like a Cat to cozen you)
But (when Ambition whets him, and Time fits him)
Leap to his Prey, and ſeiz'd once, ſuck your Heart out?
D' you make it Conſcience?
Rol. Conſcience, *Latorch*, what's that?
Lat. A Fear they tye up Fools in, Nature's Coward,

So Jars circling in Diſtruſts, Diſtruſts pull down Dangers,
And Dangers Death, the greateſt extreme Shadow,
'Till nothing bound them but the Showers, their Graves.

The late Editions have corrected *Showers* right; but how does the Word *Shadow* carry on the Metaphor? and what poor Meaſure is the firſt Line? I hope I have reſtor'd the true Reading, as it perfects the Meaſure and makes the whole Metaphor conſiſtent.

(17) And *drawn ſo high, that like an ominous Comet,*
He darkens all your Light; ——] Mr. *Sympſon* asks, *What Senſe is this, and where got our Poets this Philoſophy?* —— The Addition of the auxiliary Verb *is*, which turns the Sentence into a ſort of Parentheſis, is all that ſeems neceſſary to render the Senſe clear, and the Philoſophy true; and its poetic Sublimity muſt be viſible to every Eye. As to the Philoſophy, tho' Eclipſes of the Sun or Planets have not perhaps been known to be cauſed by Comets, yet as they often come within the planetary Syſtem, and even within the Orbit of *Mercury*, there is a Probability of their cauſing theſe Eclipſes; but as they conſtantly cover and eclipſe the fix'd Stars, and by their ſuperior Light alone darken all that they approach to, this is ſufficient to render the Simile as juſt as it is noble.

(18) Tainting the Blood, and chilling the full Spirits
With Apprehenſion of meer Clouds and Shadows.
Rol. I know no Conſcience, nor I fear no Shadows.
Lat. Or if you did, if there were Conſcience,
(19) If the free Soul could ſuffer ſuch a Curb;
The fiery Mind ſuch puddle t' put it out;
Muſt it needs, like a rank Vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the top of all our Happineſs,
Honour and Rule, and there ſit ſhaking of us?
Rol. It ſhall not, nor it muſt not; I am ſatisfied,
And once more am myſelf again:

(18) Palling *the Blood,*——] The old Quarto reads, *Taſting the Blood,*—— which the late Editions have turn'd into good Senſe; but as they have greatly departed from the Trace of the Letters, and from their numberleſs Miſtakes deſerve no ſort of Regard, I doubt not but the true Word was either *tainting* or *taking*; the latter is often uſed by all our old *Engliſh* Authors in the ſame Senſe with the former. Thus *Septimius*, in *The Falſe One*, Act IV. Scene III.

For I am yet too taking *for your Company.*

i. e. *too infectious.*

(19) *If the free Soul could ſuffer ſuch a Curb;*
To the fiery Mind, ſuch Puddles to put it out;] The old Quarto reads this Paſſage thus;

If the free Soul could ſuffer
The fiery Mind, ſuch puddle to put it out?

Mr. *Sympſon* thinks that we ſhould ſtrike out the Additions of the late Editions, and that the old Reading is right. To me it does not ſeem ſo, for two Metaphors are confounded and have but one Verb, which ſuits to the *fiery Mind*, but not ſo well to the former; or if it does, the *free Soul* and *fiery Mind* will be meer Tautology. I therefore approve the Additions of the late Editions, and believe them genuine, however they came by them. That they had them from ſome Manuſcript, and not from Conjecture, I am perſuaded: becauſe they have ſo printed them as evidently to ſhew that they did not underſtand the leaſt Syllable of them. They make the Senſe thus;

If the free Soul could ſuffer ſuch a Curb
To the fiery Mind?——

Here, therefore, is all the Tautology and Confuſion of Metaphors which is found in the deficient Text of the old Quarto; but how infinitely is it improv'd when each Metaphor is preſerv'd diſtinct and ſeparate.

If the free Soul could ſuffer ſuch a Curb;
The fiery Mind ſuch Puddle t' put it out;

Mr. *Theobald* overlook'd the Corruptions of this Paſſage, ſo I cannot tell his Sentiments.

My

My Mother's Tears and Womaniſh cold Prayers,
Farewel, I have forgot you; if there be Conſcience,
Let it not come betwixt a Crown and me,
Which is my hope of Bliſs, and I believe it:
Otto, our Friendſhip thus I blow to Air,
A Bubble for a Boy to play withal;
And all the Vows my Weakneſs made, like this,
Like this poor heartleſs Ruſh, I rend in pieces.
Lat. Now you go right, Sir, now your Eyes are open.
Rol. My Father's laſt Petition's dead as he is,
And all the Promiſes I cloſ'd his Eyes with,
In the ſame Grave I bury.
Lat. Now you're a Man, Sir.
Rol. Otto, thou ſhew'ſt my Winding-ſheet before me,
Which e'er I put it on, like Heav'n's bleſt Fire,
In my Deſcent I'll make it bluſh in Blood;
(A Crown, a Crown, Oh ſacred Rule, now fire me!)
Nor ſhall the Pity of thy Youth, falſe Brother,
Although a thouſand Virgins kneel before me,
(20) And every dropping Eye a Court of Mercy,
The ſame Blood with me, nor the Reverence
Due to my Mother's bleſſed Womb that bred us,
Redeem thee from my Doubts: Thou art a Wolf here,
Fed with my Fears, and I muſt cut thee from me;
(A Crown, a Crown; Oh ſacred Rule, now fire me!)
No Safety elſe. *Lat.* But be not too much ſtirr'd, Sir,
(21) Nor too high-threatning in your Execution,
Ever remember, Sir, that ſwallowing Waters

Run

(20) *And every dropping Eye a Court of Mercy.*] This is a very ſtrong Expreſſion, tho' it may perhaps be objected to, as *Courts of Mercy* do not ordinarily petition for Mercy, but grant it to Petitioners. The Expreſſion would certainly be more intelligible if we read,

And ev'ry dropping Eye ſhall court for Mercy.

But I will not venture to change the Text, leſt I ſhould be liable to the common Objection to Critics, of rejecting the moſt ſublime Expreſſions of their Authors, meerly becauſe their Conceptions were too low to reach them.

(21) *Nor too high in your Execution: Swallowing Waters*] As the Senſe here is very ſtiff, and the Meaſure quite loſt, I believe we have only the Fragments of two Lines made up into one; *high* ſeems only half of ſome Compound Word, as *high-threatning*—*high-raging*—*high-paſſion'd*—*high-worded*— I prefer the former. As to what is added

Run deep and ſilent, till they're ſatisfied,
And ſmile in thouſand Curls, to gild their Craft;
Let your Sword ſleep, and let my two-edg'd Wit work;
This happy Feaſt, the full Joy of your Friendſhips,
Shall be his laſt.

Rol. How, my *Latorch?*

Lat. Why thus, Sir;
I'll preſently go dive into the Officers
That miniſter at Table: (22) Gold and Goodneſs,
With Promiſe upon Promiſe, and Time neceſſary,
I'll pour into them.

Rol. Canſt thou do it neatly?

Lat. Let me alone, and ſuch a Bait it ſhall be,
Shall take off all Suſpicion.

Rol. Go and proſper.

Lat. Walk in then, and your ſmootheſt Face put on, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

Enter the Maſter Cook, Butler, Pantler, Yeoman of the Cellar, with a Jack of Beer and a Diſh.

Cook. A hot Day, a hot Day, Vengeance hot Day, Boys,
Give me ſome Drink, this Fire's a plaguy Fretter:

added to compleat the Meaſure and introduce the fine Metaphor which follows, I took the Hint from a Paſſage of *Shakeſpear* not unlike this, *Henry* the VIIIth, Act I. Scene II. *Norfolk* ſays to *Buckingham*,

——— We may out-run
By violent ſwiftneſs that which we run at
And loſe by over-running: know you not
The fire that mounts the liquor, 'till't run o'er,
In ſeeming to augment it waſtes it?

I quote this to ſhew, that tho' the Words added in the ſecond Line are not neceſſary to the Senſe, yet they are in *Shakeſpear*'s and *Fletcher*'s manner. Whether they were the latter's or not, muſt remain a meer Uncertainty.

(22) ——— *Gold and Goodneſs,*] As *Goodneſs* ſeems an odd Motive to perſuade People to Murder, I at firſt thought we ſhould read, ——— *Gold and Greatneſs*, or *Goods*; but I now believe the old Reading right. As Vice always aſſumes ſome Pretence of *Good*, ſo *Latorch*, in perſuading the Servants to the Murder, urges the Good of the State, and the general Bleſſing.

Body

Body of me, I am dry ſtill; give me the Jack, Boy;
This wooden Skiff holds nothing.
Pant. And 'faith Maſter,
What brave new Meats? for here will be old Eating.
Cook. Old and young, Boy, let 'em all eat, I have it;
I've Ballaſt for their Bellies, a God's Name,
Let 'em 've ten Tire of Teeth a piece, I care not.
But. But what new rare Munition?
Cook. Piſh, a thouſand;
(23) I'll make you Piggs ſpeak *French*, and a fat Swan
(24) Come ſculling out of *England* with a Challenge;
I'll make you a Diſh of Calves-feet dance the Canaries,
And a Conſort of cram'd Capons fiddle to 'em;
A Calves Head ſpeak an Oracle, and a dozen of Larks
Riſe from the Diſh, and ſing all Supper time;
'Tis nothing, Boys: I've fram'd a Fortification
Out of Rye-paſte, which is impregnable,
And againſt that, for two long Hours together,
Two dozen of Marrow-bones ſhall play continually:
For Fiſh, I'll make you a ſtanding Lake of white Broth,
And Pikes come plowing up the Plums before them;
(25) *Arion* on a Dolphin, playing Lachrymæ,
And brave King Herring with his Oil and Onion
Crown

(23) *I'll make you Piggs ſpeak French* at Table, *and a fat Swan*] Mr. *Theobald* very juſtly ſtrikes out the Words *at Table*, as unneceſſary to the Senſe and injurious to the Meaſure.

(24) ——— ——— *and a fat Swan*
Come ſailing *out of* England *with a Challenge*;] *Sailing* is only a conjectural Reading of the late very corrupt Editions; the old Quarto reads, *Come* ſculling *out of* England. Mr. *Sympſon* therefore propoſes what I have inſerted in the Text, *ſculling*. Thus *Milton*, Book 7. Line 439.

——— ——— *the Swan* ———
——— ——— ——— *rowes*
Her State with oary feet.

This Reading therefore, tho' propos'd with diffidence by its Author, and in company with another —*ſcudding*— appears quite ſelf-evident; it has all the Properties that the juſteſt Emendation can poſſibly have; it is the neareſt the Trace of the Letters; it gives the trueſt Idea of the Swan's Motion, and exactly ſuits the Humour and Stile of the Context.

(25) Arion, like *a Dolphin*,———] It is ſtrange how very frequently the late Editions have run into Corruptions ſo utterly from the Trace of the Letters, that Criticiſm muſt have tranſgreſs'd its Bounds

Crown'd with a Lemon Pill, his way prepar'd
With his ſtrong Guard of Pilchers.
Pant. Ay marry, Maſter.
Cook. All theſe are nothing: I'll make you a ſtubble Gooſe
Turn o'th' Toe thrice, do a croſs Point preſently,
And ſit down again, and cry Come eat me:
Theſe are for Mirth. Now, Sir, for matter of Mourning,
I'll bring you in the Lady Loin of Veal,
With the long Love ſhe bore the Prince of *Orange*.
All. Thou Boy, thou?
Cook. I have a Trick for thee too,
And a rare Trick, and I have done it for thee.
Yeo. What's that, good Maſter?
Cook. 'Tis a Sacrifice.
A full Vine bending, like an Arch, and under
The blown God *Bacchus*, ſitting on a Hogſhead,
(26) His Altar here: before that, a plump Vintner
Kneeling, and offering Incenſe to his Deity,
Which ſhall be only this, red Sprats and Pilchers.
But. This when the Table's drawn, to draw the Wine on.
Cook. Thou haſt it right, and then comes thy Song, Butler.
Pant. This will be admirable.
Yeo. Oh Sir, moſt admirable.
Cook. If you'll have the Paſty ſpeak, 'tis in my power,
I've Fire enough to work it; come, ſtand cloſe,
And now rehearſe the Song, it may be perfect,
The drinking Song, and ſay I were the Brothers.

Bounds to have reſtor'd the Original. What Similitude is there between the Particles *like* and *on?* And yet the Printers of thoſe Editions had put the former for the latter, as they have done forty other Words of as little Reſemblance in this Play.

(26) *His Altar* Beer :——] The Quarto reads, *His Altar here* —— i. e. a Hogſhead is *here*, or at this time the Altar of *Bacchus*. But the late Editions chang'd it to what ſeem'd to have an Affinity to the Hogſhead, without obſerving that it would not make a Senſe with the reſt of the Sentence.

The drinking SONG.

DRink to day and drown all Sorrow,
You ſhall perhaps not do it to morrow.
Beſt while you have it uſe your Breath,
There's no drinking after Death.

Wine works the Heart up, wakes the Wit,
There's no Cure 'gainſt Age but it.
It helps the Head-ach, Cough and Ptiſick,
And is for all Diſeaſes Phyſick.

Then let us ſwill, Boys, for our Health,
Who drinks well, loves the Commonwealth.
And he that will to Bed go ſober,
Falls with the Leaf, Boys, ſtill in October.

Well have you born yourſelves; a red Deer Pye, Boys
And that no lean one, I bequeath your Virtues;
What Friends haſt thou to day? no Citizens?
But. Yes, Father, the old Crew.
Cook. By the Maſs true Wenches:
Sirrah, ſet up a Chine of Beef, and a hot Paſty,
And let the Joll of Sturgeon be corrected:
And do you mark, Sir, ſtalk me to a Pheaſant,
And ſee if you can ſhoot her in the Cellar.
(28) *But.* Gra-mercy, Dad, ſend me thy roaring Bottles,
And with ſuch Nectar I will ſee 'em fill'd,
That all thou ſpeak'ſt ſhall be pure Helicon.

(27) In the former Leaf, at Note 24, Mr. *Sympſon* is depriv'd of an ingenious Emendation by a Miſtake at Preſs. In the third Line of the Note, inſtead of — *the old Quarto reads ſculling* — read — *the old Quarto reads ſculing.*

(28) *Pant.* God a mercy, Lad, *ſend me thy roaring Bottles,*] *Lad,* for *Dad,* is only the Reading of the late Editions; but the Quarto ſeems to have led them into a greater Miſtake, by putting this ranting Speech into the Mouth of the ſober grave honeſt *Pantler,* to whom it belongs neither by Character nor Office.

Enter Latorch.

Monſieur *Latorch?* What News within?

Lat. Save you,
Save you, good Maſter; ſave you, Gentlemen,
You're caſting for this Preparation;
This joyful Supper for the royal Brothers:
I'm glad I have met you fitly, for t' your Charge,
My bountiful brave Butler, I muſt deliver
A Bevie of young Laſſes, that muſt look on
This Night's Solemnity, and ſee the two Dukes,
Or I ſhall loſe my Credit; you have Stowage?

But. For ſuch Freight I'll find room, and be your Servant.

Cook. Bring them, they ſhall not ſtarve here, I'll ſend 'em Victuals
Shall work you a good turn, though't be ten days hence, Sir.

Lat. Gra-mercy, noble Maſter.

Cook. Nay, I'll do't.

Yeo. And Wine they ſhall not want, let 'em drink like Ducks.

Lat. What Miſery it is that Minds ſo royal,
And ſuch moſt honeſt Bounties, as yours are,
Should be confin'd thus to Uncertainties?

But. Ay, were the State once ſettled, then we had Places.

Yeo. Then we could ſhew ourſelves, and help our Friends, Sir.

Cook. I, then there were ſome Savour in't, where now
We live between two Stools, every Hour ready
To tumble on our Noſes; and for ought we know yet,
For all this Supper, ready to faſt the next Day.

Lat. I would fain ſpeak unto you out of Pity,
Out of the Love I bear you, out of Honeſty,
For your own Goods; nay, for the general Bleſſing.

Cook. And we would as fain hear you, pray go forward.

Lat. Dare you but think to make yourſelves up Certainties,
Your Places and your Credits ten times doubled,
The Prince's Favour, *Rollo's?*

But. A ſweet Gentleman.

Yeo.

Yeo. Ay, and as bounteous, if he had his Right too.
Cook. By the Maſs a Royal Gentleman indeed, Boys,
He'd make the Chimnies ſmoak.
Lat. He wou'd do't, Friends,
And you too, if he had his Right, true Court iers;
What could you want then? dare you?
Cook. Pray be ſhort, Sir.
Lat. And this my Soul upon't, I dare aſſure you,
If you but dare your Parts.
Cook. Dare not me, Monſieur,
For I that fear not Fire nor Water, Sir,
Dare do enough, a Man would think.
Yeo. Believe't, Sir?
But make this good upon us you have promis'd,
You ſhall not find us Flinchers.
Lat. Then I'll be ſudden.
Pant. What may this mean? And whither would he drive us?
Lat. And firſt, for what you muſt do, 'cauſe all Danger
Shall be apparently ty'd up and muzzl'd,
The Matter ſeeming mighty: There's your Pardons.
Pant. Pardons? Is't come that? Good Gods defend us.
Lat. And here's five hundred Crowns in bounteous Earneſt,
And now behold the matter.
[Latorch *gives each a Paper.*
But. What are theſe, Sir?
Yeo. And of what Nature? To what Uſe?
Lat. Imagine.
Cook. Will they kill Rats? they eat my Pyes abominably,
Or work upon a Woman cold as Chriſtmas?
I have an old Jade ſticks upon my Fingers,
May I taſte them?
Lat. Is your Will made?
And have you ſaid your Prayers? for they'll pay you:
And now to come up to you, for your Knowledge,
And for the good you never ſhall repent you,
If you be wiſe Men now.
Cook. Wiſe as you will, Sir.
Lat. Theſe muſt be put then into the ſev'ral Meats

Young

Young *Otto* loves, by you into his Wine, Sir,
Into his Bread by you, by you into
His Linnen. (29) Now if you deſire, you've found
The means to make you, and if you dare not, you
Have found your Ruin; reſolve me e'er I go.
But. You'll keep your Faith with us?
Lat. May I no more ſee Light elſe.
Cook. Why 'tis done then.
But. 'Tis done.
Pant. 'Tis done which ſhall be undone.
Lat. About it then, farewel, y'are all of one Mind?
Cook. All.
All. All, all.
Lat. Why then, all happy. [*Exit.*
But. What did we promiſe him?
Teo. Do you ask that now?
But. I would be glad to know what 'tis.
Pan. I'll tell you,
It is to be all Villains, Knaves and Traitors.
Cook. Fine wholeſome Titles.
Pant. But if we dare go forward——
Cook. We may b' hang'd, drawn, and quarter'd.
Pant. Very true, Sir.
Cook. Oh, what a goodly Swing ſhall I give the Gallows?
Yet I think too
This may be done, and we too may be rewarded,
Not with a Rope, but with a royal Maſter:
And yet we may be hang'd too. *Teo.* Say it were done;
Who is it done for? is it not for *Rollo*?
And for his Right?
Cook. And yet we may be hang'd too,

(29) *Now if you deſire, you have found the means*
To make you, and if you dare not, you have
Found your Ruin; —] Mr. *Sympſon* ſays, that *deſire* in the firſt Line ſhould ſelf-evidently be *dare*, as well as in the ſecond; I cannot agree to this, the old Text is perfectly good Senſe, and the Change propos'd would injure the Meaſure, which having indeed been all Confuſion in the former Editions, was not attended to by Mr. *Sympſon*. The Senſe is plainly this. *Now if you have an Inclination to make yourſelves, you have means to do it; but if Cowardice deters you, I'll ruin you all that you may not diſcover me.*

But.

But. Or ſay he take it, ſay we be diſcovered?
Yeo. Is not the ſame Man bound ſtill to protect us
Are we not his?
But. Sure he will never fail us.
Cook. If he do, Friends, we ſhall find that will hold us.
And yet methinks, this Prologue to our Purpoſe,
Theſe Crowns ſhould promiſe more: 'tis eaſily done,
As eaſie as a Man would roaſt an Egg,
If that be all; for look you, Gentlemen,
Here ſtand my Broths, my Finger ſlips a little,
Down drops a Doſe, I ſtir him with my Ladle,
And there's a Diſh for a Duke: *Olla Podrida.*
Here ſtands a bak'd Meat, he wants a little ſeaſoning,
A fooliſh Miſtake; my Spice-Box, Gentlemen,
And put in ſome of this, the Matter's ended;
Dredge you a Diſh of Plovers, there's the Art on't,
(30) Or in a Galingale, a little does it.
Yeo. Or as I fill my Wine.
Cook. 'Tis very true, Sir,
Bleſſing it with your Hand, thus quick and neatly firſt,
'Tis paſt.
Yeo. And done once, 'tis as eaſie
For him to thank us for it, and reward us.
Pant. But 'tis a damned Sin.
Cook. I never fear that.
The Fire's my Play-fellow. Now I'm reſolv'd, Boys.
But. Why then, have with you.
Yeo. The ſame for me.
Pant. For me too.
Cook. And now no more our Worſhips, but our Lordſhips.
Pant. Not this Year; on my Knowledge, I'll unlord you. [*Exeunt.*

(30) *Or in a Galingale, a little does it.*] This Line is reſtored from the old Quarto. *Galingale*, the Dictionaries tell us, is an *Indian* Herb very ſavoury. It was probably eat either as a Salad, or Pickle, or uſed in ſome Sauce, otherwiſe it is ſcarcely intelligible in this Place.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Servant and Sewer.

Ser. Perfume the Room round, and prepare the Table,
Gentlemen Officers, wait in your Places.
Sew. Make room there,
Room for the Duke's Meat. Gentlemen, be bare there,
Clear all the Entrance: Guard, put by thoſe Gapers,
And Gentlemen-Uſhers, ſee the Gallery clear,
The Dukes are coming on.

Hoboys, a Banquet.

Enter Sophia, *between* Rollo *and* Otto, Aubrey, Latoreh, Gisbert, Baldwin, *Attendants,* Hamond, Matilda, *and* Edith.

Ser. 'Tis certainly inform'd. *Otto.* Reward the Fellow,
And look you mainly to it. *Ser.* My Life for yours, Sir.
Soph. Now am I ſtraight, my Lords, and young again,
My long ſince blaſted Hopes ſhoot out in Bloſſoms,
The Fruits of everlaſting Love appearing;
Oh! my bleſt Boys, the Honour of my Years,
Of all my Cares, the bounteous fair Rewarders.
Oh! let me thus embrace you, thus for ever
Within a Mother's Love lock up your Friendſhips:
And my ſweet Sons, once more with mutual Twinings,
As one chaſte Bed begot you, make one Body:
Bleſſings from Heav'n in thouſand Show'rs fall on you.
Aub. Oh! Woman's Goodneſs never to be equall'd,
May the moſt ſinful Creatures of thy Sex
But kneeling at thy Monument, riſe Saints.
Soph. Sit down my worthy Sons; my Lords, your places.
Ay, now methinks the Table's nobly furniſht;
Now the Meat nouriſhes; the Wine gives Spirit;
And all the Room ſtuck with a general Pleaſure,
Shews like the peaceful (31) Bower of Happineſs.

(31) ——Boughs *of Happineſs.*] The Corruption of the two late Editions.

Aubr.

Aubr. Long may it laſt, and from a Heart fill'd with it,
Full as my Cup; I give it round, my Lords.
Bald. And may that ſtubborn Heart be drunk with Sorrow
Refuſes it; Men dying now ſhould take it,
And by the Virtue of this Ceremony
Shake off their Miſeries, and ſleep in Peace.
Rol. You're ſad, my noble Brother.
Otto. No, indeed, Sir.
Soph. No ſadneſs, my ſweet Son, this Day.
Rol. Pray you eat,
Something is here you've lov'd; taſte of this Diſh,
It will prepare your Stomach.
Otto. Thank you, Brother:
I am not now diſpos'd to eat. *Rol.* Or that,
You put us out of heart, Man, come, theſe bak'd Meats
Were ever your beſt Diet.
Otto. None, I thank you.
Soph. Are you well, noble Child?
Otto. Yes, gracious Mother.
Rol. Give him a Cup of Wine, then, pledge the Health,
Drink it to me, I'll give it to my Mother.
Soph. Do, my beſt Child.
Otto. I muſt not, my beſt Mother,
Indeed I dare not; for of late, my Body
Has been much weakned by exceſs of Diet;
The promiſe of a Fever hanging on me,
And e'en now ready, if not by Abſtinence——
(32) *Rol.* And will you keep it in this general freedom;
A little Health preferr'd before our Friendſhip?

(32) Rol. *And will you keep it in this general freedom;*
A little Health preferr'd before our Friendſhip?
Otto. *I pray you excuſe me, Sir.*] Theſe Lines are not found in the old Quarto, yet no one can well doubt of their being genuine. It may be ask'd then, how came the Folio of 1679, which abounds with ſuch numberleſs Errors in this Play, more almoſt than any other, now a ſecond time to have reſtored ſomething totally loſt by the old Quarto? (See the former Inſtance in the firſt Scene of this Play) Undoubtedly the ſame Hand which reſtored ſeveral Songs, Prologues, and Epilogues, in that Edition; of whom an Account will be given in the Preface.

Otto. I pray you excuſe me, Sir.
Rol. Excuſe yourſelf, Sir,
(33) Come 'tis your Fear, and not your Fever, Brother,
And you have done me a moſt worthy Kindneſs,
My Royal Mother, and you Noble Lords;
Hear, for it now concerns me to ſpeak boldly;
What Faith can be expected from his Vows,
From his diſſembling Smiles, what fruit of Friendſhip
From all his full Embraces, what bleſt Iſſue,
When he ſhall brand me here for baſe Suſpicion?
He takes me for a Poiſoner.
Soph. Gods defend it, Son.
Otto. I could ſay ſomething too.
Soph. You muſt not ſo, Sir,
Without your great forgetfulneſs of Virtue;
This is your Brother, and your honour'd Brother.
Indeed your loving Brother.
Rol. If he pleaſe ſo.
Soph. One noble Father, with as noble Thoughts,
Begot your Minds and Bodies; one care rockt you,
And one Truth to you both was ever ſacred;
Now fye my *Otto*, whither flies your Goodneſs?
Becauſe the right Hand has the power of cutting,
Shall the left preſently cry out 'tis maim'd?
They're one, my Child, one Power, and one Performance,
And join'd together thus, one Love, one Body.
Aubr. I do beſeech your Grace, take to your Thoughts
More certain Counſellors than Doubts or Fears,
They ſtrangle Nature, and diſperſe themſelves
(If once believ'd) into ſuch Foggs and Errors
That the bright Truth herſelf can never ſever:
Your Brother is a royal Gentleman
Full of himſelf, Honour, and Honeſty,
(34) And take heed, Sir, how Nature bent to Goodneſs,
So

(33) *Come 'tis your Fear, and not your* Favour, *Brother,*] A groſs Corruption of the late Editions.

(34) *And take heed, Sir, how Nature bent to Goodneſs,*
(So ſtreight a Cedar to himſelf) *Uprightneſs*
Be *wreſted from* his *true* uſe, *prove not dangerous.* This Paſſage, which as it has been hitherto printed, ſeem'd to Mr. *Sympſon* quite

So ſtreight a Cedar in itſelf, Uprightneſs
Being wreſted from its true Baſe, prove not dangerous.
Rol. Nay, my good Brother knows I am too patient.
Lat. Why ſhould your Grace think him a Poiſoner?
Has he no more reſpect to Piety?
And but he has by Oath ty'd up his Fury,
Who durſt but think that Thought?
Aubr. Away, thou Firebrand.
Lat. If Men of his Sort, of his Power, and Place,
The eldeſt Son in Honour to this Dukedom.
Bald. For ſhame contain thy Tongue, thy poiſonous Tongue,
That with her burning Venom will infect all,
And once more blow a Wild-fire through the Dukedom.
Gisb. Latorch, if thou be'ſt honeſt, or a Man,
Contain thyſelf.
Aubr. Go to, no more, by Heav'n
You'll find you've plaid the Fool elſe, not a Word more.
Soph. Prithee ſweet Son.
Rol. Let him alone ſweet Mother, and my Lords
To make you underſtand how much I honour
This ſacred Peace, and next my Innocence,
And to avoid all further difference
Diſcourſe may draw on to a way of Danger,
I quit my Place, and take my leave for this Night,
Wiſhing a general Joy may dwell among you.
Aubr. Shall we wait on your Grace?
Rol. I dare not break you. *Latorch.* [*Ex.* Rol. *and* Lat.
(35) *Soph.* Do you not now perceive your Brother's Sweetneſs?

quite unintelligible, like a cryſtal Stream diſturb'd in a bright Day, contains the glittering Fragments of a moſt poetick Sentiment. I ſtrike out the Parentheſis, and read *itſelf* for *himſelf*, it being evident that *Uprightneſs* is the ſtreight Cedar. *Being* for *be* reſtores the Grammar, and *Line*, *Growth*, or *Courſe*, inſtead of *uſe*, will either of them carry on the Metaphor; ſo will *Baſe*, and as that is neareſt the Trace of the Letters, tho' it but this Inſtant occurr'd, I ſhall venture it into the Text.

(35) Soph. *Do you not now perceive your Brother's Sweetneſs?*] This Line, reſtor'd from the old Quarto, the Negative rather ſtrengthening the Senſe and perfecting the Meaſure, is added by Mr. *Sympſon*.

Otto. Oh Mother, that your Tenderneſs had Eyes,
Diſcerning Eyes, what would this Man appear then?
The Tale of *Sinon* when he took upon him
To ruin *Troy*; with what a Cloud of Cunning
He hid his Heart, nothing appearing outwards,
But came like Innocence, and dropping Pity,
Sighs that would ſink a Navy, and had Tales
Able to take the Ears of Saints, belief too;
And what did all theſe? Blew the Fire to *Ilium*.
(36) His crafty Art (but more refin'd by Study)
My Brother has put on: Oh I could tell you,
But for the Reverence I bear to Nature,
Things that would make your honeſt Blood run backward.

Soph. You dare tell me?

Otto. Yes, in your private Cloſet,
Where I will preſently attend you; riſe,
I am a little troubled, but 'twill off.

Soph. Is this the Joy I look'd for?

Otto. All will mend,
Be not diſturb'd, dear Mother, I'll not fail you.
[*Exeunt* Soph. *and* Otto.

Bald. I do not like this.

Aubr. That's ſtill in our Powers,
But how to make it ſo that we may like it——

Bald. (37) Beyond us ever *Latorch* methought was buſie,
That Fellow, if not lookt to narrowly,
Will do a ſudden Miſchief. *Aub.* Hell look to him.
For if there may be a Devil above all, yet
That Rogue will make him; keep you up this Night,
And ſo will I, for much I fear a Danger.

Bald. I will, and in my Watches uſe my Prayers.
[*Exeunt.*

(36) *His crafty Art (but more refin'd by Study)*] This Line, ſo neceſſary to the Senſe and undoubtedly genuine, is not in the Quarto, but was reſtored from the Copy mention'd in the laſt Note but one.

(37) *Beyond us ever*; Latorch *methought was buſie*,] By this Pointing *Baldwin* ſhould continue *Aubrey*'s Speech, and declare that it was not in their Powers to redreſs their Misfortunes. But as *Baldwin* propoſes a Means to prevent *Latorch*'s Deſigns by diligently watching them, I think I have put a more natural Pointing into the Text.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sophia, Otto, Matilda, *and* Edith.

Otto. YOU wonder, Madam, that for all the Shews
My Brother *Rollo* makes of hearty Love,
And free Poſſeſſion of the Dukedom 'twixt us,
I notwithſtanding ſhould ſtand ſtill ſuſpicious,
As if, beneath thoſe Veils, he did convey
Intents and Practices of Hate and Treaſon?
(38) *Soph.* It breeds indeed my Wonder.
Otto. Which makes mine,
Since 'tis ſo ſafe and broad a beaten Way,
Beneath the Name of Friendſhip to betray.
Soph. Though in remote and further-off Affections,
Theſe Falſhoods are ſo common, yet in him
They cannot ſo force Nature.
Otto. The more near
The Bands of Truth bind, the more oft they ſever,
Being better Cloaks to cover Falſhood ever.
Soph. (39) It cannot be, that Fruits the Tree ſo blaſting,
Can grow in Nature: Take heed, gentle Son,
Leſt ſome ſuborn'd Suggeſter of theſe Treaſons,

(38) Soph. *It breeds indeed my Wonder.*
Otto. *Which makes mine,*] Mr. *Sympſon* ſays, that the Sameneſs between *breeds* and *makes* is mean, and would therefore read ——*ſlakes*, i. e. *quenches*. But he happened to overlook the Meaning of *Otto*'s Reply. *Sophia* wonders that he ſhould conceive ſuch an Opinion of his Brother, and he anſwers, that he wonders that ſhe ſhould wonder at it, and then gives his Reaſon. *Since 'tis* &c.

(39) *It cannot be, that Fruits, the Tree ſo blaſting,*] Mr. *Theobald*, from the old Quarto, puts ——(*the Tree ſo blaſting*) in a Parentheſis, and Mr. *Sympſon* would read *blaſted*; both join in the ſame Senſe, *the Tree being ſo blaſted, or of ſuch a blaſting Nature.* But if the Tree is ſo blaſted, or blaſting, where is the Wonder that it ſhould produce bad Fruit? I ſtrike out even the Comma, and underſtand it in this Senſe. *It cannot be that Fruits ſo blaſting the Tree from whence they ſprung ſhould grow in Nature.* Here *Rollo* is the Fruit, ſhe herſelf the Tree, one of whoſe natural Branches *Rollo* would blaſt, and by Conſequence the *Tree itſelf.*

Believ'd in him by you, (40) provoke the rather
His tender Envies to ſuch foul Attempts;
Or that your too much Love to rule alone
(41) Bred not of him this jealous Paſſion;
There is not any Ill we might not bear,
Were not our Good held at a Price too dear.
Otto. So apt is Treachery to be excus'd,
That Innocence is ſtill aloud abus'd;
The Fate of Virtue ev'n her Friends perverts,
To plead for Vice oft-times againſt their Hearts,
(42) Heav'n's Bleſſing is her Curſe, which ſhe muſt bear,
That ſhe may never love *herſelf too dear.*

Soph.

(40) ——— provok'd *the rather*
His tender Envies, to ſuch foul Attempts;] If we underſtand *Envies* in the *Engliſh* Senſe, it muſt mean, his Envy that is as yet but tender and little, by Provocation may be drove to the fouleſt Attempts. But by its being put in the Plural Number, I believe the Poet intended a *French* Senſe of the Word, *Envie*, Inclination or Deſire, and I think I have before met with it in our Authors in that Senſe, but am not certain. This, *en paſſant*. The chief thing to be obſerved is a Corruption in the Word *provok'd*, which implies *Sophia*'s Belief of *Rollo*'s Attempt, which it is evident ſhe did not give Credit to. I read therefore provoke. This Corruption in the old Quarto led the late Editions into the Change of a Particle which I ſhall mention in the next Note.

(41) Breed *not* in *him this jealous Paſſion;*] The old Quarto reads,
Bred *not* of *him this jealous Paſſion.*
The jealous Paſſion therefore is *Otto*'s, not *Rollo*'s, and evidently proves the Correction in the above Note, the Obſervation of which led to a more narrow Examination of the Quarto in this Line, before which the Change of the Particle *of* to *in* had eſcap'd me, as it did both Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Sympſon*, which ſhews how exceedingly liable to Overſights moſt of us are in the Collation of Editions. There is no Play of our Authors that we have either of us taken more pains in the Collation of. We have each made ſeveral hundred Corrections from the Quarto too numerous to be noted, but without the others Aſſiſtance each of us had miſs'd a very conſiderable Number; and I doubt not but many will ſtill remain unobſerved by us all. The Conſequence I would frequently inculcate to every Critic and every Reader, that the former ſhould never pretend to, nor the latter exact Infallibility; both which have been frequently, and almoſt conſtantly done in a Science in its own Nature the moſt fallible in the World.

(42) *Heav'n's Bleſſing is her Curſe, which ſhe muſt bear,*
That ſhe may never love.
Soph. *Alas, my Son.* &c.] The ſecond Line is left thus imperfect in Senſe and Meaſure in all the Editions. By obſerving the Tendency

Soph. Alas, my Son, nor Fate, nor Heav'n itſelf,
Can or would wreſt my whole Care of your Good
To any leaſt Secureneſs in your Ill:
What I urge iſſues from my curious Fear;
Leſt you ſhould make your means to 'ſcape your Snare.
Doubt of Sincereneſs is the only Mean
Not to incenſe it, but corrupt it clean.

Otto. I reſt as far from wrong of all Sincereneſs,
As he flies from the Practice; truſt me, Madam,
I know by their Confeſſions, he ſuborn'd,
What I ſhould eat, drink, touch, or only 've ſcented,
This Evening-Feaſt was poiſon'd, (43) but I fear
His open Violence more, that treacherous Odds,
Which he, in his inſatiate Thirſt of Rule,
Is like to execute.

Soph. Believe it, Son,
If ſtill his Stomach be ſo foul to feed
On ſuch groſs Objects, and that Thirſt to rule
The State alone, be yet unquench'd in him,

dency of the Senſe one may ask, What is the moral Reaſon why Virtue in this Life ſhould be permitted by Heav'n to fall under Obloquy and Diſgrace? Leſt Self-approbation and Self-love ſhould puff up the Heart of the virtuous Man to Pride and Vanity. The following Words give this Senſe, and compleat the Rhime.

——— *which ſhe muſt bear,*
That ſhe may never love herſelf too dear.

After this had occurr'd, by looking back I found this made a direct Parody to the Concluſion of *Sophia*'s laſt Speech.

There is not any Ill we might not bear,
Were not our Good held at a Price too dear.

This therefore adds greatly to the Probability of the Conjecture.

(43) ——— *but I fear*
This *open Violence more, that treacherous Odds,*
Which he, &c.] *This*, for *His*, is only the Corruption of the late Editions; but Mr. *Sympſon* thinks there is another Miſtake, and that we ſhould read, ——*more than treacherous Odds*. I can't aſſent to this. A Man may uſe treacherous Odds, tho' he aſſaults another in the open Market-place. *Otto* is not made to fear his open Violence, if he had a fair Opportunity of Self-defence, and ſo himſelf expreſſes it, when he is baſely aſſaulted before his Mother and Siſter.

——— *but yield a Sword,*
And let thy arming thee be Odds *enough*
Againſt my naked Boſom.

Poiſons and ſuch cloſe Treaſons ask more time,
Than can ſuffice his fiery Spirit's Haſte:
And, were there in him ſuch Deſire to hide
So falſe a Practice, there would likewiſe reſt
Conſcience and Fear in him of open Force,
And therefore cloſe nor open you need fear.

Mat. Good Madam, ſtand not ſo inclin'd to truſt
What proves his tendreſt Thoughts to doubt it juſt,
Who knows not the unbounded Flood and Sea,
In which my Brother *Rollo*'s Appetites
Alter and rage with every Puff and Breath?
His ſwelling Blood exhales, and therefore hear,
What gives my temperate Brother Cauſe to uſe
His readieſt Circumſpection, and conſult
For Remedy againſt all his wicked Purpoſes;
If he arm, arm; if he ſtrew Mines of Treaſon,
Meet him with Countermines; it is Juſtice ſtill
(For Goodneſs ſake) t' encounter Ill with Ill.

Soph. Avert from us ſuch Juſtice, equal Heav'n,
And all ſuch Cauſe of Juſtice.

Otto. Paſt all Doubt
(For all the ſacred Privilege of Night)
This is no time for us to ſleep or reſt in;
(44) Who knows not all things holy are perverted
To th' Ends of all Impiety? *thus Darkneſs*
Lulls all things in Security, all but
Luſt, Gain, Ambition.

(44) *Who knows not all things holy are* prevented,
With Ends of all Impiety, all but
Luſt, Gain, Ambition.] When a Paſſage is utterly darken'd, as this before us, and almoſt evidently by the Loſs of a whole Sentence, 'tis impoſſible to reſtore it with certainty; but a due Obſervance of the Tendency of the Context, the Character that utters it, and the Genius and Spirit of the Author, may lead us with high Probability to the Sentiment, tho' not to the exact Words of the Original. I ſuppoſe a ſmall Corruption both in the firſt and ſecond Line. The good *Otto* is in all his Speeches full of moral and political Reflexions, and therefore the following one ſeems to ſuit both what precedes and follows it,

Who knows not all things holy are perverted
To th' *Ends of all Impiety?* thus Darkneſs
Lulls all things in Security, *all but*
Luſt, Gain, Ambition.

Enter

Enter Rollo *armed, and* Latorch.

Rol. Periſh all the World
E'er I but loſe one Foot of poſſible Empire,
By Sleights and Colours us'd by Slaves and Wretches,
I am exempt by Birth from both theſe Curbs,
And ſit above them in all Juſtice, ſince
I ſit above in Power, where Power is giv'n,
Is all the Right ſuppos'd of Earth and Heav'n.
Lat. Prove both, Sir, ſee the Traitor. *Otto.* He comes arm'd,
See Mother, now your Confidence. *Soph.* What Rage
Affects this Monſter? *Rol.* Give me way, or periſh.
Soph. Make thy way, Viper, if thou thus affect it.
Otto. This is a Treaſon like thee.
Rol. Let her go.
Soph. Embrace me, wear me as thy Shield, my Son;
And through my Breaſt let his rude Weapon run,
To thy Life's Innocence.
Otto. Play not two Parts,
Treacher and Coward both; but yield a Sword,
And let thy arming thee be odds enough
Againſt my naked Boſom.
Rol. Looſe his hold.
Mat. Forbear, baſe Murtherer.
Rol. Forſake our Mother. *Soph.* Mother, doſt thou name me,
And put'ſt off Nature thus?
Rol. Forſake her, Traitor,
(45) Or by the ſpoil of Nature thorough hers
This leads unto thy Heart.
Otto. Hold.
Soph. Hold me ſtill.
Otto. For twenty Hearts and Lives I will not hazard
One drop of Blood in yours.
Soph. Oh thou art loſt then.
Otto. Protect my Innocence, Heav'n.

(45) *Or by the* Spouſe *of Nature,* through *hers*] Late Editions. The Quarto reads *Spoil,* but joins in the Neglect of the Meaſure, by making *through* one Syllable.

Soph.

Soph. Call out Murther.
Mat. Be murther'd all, but ſave him.
Ed. Murther, Murther.
Rol. Cannot I reach you yet?
Otto. No, Fiend.
Rol. Latorch,
Reſcue, I'm down. *Lat.* Up then, your Sword cools, Sir.
Ply it i'th' Flame, and work your ends out.
Rol. Ha,
Have at you, there, Sir.

Enter Aubrey.

Aubr. Author of Prodigies,
What Sights are theſe?
Otto. Oh give m' a Weapon, *Aubrey.*
Soph. Oh part 'em, part 'em.
Aubr. For Heav'n's ſake no more.
Otto. No more reſiſt his Fury, no Rage can
Add to his Miſchief done. [*Dies.*
Soph. Take Spirit my *Otto,*
Heav'n will not ſee thee die thus.
Mat. He is dead,
And nothing lives but Death of every Goodneſs.
Soph. Oh he hath ſlain his Brother, curſe him Heav'n.
Rol. Curſe and be curs'd, it is the fruit of curſing.
Latorch, take off here, bring too of that Blood
To colour o'er my Shirt; then raiſe the Court
And give it out how he attempted us
In our Bed naked: Shall the Name of Brother
Forbid us to inlarge our State and Powers?
Or place affects of Blood above our Reaſon?
That tells us all Things good againſt another,
Are good in the ſame Line againſt a Brother. [*Exit.*

Enter Gisbert, *and* Baldwin.

(46) *Gisb.* What Fears inform theſe Out-cries?
Aubr. See, and grieve.

Gisb.

(46) Gisb. *What* affairs *inform theſe Outcries?*] I have before obſerv'd, that Corruptions which leave good Senſe in the Context, are more dangerous than groſs Miſtakes. Mr. *Theobald* has made a very

Gisb. Prince *Otto* ſlain!
Bald. Oh execrable Slaughter!
What Hand hath author'd it?
Aubr. Your Scholar's, *Baldwin.*
Bald. Unjuſtly urg'd, Lord *Aubrey*, as if I,
For being his Schoolmaſter, (47) muſt teach this Doctrine:
You are his Counſellors, did you adviſe him
To this foul Parricide?
Gisb. If Rule affect this Licence, who would live
To worſe than die, in force of his Obedience?
Bald. Heav'n's cold and lingring Spirit to puniſh Sin,
And human Blood ſo fiery to commit it,
One ſo outgoes the other, it will never
Be turn'd to fit Obedience.
Aubr. Burſt it then
With his full Swing given, where it brooks no Bound,
Complaints of it are vain; and all that reſts
To be our Refuge (ſince our Powers are ſtrengthleſs)
(48) Is to conform our Wills to ſuffer freely,
What with our Murmurs we can never maſter;
Ladies, be pleas'd with what Heav'n's Pleaſure ſuffers,
Erect your Princely Countenances and Spirits,
And to redreſs the Miſchiefs now reſiſtleſs,
Sooth it in ſhew, rather than curſe or croſs it;

very happy Emendation here, where very few Readers would, I believe, have ſuſpected an Error. *Affairs*, tho' Senſe, ſpoils the Meaſure; and *Fears*, a more natural and more poetical Word, exactly ſuits it.

(47) ——— *muſt* own *this Doctrine*:] The Quarto reads *teach*, which is one of many Changes in this Play made without the leaſt Reſemblance in the Letters; and I note this only for an Opportunity of referring to it when I want an Authority for ſuch great Changes as we may ſometimes find neceſſary.

(48) *Is to conform our Wills to ſuffer freely,*] Paſſive Obedience and Non-reſiſtance to Princes, being the abſurd but almoſt univerſal Doctrine of our Authors Age, *Aubrey* is upon that Principle a very compleat Character. And every Reader, who wants to form a true Taſte of any Poem, ſhould always uſe an occaſional Conformity to the Doctrines and Tenets of the Age the Poet wrote in. Without this, the Characters of *Aminter* in the *Maid's Tragedy*, of *Aëtius* in *Valentinian*, and *Aubrey* here, together with many inferior Characters, will not be near ſo intereſting as they really deſerve to be.

Wiſh

Wiſh all amends, and vow to it your beſt,
But 'till you may perform it, let it reſt.
Gisb. Thoſe Temporizings are too dull and ſervile,
To breathe the free Air of a manly Soul,
Which ſhall in me expire in Execrations,
Before for any Life I ſooth a Murtherer.
Bald. Pour Lives before him, 'till his own be dry
Of all Life's Services and human Comforts;
(49) 'Till none that looks at Heav'n 's left half ſo baſe
To do thoſe black and helliſh Actions Grace.

Enter Rollo, Latorch, Hamond *and Guard.*

Rol. Haſte, *Latorch*,
And raiſe the City as the Court is rais'd,
Proclaiming the abhorr'd Conſpiracy
In Plot againſt my Life.
Lat. I haſte, my Lord. [*Exit.*
Rol. You there that mourn upon the juſtly Slain,
Ariſe and leave it, if you love your Lives,
And hear from me what (kept by you) may ſave you.
Mat. What will the Butcher do? I will not ſtir.
Rol. Stir, and unforc'd ſtir, or ſtir never more:
Command her, you grave Beldam, that know better
My deadly Reſolutions, ſince I drew them
From the infective Fountain of your own,
Or, if you have forgot, this fiery Prompter
Shall fix the freſh Impreſſion in your Heart.
Sopb. Riſe Daughter, ſerve his Will in what we may,
Leſt what we may not he enforce the rather.
Is this all you command us? *Rol.* This Addition
Only admitted, that when I endeavour

(49) *None* leſs *that looks at Heav'n* is *half ſo baſe*
To do thoſe black and helliſh Actions Grace.] There is a Stiffneſs in the firſt Line which gives ſuſpicion of a Miſtake. The old Quarto reads,

None left that looks at Heav'n's left half ſo baſe.

This was evidently wrong, and the Folio and Octavos are only the conjectural Emendation of the former. Mr. *Sympſon* has, I believe, reſtored the Original, as he gives it a ſtronger Connexion with the foregoing Lines, and renders the Sentence natural and eaſy.

'Till *none that looks at Heav'n 's left half ſo baſe.*

To

To quit me of this Slaughter, you preſume not
To croſs me with a Syllable, for your Souls;
Murmur, nor think againſt it, but weigh well,
It will not help your Ill, but help to more,
And that my Hand wrought thus far to my Will,
Will check at nothing till his Circle fill.

Mat. Fill it, ſo I conſent not, but who ſooths it
Conſents, and who conſents to Tyranny, does it.

Rol. Falſe Traitreſs, die then with him.

Aubr. Are you mad,
To offer at more Blood, and make yourſelf
More horrid to your People? I'll proclaim,
It is not as your Inſtrument will publiſh.

Rol. Do, and take that along with you——ſo nimble!
[*He diſarms him.*
Reſign my Sword, and dare not for thy Soul
To offer what thou inſolently threatneſt;
One Word, proclaiming croſs to what *Latorch*
Hath in Commiſſion, and intends to publiſh.

Aubr. Well, Sir, not for your Threats, but for your Good,
Since more Hurt t' you would more hurt your Country,
And that you muſt make Virtue of the Need
That now compels you, I'll conſent as far
As Silence argues, to your Will proclaim'd;
And ſince no more Sons of your Princely Father
Survive to rule but you, and that I wiſh
You ſhould rule like your Father, with the Love
And Zeal of all your Subjects; this foul Slaughter
That now you have committed, made aſhamed
With that fair Bleſſing, that, in place of Plagues,
Heav'n tries our mending Diſpoſition with:
Take here your Sword, which now uſe like a Prince.
And no more like a Tyrant.

Rol. This ſounds well,
Live and be gracious with us. *Gisb.* and *Bald.* Oh, Lord *Aubrey.*

Mat. He flatter thus?

Soph. He temporizes fitly.

Wonder

(50) Wonder invades me.
Rol. Do you two think much,
That he thus wiſely, and with Need conſents
To what I author for your Country's Good?
You being my Tutor, you my Chancellor.
Gisb. Your Chancellor is not your Flatterer, Sir.
Bald. Nor is it your Tutor's Part to ſhield ſuch Doctrine.
Rol. Sir, firſt know you,
In Praiſe of your pure Oratory that rais'd you,
That when the People, who I know by this
Are rais'd out of their Reſts, and haſt'ning hither
To witneſs what is done here, are arrived
With our *Latorch*, that you, *ex tempore*,
Shall faſhion an Oration to acquit
And juſtifie this forced Fact of mine;
Or for the proud Refuſal loſe your Head.
Gisb. I faſhion an Oration to acquit you?
Sir, know you then, that 'tis a thing leſs eaſie
T' excuſe a Paricide than to commit it.
Rol. I do not wiſh you, Sir, to excuſe me,
But to accuſe my Brother, as the Cauſe
Of his own Slaughter, by attempting mine:
Gisb. Not for the World, I ſhould pour Blood on Blood;
It were another Murther to accuſe
Him that fell innocent.
Rol. Away with him,
Hence, hale him ſtraight to Execution.
Aubr. Far fly ſuch Rigour, your amendful Hand.
Rol. He periſhes with him that ſpeaks for him;
Guard, do your Office on him, on your Lives Pain.
Gisb. Tyrant, 'twill haſte thy own Death.
Rol. Let it wing it,

(50) Rol. *Wonder invades me; do you two think much*, &c.] The Words *Wonder invades me*, which expreſs a Perſon wrapt up in wonder and horror, ſeem'd at firſt Sight, both to Mr. *Sympſon* and me, to be out of Character in *Rollo*'s Mouth, and by joint conſent we give it to *Sophia*, tho' it would be equally proper to *Matilda*, *Baldwin*, or *Gisbert*. As the Verſes are often divided between the Speakers, this alone has produced ſeveral hundred Miſtakes in Speakers in our Authors Plays.

He

He threatens me; Villains, tear him Piece-meal hence.
Guard. Avant, Sir.
Ham. Force him hence.
Rol. Diſpatch him, Captain.
And bring me inſtant Word he is diſpatch'd,
And how his Rhetorick takes it.
Ham. I'll not fail, Sir.
Rol. Captain, beſides remember this in chief;
That being executed, you deny
To all his Friends the Rites of Funeral,
And caſt his Carkaſs out to Dogs and Fowls.
Ham. 'Tis done, my Lord.
Rol. Upon your Life not fail.
Bald. What impious daring is there here of Heav'n!
Rol. Sir, now prepare yourſelf, againſt the People
Make here their Entry, to diſcharge the Oration
He hath denied my Will.
Bald. For Fear of Death? ha, ha, ha.
Rol. Is Death ridiculous with you?
Works Miſery of Age this, or thy Judgment?
Bald. Judgment, falſe Tyrant.
Rol. You'll make no Oration then?
Bald. Not to excuſe,
But aggravate thy Murther if thou wilt,
Which I will ſo enforce, I'll make thee wreak it
(With hate of what thou win'ſt by't) on thyſelf,
With ſuch another juſtly merited Murther.
Rol. I'll anſwer you anon.

Enter Latorch.

Lat. The Citizens
Are haſting, Sir, in heaps, all full reſolv'd,
By my Perſwaſion, of your Brother's Treaſons.
Rol. Honeſt *Latorch*.

Enter Hamond.

Ham. See, Sir, here's *Gisbert*'s Head.
Rol. Good ſpeed; was't with a Sword?
Ham. An Axe, Sir.
Rol. An Axe? 'twas vilely done, I would have had
My

My own fine Headſman done it with a Sword;
Go, take this Dotard here, and take his Head
Off with a Sword.
Ham. Your Schoolmaſter?
Rol. Ev'n he.
Bald. For teaching thee no better; 'tis the beſt
Of all thy damned Juſtices; away,
Captain, I'll follow.
Ed. Oh ſtay them, Duke,
And in the midſt of all thy Blood and Fury,
Hear a poor Maid's Petitions, hear a Daughter,
The only Daughter of a wretched Father;
Oh ſtay your haſte, as you ſhall need this Mercy.
Rol. Away with this fond Woman.
Ed. You muſt hear me,
If there be any Spark of Pity in you,
If ſweet Humanity and Mercy rule you;
I do confeſs you are a Prince, your Anger
As great as you, your Execution greater.
Rol. Away with him.
Ed. Oh Captain, by thy Manhood,
By her ſoft Soul that bare thee: —— I do confeſs, Sir,
Your Doom of Juſtice on your Foes moſt righteous;
Good noble Prince look on me.
Rol. Take her from me.
Ed. A Curſe upon his Life that hinders me;
May Father's Bleſſing never fall upon him,
May Heav'n ne'er hear his Prayers: I beſeech you,
Oh Sir, theſe Tears beſeech you; theſe chaſte Hands woo you,
That never yet were heav'd, but to Things holy,
Things like yourſelf, you are a God above us;
Be as a God then, full of ſaving Mercy,
Mercy, Oh Mercy, Sir, for his ſake Mercy;
That when your ſtout Heart weeps, ſhall give you Pity;
Here I muſt grow.
Rol. By Heav'n, I'll ſtrike thee, Woman.
Ed. Moſt willingly, let all thy Anger ſeek me,
All the moſt ſtudied Torments, ſo this good Man,
This old Man, and this Innocent eſcape thee.

Rol.

Rol. Carry him away, I ſay.
Ed. Now Bleſſing on thee, Oh ſweet Pity,
I ſee it in thy Eyes, I charge you Soldiers,
Ev'n by the Prince's Power, releaſe my Father,
The Prince is merciful, why do you hold him?
The Prince forgets his Fury, why do you tug him?
He is old, why do you hurt him? ſpeak, Oh ſpeak, Sir;
Speak as you are a Man; a Man's Life hangs, Sir,
A Friend's Life, (51) and a foſter Life upon you:
'Tis but a Word, but Mercy quickly ſpoke, Sir;
Oh ſpeak, Prince, ſpeak.
Rol. Will no Man here obey me?
Have I no Rule yet? as I live he dies
That does not execute my Will, and ſuddenly.
Bald. All thou canſt do takes but one ſhort Hour from me.
Rol. Hew off her Hands.
Ham. Lady, hold off.
Ed. Nay, hew 'em.
Hew off my innocent Hands, as he commands you.
[*Exeunt* Guard, *and Count* Baldwin.
They'll hang the faſter on for Death's Convulſion.
Thou Seed of Rocks, will nothing move thee then?
Are all my Tears loſt? all my righteous Prayers
Drown'd in thy drunken Wrath? (52) I ſtand up thus then;
Thus boldly, bloody Tyrant, I defie thee;
And to thy Face; in Heav'n's high Name defie thee;
And may ſweet Mercy, when thy Soul ſighs for it,
When under thy black Miſchiefs thy Fleſh trembles,
When neither Strength, nor Youth, nor Friends, nor Gold
Can ſtay one Hour, when thy moſt wretched Conſcience

(51) ——— *and a ſofter Life*—] The Miſtake of the late Editions.
(52) ——— *I ſtand thus then;*
Thus boldly, bloody Tyrant,
And to thy Face in Heav'n's high Name defie thee;] I am far from thinking it neceſſary to fill up Hemiſtichs where the Senſe does not require it: Here it does not, and yet I verily think there has been an Omiſſion. This is one of the nobleſt and moſt correct Scenes in the whole Play, and a Repetition of her Defiance filling up the Meaſure, and giving a fine Climax to the workings of her Paſſion, I have ventur'd to inſert it, and to divide the Sentence into ſeparate Parts.

Wak'd from her Dream of Death, like Fire ſhall melt thee,
When all thy Mother's Tears, thy Brother's Wounds,
Thy Peoples Fears and Curſes, and my Loſs,
My aged Father's Loſs ſhall ſtand before thee———

Rol. Save him I ſay, run, ſave him, ſave her Father,
Fly, and redeem his Head. [*Exit* Latorch.

Ed. May then that Pity,
That Comfort thou expect'ſt from Heav'n, that Mercy
Be lockt up from thee, fly thee; Howlings find thee,
Deſpair, (Oh my ſweet Father!) Storms of Terrors,
Blood till thou burſt again.

Rol. Oh fair ſweet Anger.

Enter Latorch *and* Hamond *with a Head.*

Lat. I am too late, Sir, 'twas diſpatch'd before,
And his Head's here.

Rol. And my Heart there; go bury him,
Give him fair Rites of Funeral, decent Honours.

Ed. Wilt thou not take me, Monſter? higheſt Heav'n
Give him a Puniſhment fit for his Miſchief.

Lat. I fear thy Prayer is heard, and he rewarded:
Lady, have Patience, 'twas unhappy Speed;
Blame not the Duke, 'twas not his Fault, but Fate's;
He ſent, you know, to ſtay it, and commanded,
In care of you, the heavy Object hence
Soon as it came: Have better Thoughts of him.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Where's this young Traitor?

Lat. Noble Citizens, here,
And here the Wounds he gave your Sovereign Lord.

1 *Cit.* This Prince of Force muſt be
Belov'd of Heav'n, whom Heav'n hath thus preſerv'd.

2 *Cit.* And if he be belov'd of Heav'n, you know,
He muſt be juſt, and all his Actions ſo.

Rol. Concluded like an Oracle; Oh how great
A Grace of Heav'n is a wiſe Citizen!
For Heav'n 'tis makes 'em wiſe, as't makes me juſt,
As it preſerves me, as I now ſurvive
By his ſtrong Hand to keep you all alive:

Your

Your Wives, your Children, Goods and Lands kept yours,
That had been elſe Preys to his Tyrannous Power,
That would have prey'd on me, in Bed aſſaulted me
In ſacred Time of Peace; my Mother here,
My Siſter, this juſt Lord, (53) and all had fill'd
The *Curtian* Gulf of this Conſpiracy,
Of which my Tutor and my Chancellor,
(Two of the graveſt, and moſt counted honeſt
In all my Dukedom) were the monſtrous Heads;
Oh truſt no honeſt Men for their ſakes ever,
My politick Citizens, but thoſe that breathe
The Names of Cut-throats, Uſurers and Tyrants,
Oh thoſe believe in, for the foul-mouth'd World
Can give no better Terms to ſimple Goodneſs:
Ev'n me it dares blaſpheme, and thinks me tyrannous
For ſaving my own Life ſought by my Brother;
Yet thoſe that ſought his Life before by Poiſon
(Though mine own Servants hoping to pleaſe me)
I'll lead to Death for't, which your Eyes ſhall ſee.

1 *Cit.* Why, what a Prince is here!

2 *Cit.* How juſt!

3 *Cit.* How gentle!

(53) ——— *and all had* ſelt

The certain *Gulf of this Conſpiracy,*] *Certain*, for *Curtian*, is only the Corruption of the late Editors, from their not knowing the Hiſtory of *Curtius* a young Nobleman of *Rome*, who when an Earthquake had open'd a large Gulf in the *Forum* which threatened Deſtruction to the City, and the Oracle declared that it would never cloſe 'till ſome Patrician was put into it, he voluntarily devoted himſelf and leap'd in on Horſe-back. But this Paſſage has been corrupted in the Quarto itſelf in another very material Point, and I have receiv'd from Mr. *Sympſon* a very juſt and happy Emendation, and which muſt give every Reader great Pleaſure. To *feel* a Gulf is certainly a *poor* if not an abſurd Expreſſion; but to *fill* the Gulf, as Mr. *Sympſon* reads, is the exact poetical Idea which the Metaphor demands. *Shakeſpear*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, has a noble Metaphor which refers to this Hiſtory of *Curtius*, and which will ſhew the Propriety of this Emendation. *Octavia* ſays to *Antony*, upon his being diſpleas'd with her Brother *Octavius*,

——*Wars 'twixt you twain ſhould be*
As if the World ſhould cleave, and that ſlain Men
Should ſolder up the Rift. A& III. Scene IV.

See Mr. *Warburton*'s fine Comment upon the Place.

Rol. Well, now my deareſt Subjects, or much rather
My Nerves, my Spirits, or my vital Blood;
Turn to your needful Reſts, and ſettled Peace,
Fix'd in this Root of Steel, from whence it ſprung
(54) By Heav'n's great Help and Bleſſing: But e'er Sleep
Bind in his ſweet Oblivion your dull Senſes,
The Name and Virtue of Heav'n's King advance
For yours, in chief, for my Deliverance.

Cit. Heav'n and his King ſave our moſt pious Sovereign.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*

Rol. Thanks my good People, Mother, and kind Siſter,
And you my noble Kinſman, things born thus
Shall make ye all command whatever I
Enjoy in this my abſolute Empery.
Take in the Body of my Princely Brother,
For whoſe Death, ſince his Fate no other way
Would give my eldeſt Birth his ſupream Right,
We'll mourn the cruel Influence it bears,
And waſh his Sepulchre with kindly Tears.

Aubr. If this Game end thus, Heav'n's Will rule the ſet.
What we have yielded to, we could not let.

[*Exeunt omnes præter* Latorch *and* Edith.

Lat. Good Lady riſe, and raiſe your Spirits withal,
More high than they are humbled; you have Cauſe,
As much as ever honour'd happieſt Lady;
And when your Ears are freer to take in
Your moſt amendful and unmatched Fortunes,
I'll make you drown a hundred helpleſs Deaths
In Sea of one Life pour'd into your Boſom;
With which ſhall flow into your Arms, the Riches,
The Pleaſures, Honours, and the Rules of Princes; ['em,
Which though Death ſtop your Ears, methinks ſhould ope
Aſſay to forget Death.

Ed. Oh ſlaughter'd Father!

(55) *Lat.* Caſt off what cannot be redreſs'd, and bleſs

(54) In *Heav'n's great Help*——] The Particle *In*, which renders this Paſſage ſtiff and obſcure, ſeems only to have ſlipt from the former Line, and excluded the true one.

(55) *Lat.* Taſte of *what cannot be redreſs'd*,——] The groſs Corruption of the two laſt Editions.

The

The Fate that yet you curſe ſo; ſince for that
You ſpake ſo movingly, and your ſweet Eyes
With ſo much Grace fill'd, that you ſet on fire
The Duke's Affection, whom you now may rule
As he rules all his Dukedom; is't not ſweet?
Does it not ſhine away your Sorrows Clouds?
Sweet Lady, take wiſe Heart, and hear and tell me.
Ed. I hear no Word you ſpeak.
Lat. Prepare to hear then,
And be not barr'd up from yourſelf, nor add
To your ill Fortune with your far worſe Judgment;
(56) Make me your Servant, *make the Courtiers all*
Your Servants, ſtudious to amend with Joys
Your ſad Eſtate, till you are bleſt;—— and ſpeak it,
See how they'll bow to you, make me wait, command me
To watch out every Minute; (57) for the Fall

(56) *Make me your Servant to attend with all Joys*
Your ſad Eſtate, till they both bleſs and ſpeak it:
See how they'll bow to you, make me wait, &c.] This ſtrange Chaos has juſt light enough left to ſhew the general Tendency of the Paſſage, *viz.* That both he and all the Courtiers by their humbleſt Obeiſance (if ſhe would accept it) would endeavour to turn her Sorrow into Joy. From the Word *amendful*, in *Latorch*'s firſt Speech to her above, it's highly probable that *attend* ſhould be *amend*; that the Word *Courtiers*, or ſome one of the ſame import, is left out, ſeems almoſt evident, and a whole Sentence muſt have accompany'd it. We may hope to come very near the Senſe, however wide we are in gueſſing at the Words of the Original. But what is ——*till they both bleſs and ſpeak it?* It ſeems probable that a Miſtake in the Points having join'd the two Verbs together, the former Part was chang'd, and *both* falſly inſerted to make out ſomething that look'd like Grammar. I read the whole thus, marking in Italicks what I ſuppoſe only to contain ſomething like the Senſe of the Original.

Make me your Servant, make the Courtiers all
Your Servants, ſtudious *to amend with Joys*
Your ſad Eſtate, till you are bleſt;—— and ſpeak it,
See how they'll bow to you, &c.

(57) —— *for the* Stay
Your modeſt Sorrow fancies, raiſe your Graces,
And do my Hopes the Honour of your Motion,
To all the offer'd Heights &c.] *Stay*, i: e. *Stop*, or *hindrance*, is barely Senſe in this Place, the Senſe of which is, *For the Loſs or Diſaſter which your Grief and Modeſty make you now fancy, raiſe your Graces to the higheſt Pitch of Power and Dignity.* The Word which gives this Senſe, and beſt preſerves the Antitheſis, is *Fall.*

Your modeſt Sorrow fancies, raiſe your Graces,
And do my Hopes the Honour of your Motion,
To all the offer'd Heights that now attend you:
Oh how your Touches raviſh! (58) how the Duke
Is ſlain already with your Flames! embrace it,
I will both ſerve and viſit you, and often.

Ed. I am not fit, Sir.

Lat. Time will make you, Lady. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Guard, three or four Boys, then the Sheriff, Cook, Yeoman of the Cellar, Butler, Pantler, to Execution.

1 *Guard.* Come, bring theſe Fellows on, away with 'em.

2 *Guard.* Make room before there, room for the Priſoners.

1 *Boy.* Let's run before, Boys, we ſhall have no Places elſe.

2 *Boy.* Are theſe the Youths?

Cook. Theſe are the Youths you look for,
And pray, my honeſt Friends, be not ſo haſty,
There'll be nought done till we come, I aſſure you.

3 *Boy.* Here's a wiſe Hanging; are there no more?

But. D' you hear, Sir?
You may come in for your ſhare if you pleaſe. *Cook.* My Friend,
If you be unprovided of a Hanging,
You look like a Good-Fellow, I can afford you
A reaſonable Pennyworth.

(58) ——— ——— *how the Duke*
Is ſlain already with your Flames embrac'd!] Here again, a very ſlight Corruption of the old Quarto lead the two late Editions into a greater, and as it happens to retain a tolerable Senſe was the more dangerous. ——— *with your Flames embrac'd!* may give an Idea of a Perſon burnt at the Stake, and ſo may be thought to add ſomething to the Metaphor of being ſlain by her Flames. But the Quarto reads,

Is ſlain already with your Flames embrac't!

From whence the true Reading is eaſily reſtor'd.

Is ſlain already with your Flames! embrace it,
I will both ſerve and viſit you.

2 *Boy.*

2 *Boy.* Afore, afore, Boys,
Here is enow to make us Sport. *Yeo.* Pox take you,
D' you call this Sport? are theſe your Recreations?
Muſt we be hang'd to make you Mirth?
Cook. Do you hear, Sir?
You Cuſtard-Pate, we go to't for High Treaſon,
An honourable Fault: Thy fooliſh Father
Was hang'd for ſtealing Sheep.
Boys. Away, away, Boys.
Cook. Do you ſee how that ſneaking Rogue looks now?
Chip, Pantler, you, you peaching Rogue, that provided us
Theſe Necklaces; you poor coſtive Rogue, you.
Pant. Pray, pray, Fellows.
Cook. Pray for thy cruſty Soul? where's your Reward now,
Good Goodman Manchet, for your fine Diſcovery?
I do beſeech you, Sir, where are your Dollars?
Draw with your Fellows, and be hang'd.
Yeo. He muſt now;
For now he ſhall be hang'd firſt, that's his Comfort,
A Place too good for thee, thou meal-mouth'd Raſcal.
Cook. Hang handſomly for ſhame, come, leave your praying,
You peaching Knave, and die like a good Courtier,
Die honeſtly, and like a Man; no Preaching,
With *I beſeech you take Example by me,*
I liv'd a lewd Man, good People. Pox on't,
Die me as if thou'dſt din'd, ſay Grace, and God be with you.
Guard. Come, will you forward?
Cook. Good Mr. Sheriff, your Leave too, this hafty Work
Was ne'er done well; give 's ſo much time as but to
Sing our own Ballads, for we'll truſt no Man,
Nor no Tune but our own; 'twas done in Ale too,
And therefore cannot be refus'd in Juſtice.
Your penny-pot Poets are ſuch pelting Thieves,
They ever hang Men twice; we have it here, Sir,
And ſo muſt every Merchant of our Voyage.
He'll make a ſweet Return elſe of his Credit.
Yeo. One Fit o' our own Mirth, and then we're for you.
Guard. Make haſte then and diſpatch.

Yeo. There's Day enough, Sir.

Cook. Come, Boys, ſing chearfully, w' ſhall ne'er ſing younger.
We've choſe a loud Tune too, becauſe it ſhould like well.

The SONG.

Come, Fortune's a Whore, I care not who tell her,
Would offer to ſtrangle a Page of the Cellar,
That ſhould by his Oath, to any Man's thinking,
And Place, have had a Defence for his Drinking;
But thus ſhe does ſtill when ſhe pleaſes to palter,
Inſtead of his Wages, ſhe gives him a Halter.
(59) *Three merry Boys, and three merry Boys,*
And three merry Boys are we,
As ever did ſing three Parts in a String
All under the triple Tree.

II.

But I that was ſo luſty,
And ever kept my Bottles,
That neither they were muſty,
And ſeldom leſs than Pottles;
For me to be thus ſtopt now,
With Hemp inſtead of Cork, Sir,
And from the Gallows lopt now,
Shews that there is a Fork, Sir,
In Death, and this the Token,
Man may be two ways killed,
Or like the Bottle, broken,
Or like the Wine, be ſpilled.
Three merry Boys, &c.

(59) *Three merry Boys, and three merry Boys, and three merry Boys are we,*
As ever did ſing in a hempen String under the Gallows-tree.] Thus the late Editions, and one would almoſt think that they had ſome other Copy than the Quarto of 1640 to print from. I have reſtored the Reading of that Quarto into the preſent Text.

III.

Oh yet but look
On the Maſter Cook,
The glory of the Kitchin,
In ſowing whoſe Fate,
At ſo lofty a rate,
No Taylor e'er had ſtitching,
For though he makes the Man,
The Cook yet makes the Diſhes,
The which no Taylor can,
Wherein I have my Wiſhes,
That I who at ſo many a Feaſt,
Have pleas'd ſo many Taſters,
Should now my ſelf come to be dreſt,
A Diſh for you my Maſters.
Three merry Boys, &c.

IV.

Pant. *Oh Man or Beaſt,*
Or you at leaſt,
That wear or Brow or Antler,
Prick up your Ears,
Unto the Tears
Of me poor Paul *the Pantler,*
That thus am clipt,
Becauſe I chipt
The curſed Cruſt of Treaſon
With Loyal Knife;
Oh doleful Strife,
To hang thus without Reaſon.
Three merry Boys, &c.

Cook. There's a few Copies for you; now farewel Friends: And good Mr. Sheriff let me not be Printed With a Braſs Pot on my Head.

But. March fair, march fair, afore, good Captain *Pantler.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Aubrey, *and* Latorch.

Aubr. *Latorch*, I have waited here to ſpeak with you,
And you muſt hearken; ſet not forth your Leg
Of haſte, nor put your Face of Buſineſs on;
An honeſter Affair than this I urge too,
You will not eaſily think on; and 'twill be
Reward to entertain it; 'tis your Fortune
To have our Maſter's Ear above the reſt
Of us that follow him, (60) but that no Man envies;
And I have well conſider'd, Truth ſometimes
May be convey'd in by the ſame Conduits
That Falſhood is: Theſe Courſes that he takes
Cannot but end in Ruin; Empire got
By Blood and Violence, muſt ſo be held;
And how unſafe it is, he firſt will prove,
That toiling ſtill to remove Enemies
Makes himſelf more; it is not now a Brother,
A faithful Counſellor of State or two,
That are his Danger, they are fair diſpatch'd;
It is a Multitude that 'gin to fear,
And think what began there muſt end in them;
For all the fine Oration that was made 'em,
And they are not an eaſie Monſter quell'd.
Princes may pick their ſuffering Nobles out;
(61) And one by one employ 'em to the Block;

(60) ——— *but that no Man envies*;
For *I have well conſider'd*, &c.] By this Reading, *Aubrey*'s Deſign of employing *Latorch* to convey a Truth to *Rollo* was the Reaſon why no Man envied *Latorch* the Favour of his Maſter; whereas the real Reaſon was the Knowledge of the vile Means he had uſed to obtain it, and this will be imply'd by changing the Particle *For* into *And*.

(61) *And one by one* employ 'em *to the Block*;] *Convoy 'em* ſeems a more natural Expreſſion; but as the other is Senſe, I don't change the Text.

But

But when they (62) once grow formidable to
Their Clowns, and Coblers, ware then Guards themſelves;
If thou durſt tell him this, *Latorch*, the Service
Would not diſcredit the good Name you hold
With Men, beſides the Profit to your Maſter,
And to the Publick. *Lat.* I conceive not, Sir:
They're airy Fears; and why ſhould I object them
Unto his Fancy? Wound what is yet ſound?
Your Counſels colour not wi' reaſon of State,
Where all that's neceſſary ſtill is juſt.
The Actions of the Prince, while they ſucceed,
Should be made good, and glorified; not queſtion'd.
Men do but ſhew their ill Affections,
That—— *Aubr.* What? Speak out. *Lat.* Do murmur againſt their Maſters.

Aubr. Is this to me? *Lat.* It is to whomſoever
Miſlikes of the Duke's Courſes. *Aub.* Ay! is't ſo?
At your Stateward, Sir? *Lat.* I'm ſworn to hear
Nothing may prejudice the Prince. *Aub.* Why, do you?
Or have you, ha? *Lat.* I cannot tell, Mens Hearts
Shew in their Words ſometimes. *Aubr.* I ever thought thee
Knave of the Chamber, art thou the Spy too?

Lat. A Watchman for the State, and one that's known, Sir, to be rightly affected.

Aubr. Bawd of the State;
No leſs than of thy Maſter's Luſts. I now
See nothing can redeem thee; dar'ſt thou mention
Affection, or a Heart, that ne'er hadſt any?

(62) ——*grow formidable to their Clowns, and Coblers, ware then, guard themſelves;*] The Confuſion of the Meaſure here is a Trifle, but the Omiſſion of a Letter in the Quarto made the ſubſequent Editions turn a noble Sentiment into a very poor one. The Quarto has no Comma between *then* and *guard*; undoubtedly, therefore, inſtead of cloſing *Aubrey*'s fine Speech with "Then is their Danger, ware "then, let them then guard themſelves;" We ſhould read —*ware then Guards themſelves*; i. e. When a Prince is hated by all his Subjects, his very Guards will become his Enemies, and be the firſt to deſtroy him. The Hiſtories of almoſt all Tyrants in the World confirm this Obſervation. And it is a ſort of Propheſy of *Rollo*'s Fate, a Hint of which *Aubrey* in the next Scene gives *Rollo* himſelf, when he tells him,

You make your Guards your Terrors by theſe Acts.

Know'ſt

Know'ſt not (63) to love or hate, but by the Scale,
As thy Prince does't before thee? That doſt never
Wear thy own Face, but put'ſt on his, and gather'ſt
Baits for his Ears; liv'ſt wholly at his beck,
And e'er thou dar'ſt utter a Thought thine own,
Muſt expect his; creep'ſt forth and wad'ſt into him
As if thou wert to paſs a Ford, there proving
Yet if thy Tongue may ſtep on ſafely or no;
(64) Then ſing'ſt his Virtue aſleep, and ſtay'ſt the Wheel
Both of his Reaſon and Judgment, that they move not:
White'ſt over all his Vices; and at laſt
Doſt draw a Cloud of Words before his Eyes,
Till he can neither ſee thee nor himſelf?
Wretch, I dare give him honeſt Counſels, I,
And love him while I tell him Truth; old *Aubrey*
Dares go the ſtraighteſt way, which ſtill's the ſhorteſt,
Walk on the Thorns thou ſcatter'ſt, Paraſite,
And tread 'em into nothing; and if thou
Then let'ſt a Look fall, of the leaſt diſlike,
(65) I'll rip thy Crown up with my Sword at height,
And pluck thy Skin over thy Face, in ſight
Of him thou flatter'ſt; unto thee I ſpeak it,
Slave, againſt whom all Laws ſhould now conſpire,
And every Creature that hath Senſe, be arm'd,
As 'gainſt the common Enemy of Mankind;
That ſleep'ſt within thy Maſter's Ear, and whiſper'ſt

(63) —*to love or hate, but by the* State,] A very corrupt Reading of the late Editions.

(64) *Then* bring'ſt *his Virtue aſleep,*——] That *bring'ſt* is a Corruption ſeems evident, but I was doubtful whether I ſhould read *ring'ſt* or *fing'ſt*; the former is nearer the Trace of the Letters, the latter the more obvious Metaphor. Mr. *Sympſon* ſending me the latter as his Conjecture too, determin'd me to give it the preference.

(65) *I'll rip thy Crown up with my Sword at height,*
And pluck thy Skin over thy Face,——] I much ſuſpect the firſt Line, to which I can affix no clear Idea. What would *Aubrey* do to him? It ſhould ſeem, that he would with his Sword ſtrip open the Crown of his Head, and pluck his Skin over his Face. The following Conjecture will give this Reading more clearly than the former, but not ſo clearly as I could wiſh, and therefore I don't put it into the Text.

I'll ſtrip *thy Crown* ope *with my Sword at height.*

'Tis

'Tis better for him to be fear'd than lov'd;
Bid'ſt him truſt no Man's Friendſhip, ſpare no Blood
That may ſecure him; " 'tis no Cruelty
" That hath a ſpecious End; for Sovereignty
" Break all the Laws of kind; if it ſucceed,
" An honeſt, noble, and praiſe-worthy Deed.
While he that takes thy Poiſons in, ſhall feel
Their virulent workings in a point of Time,
When no Repentance can bring Aid, (66) but all
His Spirits ſhall melt, with what his Conſcience burn'd,
And dying in a Flatterers Arms, ſhall fall unmourn'd.
There's Matter for you now.

Lat. (67) My Lord, this makes not
For loving of my Maſter. *Aubr.* Loving? No;
They hate ill Princes moſt that make them ſo.

Enter Rollo, Hamond, Allan, *and Guard.*

Rol. I'll hear no more.

Ham. Alas, 'tis for my Brother:
I do beſeech your Highneſs. *Rol.* How, a Brother?
Had not I one myſelf? Did Title move me
When it was fit that he ſhould die? away.

(66) ——————— *but all*
His Spirits ſhall melt, with what his Conſcience burn'd,
And dying in a Flatterer's Arms, ſhall fall unmourn'd.] The Sentiment in the firſt Lines is ſtifly expreſs'd. *His Spirits ſhall melt at the Fire with which his Conſcience ſhall burn,* ſeems the Senſe. Might the Rhime be diſpenſed with, it might perhaps be better to read,
His Spirits ſhall melt, his Conſcience burn, and dying
Within a Flatterer's Arms ſhall fall unmourn'd.

(67) *My Lord, this makes not for loving of my Maſter.*] The Meaſure is here (as in a hundred Places too trifling for Notes) eaſily adjuſted. But how do *Latorch*'s Words expreſs his Sentiments? ——*This makes not for loving of my Maſter,* ſhould ſeem to imply, that *Aubrey*'s Speech ſhew'd not Love to *Rollo*; but *Aubrey*'s Anſwer plainly ſhews that *Latorch* ſpoke ſomething of his own Love to his Maſter, and not of *Aubrey*'s. Perhaps the Reader may think the old Reading may be conſtrued to this Senſe, and therefore without diſturbing the Text, I ſhall only offer a Conjecture of which I am myſelf very dubious.

Lat. *My Lord, this Rating's*
For loving of my Maſter.

i. e. *The real Cauſe of your Anger to me is my Love to my Maſter.*

All.

All. Brother, loſe no word more, leave my good Cauſe
T'upbraid the Tyrant, I am glad I'm ſain
Now in thoſe Times, that will'd ſome great Example
T' aſſure Men we can die for Honeſty.
Rol. Sir, you are brave, 'pray that you hold your Neck
As bravely forth anon unto your Headſman.
All. Would he would ſtrike as bravely, and thou by,
Rollo, 'twould make thee quake to ſee me die.
Aubr. What's his Offence?
Ham. For giving *Gisbert* burial,
Who was ſometimes his Maſter.
All. Yes, Lord *Aubrey*,
My Gratitude and Humanity are my Crimes.
Rol. Why bear you him not hence?
Aub. My Lord, (ſtay Soldiers)
I do beſeech your Highneſs, do not loſe
Such Men for ſuch ſlight Cauſes. This is one
Has ſtill been faithful to you, a try'd Soul
In all your Father's Battels; I have ſeen him
Beſtride a Friend againſt a ſcore of Foes,
And look, he looks as he would kill his hundred
For you, Sir, were y' in danger.
All. 'Till he kill'd
His Brother, his Chancellor, and then his Maſter,
To which he can add nought to equal *Nero*,
But killing of his Mother.
Aubr. Peace, brave Fool,
Thou valiant Aſs: Here is his Brother too, Sir,
A Captain of your Guard, hath ſerv'd you long,
With the moſt noble witneſs of his Truth
Mark'd in his Face, and every Part about him;
That turns not from an Enemy. But view him,
Oh do not grieve him, Sir, if you do mean
That he ſhall hold his Place: It is not ſafe
To tempt ſuch Spirits, and let them wear their Swords,
You'll make your Guards your Terrors by theſe Acts,
And throw more Hearts off from you than you hold;
And I muſt tell you, Sir, (with my old freedom,
And my old Faith to boot) you have not liv'd ſo
But that your State will need ſuch Men, ſuch Hands

Of

Of which here's one, ſhall in an Hour of Trial,
Do you more certain Service with a Stroke,
Than the whole Bundle of your Flatterers,
(68) With all th' unſavory Unction of their Tongues.
Rol. Peace, Talker.
Aubr. One that loves you yet, my Lord,
And would not ſee you pull on your own Ruins.
Mercy becomes a Prince, and guards him beſt;
Awe and Affrights, they are no tyes of Love;
When Men begin to fear the Prince, they hate him.
Rol. Am I the Prince, or you?
Aubr. My Lord, I hope I have not utter'd ought ſhould urge that Queſtion.
Rol. Then practiſe your Obedience, ſee him dead.
Aubr. My Lord?
Rol. I'll hear no more.
Aubr. I'm ſorry then;
There's no ſmall deſpair, Sir, of their Safety,
Whoſe Ears are blocked up againſt the Truth;
Come, Captain. *Ham.* I thank you, Sir. *Aubr.* For what?
For ſeeing thy Brother die a Man, and honeſt?
Live thou ſo, Captain, I will, I aſſure thee,
Although I die for't too; come——
[*Exeunt all but* Rol. *and* Lat.
Rol. Now, *Latorch*,
What do you think? *Lat.* That *Aubrey*'s Speech and Manners
Sound ſomewhat of the boldeſt. *Rol.* 'Tis his Cuſtom.
Lat. It may be ſo, and yet be worth a Fear.
Rol. If we thought ſo, it ſhould be worth his Life,
And quickly too. *Lat.* I dare not, Sir, be Author
Of what I would be, he is ſo dangerous:
But with your Highneſs' Favour and your Licence.
Rol. He talks, 'tis true; and he is licens'd; Leave him,
We now are Duke alone, *Latorch*, ſecur'd;
Nothing left ſtanding to obſcure our Proſpect,
We look right forth, beſide, and round about us,

(68) *With all th' unſavory Unction of their Tongues.*] *Unſavory Unction, i. e.* The Unction which at ſuch a time will have loſt all its ſavour. But the more natural Reading is *ſavoury.*

And

And ſee it ours with pleaſure: Only one
Wiſh'd Joy there wants to make us to poſſeſs it,
And that is *Edith*, *Edith*, ſhe that got me
In Blood and Tears, in ſuch an oppoſite Minute,
As had I not at once felt all the Flames
And Shafts of Love ſhot in me, his whole Armory,
I ſhould have thought him as far off as Death.
Lat. My Lord, expect a while, your Happineſs
Is nearer than you think it; yet her Griefs
Are green and freſh, your vigilant *Latorch*
Hath not been idle; I have leave already
To viſit her, and ſend to her.
Rol. My Life.
Lat. And if I find not out as ſpeedy ways,
And proper Inſtruments to work and bring her
To your Fruition; that ſhe be not watch'd
Tame to your Highneſs, ſay you have no Servant
Is capable of ſuch a Truſt about you,
(69) Or worthy to be Groom of your Delight.
Rol. Oh my *Latorch*, what ſhall I render thee
For all thy travels, care, and love?
Lat. Sir, one Suit,
Which I will ev'r importune, 'till you grant me.
Rol. About your Mathematicians?
Lat. Yes, to have
The Scheme of your Nativity judg'd by them,
I have't already erected; O my Lord,
You do not know the labour of my Fears,
My Doubts for you are ſuch as cannot hope
Any Security but from the Stars;
Who, being rightly ask'd, can tell Man more
Than all Power elſe, there being no Power beyond them.

(69) *Or worthy to be* Secretary *of your Pleaſure.*] This indeed is good Senſe, but 'tis only the conjectural Reading of the late Editions, and departs too much from the Trace of the Letters to be allow'd to ſtand. The old Quarto reads,

Or worthy to be——— of your Delight.

Here a Word was loſt, *Bawd*, or *Pimp*, which are his true Character, are too coarſe Names for a Man to call himſelf; *Secretary*, *Steward*, and all Words but Monoſyllables are excluded by the Meaſure. *Groom* therefore ſeems to bid faireſt for being the Original.

Rol.

Rol. All thy Petitions ſtill are care of us,
Ask for thyſelf.
Lat. What more can concern me,
Than this? *Rol.* Well, riſe true honeſt Man, and go then,
We'll ſtud' ourſelves a Means how to reward thee.
Lat. Your Grace is now inſpir'd; now, now your Highneſs
Begins to live, from this Hour count your Joys:
But, Sir, I muſt have Warrants, with blank Figures
To put in Names, ſuch as I like.
Rol. You ſhall.
Lat. They dare not elſe, Sir, offer at your Figure?
Oh I ſhall bring you wonders; there's a Friar
Ruſee, an admirable Man, another
A Gentleman, and then *la Fiske*,
The Mirror of his Time; 'twas he that ſet it.
But there's one *Norbret* (him I never ſaw)
Has made a Mirror, a meer Looking-glaſs,
In ſhew you'ld think't no other; the form Oval,
As I am given to underſtand by Letter,
Which renders you ſuch Shapes, and thoſe ſo differing,
And ſome that will be queſtion'd and give anſwers;
Then has he ſet it in a Frame, that wrought
Unto the Revolutions of the Stars,
And ſo compact by due Proportions
Unto their Harmony, doth move alone
A true Automaton; thus *Dædalus* Statues,
Or *Vulcan*'s Stools— *Rol.* Doſt thou believe this? *Lat.* Sir?
Why, what ſhould ſtay my Faith, or turn my Senſe?
He'as been about it above twenty Years,
Three Sevens, the powerful, and the perfect Numbers;
And Art and Time, Sir, can produce ſuch things.
What do I read there of *Hiarbas* Banquet?
The great Gymnoſophiſt, that had his Butlers
And Carvers of pure Gold waiting at Table?
The Images of *Mercury*, too, that ſpoke?
(70) The Wooden Dove that flew? A Snake of Braſs

(70) *The Wooden* Door *that flew?* ——] The Corruption of the late Editions.

That hiſs'd? and Birds of Silver that did ſing?
All theſe were done by the Mathematicks,
Without which there's no Science, nor no Truth.
Rol. You are in your own Sphear, *Latorch:* and rather
Than I'll contend w'ye for it, I'll believe it,
You've won upon me that I wiſh to ſee
My Fate before me now, whate'er it be.
Lat. And I'll endeavour, you ſhall know with ſpeed,
For which I ſhould have one of truſt go with me,
If you pleaſe, *Hamond*, that I may by him
Send you my firſt Diſpatches; after I
(71) Shall bring you more, and as they come forth from 'em,
More and more accurate.
Rol. Take your own way,
Chuſe your own means, and be it proſperous to us.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Ruſee, de Bube, la Fiske, Norbret, *and* Pippeau.

Ruſ. Come, bear up, Sirs, we ſhall have better Days,
My Almanack tells me.
Bub. What is that? your Rump?
Ruſ. It never itch'd in vain yet, 'ſlid *la Fiske*,
Throw off thy ſluggiſh Face, I can't abide
To ſee thee look like a poor Jade i'th' Pound,
That ſaw no Meat theſe three Days.
Fiske. 'Slight, to me
'T ſeems thirteen Days ſince I ſaw any.
Ruſ. How?
Fiske. I can't remember that I ever ſaw

(71) *Shall bring you more, and as they come* ſtill more.] The old Quarto reads,

Shall bring you more, and as they come more
And accurate forth from 'em.

This being evidently corrupt, the late Editions ſtruck out what they could not make Senſe of, which may be done by little more than putting the Words into the natural Order, and they will then compleat the Meaſure with the next Hemiſtich.

Or

Or Meat, or Mony, you may talk of both
To open a Man's Stomach or his Purſe,
But feed 'em ſtill with Air.
Bube. Friar, I fear
You do not ſay your Office well a-days,
I cannot hear your Beads knack.
Nor. Pox, he feeds
With Leachery, and lives upon th' exchange
Of his two Eggs and Pudding with the Market-women.
Ruf. And what do you, Sir, with the Advocate's Wife,
Whom you perſwade, upon your Doctoral Bed,
To take the Mathematical Trance ſo often?
Fiske. Come, we are ſtark naught all, bad's the beſt of us,
Four of the ſeven deadly Spots we are;
Beſides our Leachery, we are envious,
And moſt, moſt gluttonous when we have it thus,
Moſt covetous now we want it; then our Boy
He is a fifth Spot, Sloth, and he undoes us.
Bube. 'Tis true, the Child was wont to be induſtrious,
And now and then ſent in a Merchant's Wife
Sick of the Husband, or a ſwearing Butler
That miſs'd one of his Bowls, a crying Maid
Had loſt a Silver Spoon; the Curry Comb
Sometimes was wanting; there was ſomething gotten;
But now———
Pip. What now? Did not I Yeſter-morning
Bring you in a Cardecu there from the Peaſant,
Whoſe Aſs I'd driven aſide, and hid, that you
Might conjure for him? and again laſt Night,
Six Soulz from the Cook's Wife, you ſhar'd among you,
To ſet a figure for th' Peſtle I ſtole.
It is not at home yet; theſe things, my Maſters,
In a hard time, they would be thought on: You
Talk of your Lands and Caſtles in the Air,
Of your twelve Houſes there: But it is I
That bring you in your Rents for 'em, 'tis *Pippeau*
That is your Bird-call.
Nor. Faith he does well,
And cuts through th' Elements for us, I muſt needs ſay
In a fine dextrous Line.

Fiske. But not as he did
At firſt, then he would ſail with any Wind
Int' every Creek and Corner.
Pip. I was light then,
New built and rigg'd when I came to you, Gentlemen,
But now with often and far venturing for you
Here be Leaks ſprung, and whole Planks wanting, ſee you;
If you'll new ſheath me again, (72) yet I am for you
To any Gulf or Streights, where-e'er you'll ſend me,
For as I am, where can this ragged Bark
Put in for any Service, 'leſs it be
O'th' Iſle of Rogues, and there turn Pirate for you?
Nor. Faith he ſays Reaſon, Fryer, you muſt leave
Your neat criſp Claret, and fall to your Cyder
A while; and you *la Fiske*, your larded Capons
And Turkies for a time, and take a good
Clean Tripe in your way; *de Bube* too muſt content him
(73) With wholſom two-ſoulz'd Petitoes, no more
Crown

(72) ——— *yet I am for you*
To any Bog *or* Sleights,——] We all diſcard *Sleights* as a Corruption, Mr. *Theobald* propoſes *Sloughs*, but as the Metaphor is taken all along from a Ship, I ſhould rather diſcard the Word *Bog* as ſpurious than add a ſecond of the ſame Import. But ſuppoſing that *Bog* may ſignify the Shallows and Sands, (when as *Virgil* expreſſes it, *furit æſtas arenis*) I let it ſtand, tho' I think it probable that *Port*, or *Gulf*, might one of them have been the Original; for there can, I believe, be no room to doubt that *Streights* (a Conjecture which Mr. *Sympſon* and I concurr'd in) is the true Reading, inſtead of *Sleights*. Had it wanted a Confirmation, Mr. *Sympſon* has furniſh'd me with one from a parallel Paſſage in *Johnſon*'s *Underwoods* to Lord *Sackville*, p. 159.

——— ——— *their very Trade*
Is borrowing; that but ſlept, they do invade
All as their Prize, turn Pirates here at Land,
Have their Bermudas *and their* Streights *in the* Strand,
Man out their Boats to th' Temple, *and not ſhift*
Now but Command———

A Friend happening to come in juſt as I had wrote this Note, inſiſted upon my diſcarding *Bog* from the Text, which I retain'd only becauſe my Conjectures were ſcarce near enough the Trace of the Letters; but they are, either, nearer than ſeveral Changes that have been made by the latter Editions of this Play, in which *own* was put for *teach* in one Place, and *cloſe* for *bleſs* in another.

(73) *With wholſom* two ſouz'd *Petitoes*,——] Mr. *Theobald* reads, from the old Quarto, *two ſous'd*; the Idea which he would affix is,

I

Crown Ordinaries, till we've cloath'd our Infant.
Bube. So you'll keep
Your own good Motions, Doctor, your dear ſelf.
Fiske. Yes, for we all do know the Latitude
Of your Concupiſcence.
Ruf. Here about your Belly.
Bube. You'll pick a Bottle open or a Whimſey,
As ſoon as the beſt of us.
Fiske. And dip your Wriſt-bands, [*The Bell rings.*
(For Cuffs you've none) as comely in the Sauce
As any Courtier—— hark, the Bell, who's there?
Ruf. Good luck I do conjure thee; Boy look out.
Pip. They're Gallants, Courtiers, one of 'em is
Of the Duke's Bed-chamber. [*Exit and enter again.*
Ruf. Latorch. ——down, Doctor, [*To* Norbret.
On with your Gown, there's a new Suite arriv'd.
Did I not tell you, Sons of Hunger? Crowns,
Crowns, Crowns are coming tow'rd you, Wine and Wenches
You ſhall have once again, and Fidelers:
Into your Studies cloſe; each lay his Ear
T' his Door, and as you hear me to prepare you
So come, and put me on that Vizard only.

Enter Latorch, *and* Hamond.

Lat. You'll not be far hence Captain, when the Buſineſs
Is done you ſhall receive preſent Diſpatch.
Ham. I'll walk, Sir, in the Cloyſter. [*Exit.*
Ruf. Monſieur *Latorch*; my Son,
The Stars are happy ſtill that guide you hither.
Lat. I'm glad to hear their Secretary ſay ſo,
My learned Father *Ruffe*, where's *la Fiske*,
Monſieur *de Bube*, how do they?
Ruf. At their Studies,
They are the Secretaries of the Stars, Sir,
Still at their Books, they will not be pull'd off,
They ſtick like cupping Glaſſes; if ever Men

I ſuppoſe, *twice pickled*, or *twice ſalted*: But *Solz*, *Soulz*, or *Sous*, the *French* Coin, making a more natural Expreſſion, and a ſtronger Antitheſis to the Crown Ordinaries. I think that the true one.

Spoke with the Tongue of Deſtiny, 'tis they.
Lat. For love's ſake let's ſalute 'em.
Ruf. Boy, go ſee,
Tell them who's here, ſay, that their Friends do challenge
Some portion of their Time, this is our Minute,
Pray 'em they'll ſpare it: they are the Sun and Moon
Of Knowledge; pity two ſuch noble Lights
Should live obſcur'd here in an Univerſity,
Whoſe Beams were fit t'illumine any Court
Of Chriſtendom.

Enter la Fiske, de Bube, *and* Pippeau.

Lat. The Duke will ſhortly know 'em.
Fiske. Well, look upon the Aſtrolabe; you'll find it
Four Almucanturies at leaſt.
Bube. It is ſo.
Ruf. Still of their learned ſtuff, they care for nothing,
But how to know, as negligent of their Bodies
In Diet, or elſe, eſpecially in their Cloaths,
As if they had no change.
Pip. They have ſo little
As well may free them from the Name of Shifters.
Fiske. Monſieur *Latorch*——
Lat. How is it, learned Gentlemen,
With both your Virtues? *Bube.* A moſt happy Hour,
When we ſee you, Sir. *Lat.* When you hear me then
It will be happier; the Duke greets you both
Thus, and though you may touch no Mony, Father,
Yet you may take it.
Ruf. 'Tis his Highneſs Bounty,
But yet to me, and theſe that have put off
The World, ſuperfluous,
Fiske. We've heard of late
His Highneſs good ſucceſs.
Bube. And gratulate it.
Lat. Indeed h' hath 'ſcap'd a ſtrange Conſpiracy,
Thanks to his Stars; which Stars he prays by me,
You would again conſult, and make a Judgment
On what you lately erected for my Love.

Ruf.

Ruf. Oh, Sir, we dare not. *Fiske.* For our Lives. *Bube.* It is
The Prince's Scheme. *Lat.* T' encounter with that Fear,
Here's to aſſure you; his Signet,— write your Names,
And be ſecur'd all three. *Bube.* We muſt intreat
Some Time, Sir. *Lat.* I muſt then intreat, it be
As preſent as you can.
Fiske. Have you the Scheme here?
Lat. Yes.
Ruf. I would you had, Sir,
Another Warrant. *Lat.* What would that do. *Ruf.* Marry
We have a Doctor, Sir, that in this Buſineſs
Would not perform the ſecond Part.
Lat. Not him
That you writ to me of?
Ruf. The very ſame.
Lat. I ſhould have made it, Sir, my ſuit to ſee him;
Here is a Warrant, Father, I conceiv'd
That he had ſolely applied himſelf to Magick.
Ruf. And to theſe Studies too, Sir, in this Field
He was initiated, but we ſhall hardly
Draw him from his Chair.
Lat. Tell him he ſhall have Gold.
Fiske. Oh, ſuch a Syllable would make 'im forſwear
Ever to breath i' your ſight. *Lat.* How then? *Fiske.* Sir, he,
If you do pleaſe to give him any thing,
Muſt have't convey'd under a Paper.
Ruf. Or left
Behind ſome Book i's Study. *Bube.* Or in ſome old Wall.
Fiske. Where his Familiars may tell him of it,
That pleaſes him, Sir.
(74) *Bube.* I'll go and aſſay him.

(74) *Bube.* Or elſe *I'll go and aſſay him.*] I have met with no one Play in our Authors where the Meaſure when reſtored ſeem'd ſo correct as in this; even in the comick Parts, where the Dialogue conſiſts moſtly in half Lines, the Meaſure is generally true. The Words *or elſe* were ſtruck out by Mr. *Sympſon* as injurious to the Senſe, and I had obſerv'd them injurious both to Senſe and Meaſure. They are not indeed intelligible, but by ſuppoſing them a broken Sentence deſign'd to continue *La Fiske's* Speech. As

Bube. *Or elſe—— I'll go and aſſay him.*

But it is much more probable that they are an accidental Interpolation.

Lat. Take Gold with you.
Ruf. That will not be amiſs;
Give it the Boy, Sir, for he knows his Holes,
And how to bait his Spirits. *Pip.* We muſt lay,
In ſeveral Places, Sir. *Ruf.* That's true; that if
One come not, th' other may hit. *Lat.* Well, go then,
Is he ſo learned, Gentlemen? *Fiske.* The very top
Of our Profeſſion, Mouth of the Fates; pray Heav'n
His Spirits be in a good humour to take,
They'll fling the Gold about the Houſe elſe. *Bube.* Ay,
And beat the Fryer if he go not well
Furniſh'd with Holy-water,
Fiske. You muſt obſerve him.
Bube. Not croſs him in a Word, for then he's gone.
Fiske. If he do come, which is a Hazard, yet——
Maſs he is here, this is ſpeed.

Enter Norbret, Ruſee, *and* Pippeau.

Nor. Where's your Scheme?
Let's ſee, diſpatch, nay fumbling now; who's this?
Ruf. Chief Gentleman of the Duke's Chamber, Doctor.
Nor. Oh, let him be, good ev'n to him, he's a Courtier,
I'll ſpare his Compliment, tell him: what is here?
The geniture Nocturnal, Longitude
At forty Nine and ten Minutes? How are the *Cardines*?
Fiske. Libra in twenty four, forty four Minutes,
And *Capricorn.*
Nor. I ſee it, ſee the Planets,
Where, how are they diſpos'd; the Sun and *Mercury*,
Mars with the *Dragon*'s Tail in the third Houſe,
And *pars Fortunæ* in the *Imo Cæli*,
Then *Jupiter* in the Twelfth, the *Cacodemon.*
Bube. And *Venus* in the ſecond *Inferna Porta.*
Nor. I ſee it, peace; then *Saturn* in the Fifth,
Luna i'th' Seventh, and much of *Scorpio*,
Then *Mars* his *Gaudium*, riſing in th' Aſcendent,
And join'd with *Libra* too, the Houſe of *Venus*,
And *Imum Cæli*, *Mars* his Exaltation
In the ſeventh Houſe, *Aries* being his Natural Houſe
And where he is now ſeated, and all theſe ſhew him

To

To be the Almuter.
Ruf. Yes, he's Lord of the Geniture,
Whether you examine it by *Ptolomy*'s way,
(75) Or *Meſſahalah*'s, *Lael*, or *Alkindus*.
Fiske. No other Planet hath ſo many Dignities
Either by himſelf, or in regard of the Cuſpes.
Nor. Why hold your Tongue then if you know it; *Venus*
The Lady of the Horoſcope, being *Libra*,
The other part, *Mars* rules: So that the Geniture,
Being Nocturnal, *Luna* is the higheſt,
None elſe being in ſufficient Dignity,
She being in *Aries* in the Seventh Houſe,
Where *Sol* exalted, is the Alchorodon.
Bube. Yes, for you ſee he hath his Termine
In the Degrees where ſhe is, and enjoys
By that, ſix Dignities.
Fiske. Which are clearly more
Than any elſe that view her in the Scheme.
Nor. Why I ſaw this, and could have told you too,
That he beholds her with a Trine Aſpect
Here out of *Sagittary*, (76) almoſt Quartile,
And how that *Mars* out of the ſelf-ſame Houſe,
(But another Sign) here by a Platique Aſpect
Looks at the Hyleg, with a Quartile ruling
The Houſe where the Sun is; all this could I
Have told you, but that you'll out-run me; and more,
That this ſame Quartile Aſpect to the Lady of Life,
Here in the Seventh, promiſes ſome Danger,
Cauda Draconis being ſo near *Mars*,

(75) *Or* Meſſethales,——] The Quarto reads *Naſſabales*. The right Name is *Meſſahalah*, he was a *Jew* famous for judicial Aſtrology, and lived in the Times of the Chalifs *Almanſor* and *Almamon*. Vide *Salmaſium de annis Climactericis*, Page 309. Mr. *Sympſon*.

(76) —— *almoſt* partile.] The old Quarto reads, ——*almoſt partly*. *Quartile* is undoubtedly the true Word. It is difficult to us at preſent to reliſh the Jargon of a Science ſo long exploded, but it is certainly a very juſt Banter upon the ridiculous Credulity of our Authors Age. The Words *Almuter* and *Alcherodon* are two Words which *Bailey*, the only Dictionary I found them in, makes pretty near the ſame Thing, *viz.* The Star that reigns at our Nativity. There is ſome little Diſtinction which I have forgot, and I have not his Dictionary now by me.

And

And *Caput Algol* in the Houſe of Death.
Lat. How, Sir? I pray you clear that.
Nor. What is the Queſtion firſt?
Ruſ. Of the Duke's Life, what Dangers threaten him?
Nor. Apparent, and thoſe ſudden, when the Hyleg
Or Alchorodon by direction come
To a Quartile oppoſition of the place
Where *Mars* is in the Geniture, (which is now
At Hand) or elſe oppoſe to *Mars* himſelf; expect it.
Lat. But they may be prevented.
Nor. Wiſdom only
That rules the Stars, may do it; for *Mars* being
Lord of the Geniture in *Capricorn*,
Is, if you mark it, now a *Sextile* here,
With *Venus* Lady of the Horoſcope.
So ſhe being in her Exilium, which is *Scorpio*,
And *Mars* his Gaudium, is o'er-rul'd by him,
And clear debilitated five Degrees
Beneath her ordinary Power, ſo
That, at the moſt, ſhe can but mitigate.
Lat. You cannot name the Perſons bring this danger?
Nor. No, that the Stars tell us not, they name no Man,
That is a Work, Sir, of another Place.
Ruſ. Tell him whom you ſuſpect, and he'll gueſs ſhrewdly.
Lat. Sir, we do fear one *Aubrey*; if 'twere he
I ſhould be glad; for we ſhould ſoon prevent him.
Fiske. I know him, the Duke's Kinſman, a tall Man?
Lay hold of't *Norbret*.
Nor. Let me pauſe a little,
Is he not near (77) of Blood unto the Duke?
Lat. Yes, reverend Sir. *Nor.* ('Fart for your Reverence,
Keep it till then)
—And ſomewhat high of Stature? *Lat.* He is ſo.
(*Nor.* How old is he?
Fiske. About ſeven and fifty.)
Nor. ——His Head and Beard inclining to be grey.

(77) —*of* kin—] The old Quarto reads *Blood*. Here the Printer's Ideas carried him right, tho' he miſt the true and the better Word.

Lat.

Lat. Right, Sir.
(*Friske.* And fat.)
Nor. —He is ſomewhat corpulent, is he not?
Lat. You ſpeak the Man, Sir.
Nor. Well, look to him, farewel. [*Exit* Norb.
Lat. Oh, it is *Aubrey*; Gentlemen, I pray you,
Let me receive this under all your Hands.
Ruf. Why, he will ſhew you him in his Magick Glaſs
If you intreat him, and but gratifie
A Spirit or two more.
Lat. He ſhall eat Gold
If he will have it, ſo ſhall you all; there's that
Amongſt you firſt, let me have this to ſend
The Duke in the mean time; and then what Sights
You pleaſe to ſhew; I'll have you ſo rewarded
As never Artiſts were, you ſhall to Court
Along with me, and there not wait your Fortunes.
Bube. We have a pretty part of't in our Pockets;
Boy, we will all be new, you ſhall along too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, *and* Edith.

Mat. Good Madam, hear the Suit that *Edith* urges,
With ſuch ſubmiſs Beſeeches; nor remain
So ſtrictly bound to Sorrow for your Son,
That nothing elſe, though never ſo befitting,
Obtains your Ears, or Obſervation.
Soph. What would ſhe ſay? I hear.
Ed. My Suit is, Madam,
That you would pleaſe to think as well of Juſtice
Due to your Son's Revenge, as of more wrong added
To both yourſelves for it, in only grieving.
Th' undaunted Power of Princes ſhould not be
Confin'd in deedleſs cold Calamity;
(78) Anger, the Twin of Sorrow in your Wrongs,
Should

(78) *Anger, the Twin of Sorrow, in your Wrongs*
Should not be ſmother'd, when his Right *of Birth*
Claims th' Air as well, and Force *of coming forth.*] Theſe Lines contain a fine Metaphor ſeemingly obſcured by the Miſtakes of the

Should not be ſmother'd, when his Force of Birth
Claims th' Air as well, and Right of coming forth.

Soph. (79) Sorrow has's due already, Anger never
Should be conceived, but where it may be born
In ſome Fact fit t'employ his active Flame,
That elſe conſumes who bears it, and abides
Like a falſe Star that quenches as it glides.

Ed. I have ſuch means t'employ it as your Wiſh
Can think no better, eaſier, or ſecurer;
And ſuch as but for th' Honours I intend
To your Partakings, I alone could end,
But your Parts in all dues to crying Blood
For Vengeance in the Shedder, are much greater:
And therefore ſhould work your Hands to his Slaughter,
For your Conſent to which, 'twere infinite wrong
To your ſevere and moſt impartial Juſtice,
To move you to forget ſo falſe a Son
As with a Mother's Duty made you curſe him.

Mat. Edith, he is forgot, for any Son

the Preſs. For, firſt, How did *Sophia* ſtifle her Anger in her Wrongs? No, Anger was the Twin of Sorrow, both the Children of her Wrongs. I therefore tranſpoſe the Comma to the End of the firſt Line. In the next Place, how dark is the Expreſſion ——*claims the force of coming forth?* I believe the Words *Right* and *Force*, that ſtand juſt over each other, have chang'd Places; by replacing them the Senſe becomes clear. Anger being a more active and violent Paſſion than Sorrow, the Word *Force*, when rightly plac'd, is extremely beautiful.

——*when his* Force *of Birth*
Claims th' Air as well, and Right *of coming forth.*

The Poet had undoubtedly the Scripture Expreſſion in his Eye; *The Children are come to the Birth, and there is not Strength to bring forth.*

(79) *Sorrow* is due *already*,——] Here the Metaphor is drop'd, moſt probably by Miſtake. There are two ways of curing it; either by reading, *Sorrow is* bred *already*—— or by departing leſs from the Trace of the Letters, tho' it a little roughens the Meaſure, *Sorrow* has his due *already*— i. e. *due of Birth*. I prefer this, as it is common with all our old Poets, either to cut off a final Vowel when the next Word begins with one, as *Milton*,

To ſet himſelf in Glory' above his Peers.
In perfect Beauty' adorn'd,——

And ſo in fifty Places. Or it is equally cuſtomary to contract *has his* into one Syllable *has's*.

Born

Born of my Mother, or to me a Brother.
For ſhould we ſtill perform our Rights to him
We ſhould partake his Wrongs, and as foul be
In Blood and damned Parricide as he.
And therefore tell the happy means that Heav'n
Puts in thy Hand, for all our long'd-for Freedom
From ſo abhorr'd and impious a Monſter.
Soph. Tell what ſhe will, I'll lend nor Hand nor Ear
To whatſoever Heav'n puts in her Power. [*Exit.*
Mat. How ſtrange ſhe is to what ſhe chiefly wiſhes?
Sweet *Edith*, be not any Thought the more
Diſcourag'd in thy Purpoſe, but aſſur'd
Her Heart and Prayers are thine; and that we two
Shall be enough to all we wiſh to do.
Ed. Madam, myſelf alone, I make no doubt
Shall be afforded Power enough from Heav'n
To end the Murtherer: All I wiſh of you,
Is but ſome richer Ornaments and Jewels
Than I am able to provide myſelf,
To help out the Defects of my poor Beauty,
That yet hath been enough, as now it is,
To make his Fancy mad with my Deſire?
But you know, Madam, Women never can
Be too fair to torment an amorous Man;
And this Man's Torments I would heighten ſtill,
Till at their higheſt he be fit to kill.
Mat. Thou ſhalt have all my Jewels and my Mother's,
And thou ſhalt paint too, that his Blood's Deſire
May make him periſh in a painted Fire;
Haſt thou been with him yet?
Ed. Been with him? no;
I ſet that Hour back to haſte more his longing;
But I have promis'd to his Inſtruments,
The Admittance of a Viſit at our Houſe,
Where yet I would receive him with all Luſtre
My Sorrow would give leave to, to remove
Suſpicion of my Purpoſe.
Mat. Thou ſhalt have
All I can add, ſweet Wench, in Jewels, Tires,
I'll be myſelf thy Dreſſer; nor may I

Serve

Serve my own Love with a contracted Husband
More ſweetly, nor more amply, than may'ſt thou
Thy forward Will with his bewitch'd Affections:
Affect'ſt thou any perſonal Aid of mine,
My nobleſt *Edith?*

Ed. Nought but your kind Prayers,
For full Effect and Speed of my Affair.

Mat. They're thine, my *Edith*, as for me, my own;
For thou well know'ſt, if Blood ſhed of the beſt
Should cool and be forgotten, who would fear
To ſhed Blood ſtill? or where, alas, were then
The endleſs Love we owe to worthy Men?

Ed. Love of the worthieſt ever bleſs your Highneſs.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rollo *with a Glaſs*, Aubrey, *and Servants:*

Rol. I Never ſtudied my Glaſs till now,
It is exceeding well; now leave me—— Couſin,
How takes your Eye the Object?

Aubr. I have learn'd
So much, Sir, of the Courtier, as to ſay
Your Perſon does become your Habit; but
Being call'd unto it by a noble War,
Would grace an Armour better.

Rol. You are ſtill
For that great Art of which you are the Maſter;
Yet I muſt tell you, that to the Encounters
We oft attempt, arm'd only thus, we bring
As troubled Blood, Fears mix'd with flatt'ring Hopes,
The Danger in the Service too as great,
As when we are to charge quite through and through
The Body of an Army.

Aubr. I'll not argue
How you may rank the Dangers, but will die in't,
The Ends which they arrive at, are as diſtant

In

In every Circumſtance, as far as Honour
Is from Shame and Repentance.
Rol. You are ſowr?
Aubr. I would ſpeak my free Thoughts, yet not appear ſo?
Nor am I ſo ambitious of the Title
Of one that (80) dares talk any thing that runs
Againſt the Torrent of Opinion,
That I affect to ſpeak ought may offend you;
And therefore, gracious Sir, be pleas'd to think
My Manners or Diſcretion have inform'd me
That I was born, in all good Ends, to ſerve you:
And not to check at what concerns me not:
I look not with ſore Eyes on your rich Out-ſide,
Nor rack my Thoughts to find out to what purpoſe
'Tis now employ'd; I wiſh it may be good,
And that, I hope, offends not. For a Subject
Towards his Prince in Things indifferent
To uſe the Auſtereneſs of a cenſuring *Cato*
Is Arrogance, not Freedom.
Rol. I commend
This Temper in you, and will cheriſh it.

Enter Hamond *with Letters.*

They come from *Roan*, *Latorch* employ'd you?
Ham. True, Sir.
Rol. I muſt not now be troubled with a Thought
Of any new Deſign; good *Aubrey* read 'em,
And as they ſhall direct you, uſe my Power,
Or to reply or execute.
Aubr. I will, Sir.
Rol. And Captain, bring a Squadron of our Guard

(80) ——— *dares talk any thing that* was
Againſt the Torrent of his own *Opinion,*] The old Quarto for *was* reads *runs*, a Word much preferable to the other. But what *daring* is there to talk only againſt his own Opinion? To talk againſt ſuch a Man as *Rollo*'s was daring indeed in an Inferior. The Words *his own* are probably a meer Interpolation. *Opinion*, according to the conſtant Uſage of all the old Poets, is four Syllables, or two, at will; and to call it *Opinion* in general, rather than *Rollo*'s in particular, is more elegant.

To

To th' Houſe that late was *Baldwin*'s, and there wait me.
Ham. I ſhall.
Rol. Some two Hours hence.
Ham. With my beſt Care.
Rol. Inſpire me Love, and be thy Deity,
Or ſcorn'd or fear'd, as now thou favour'ſt me. [*Exit.*
Ham. My ſtay to do my Duty, may be wrongs
Your Lordſhip's Privacy.
Aubr. Captain, your Leave
Is ever welcome; I intreat your Patience
While I peruſe theſe.
Ham. I attend your Pleaſure.
Aubr. How's this, a Plot on me?
Ham. What is contain'd
In th' Letters that I brought, that thus tranſports him?
Aubr. To be wrought on by Rogues, and have my Head
Brought to the Axe by Knaves that cheat for Bread?
The Creatures of a Paraſite, a Slave;
I find you here *Latorch*, not wonder at it;
But that this honeſt Captain ſhould be made
His Inſtrument, afflicts me; I'll make Trial
Whether his Will or Weakneſs made him do it.
Captain, you ſaw the Duke, when he commanded
I ſhould do what theſe Letters did direct me,
And I preſume you think I'll not neglect,
For Fear or Favour, to remove all Dangers,
How near ſoever that Man can be to me
From whom they ſhould have Birth.
Ham. It is confirm'd.
Aubr. Nor would you, Captain, I believe, refuſe,
Or for reſpect of Thankfulneſs, or Hopes,
To uſe your Sword with fulleſt Confidence
Where he ſhall bid you ſtrike.
Ham. I never have done,
Aubr. Nor will, I think ——
Ham. I hope it is not queſtion'd.
Aubr. The means to have it ſo, is now propos'd you.
Draw; ſo, 'tis well, and next cut off my Head.
Ham. What means your Lordſhip?

Aubr.

Aubr. 'Tis, Sir, the Duke's Pleaſure:
My Innocence hath made me dangerous,
And I muſt be remov'd, and you the Man
Muſt act his Will. *Ham.* I'll be a Traitor firſt,
Before I ſerve it thus. *Aubr.* It muſt be done,
And that you may not doubt it, there's your Warrant,
But as you read, remember, *Hamond*, that
I never wrong'd one of your brave Profeſſion;
And, though it be not manly, I muſt grieve
That Man of whoſe Love I was moſt ambitious
Could find no Object of his Hate but me.
Ham. It is no Time to talk now, honour'd Sir,
Be pleas'd to hear thy Servant, I am wrong'd,
And cannot, being now to ſerve the Duke,
Stay to expreſs the manner how; but if
I do not ſuddenly give you ſtrong Proofs,
Your Life is dearer to me than my own,
May I live baſe, and die ſo: Sir, your pardon.
[*Exit* Hamond.
Aubr. I'm both ways ruin'd, both ways mark'd for ſlaughter;
On every ſide, about, behind, before me,
My certain Fate is fix'd: Were I a Knave now,
I could avoid this: Had my Actions
But meer relations to their own Ends, I could 'ſcape now:
Oh Honeſty! thou elder Child of Virtue,
Thou Seed of Heav'n, why to acquire thy Goodneſs
Should Malice and Diſtruſt ſtick Thorns before us,
And make us ſwim unto thee, hung with Hazards?
But Heav'n is got by ſuffering, not diſputing;
Say he knew this before-hand, where am I then?
(81) Or ſay he do not know it, where's my Loyalty?
I know his Nature, troubled as the Sea,
And

(81) *Or ſay he* does *know it, where's my Loyalty?*] I have reſtored the Negative from the old Quarto, the want of which muſt be evident to every Reader at firſt Sight. *Aubrey*'s Character here, and the Puniſhment of *Hamond* and *Edith* are, as was obſerved, perfect Heroiſm in the former, and poetic Juſtice on the latter, upon the Principle of

And as the Sea devouring when he's vex'd,
And I know Princes are their own Expounders.
Am I afraid of Death? of dying nobly?
Of dying in mine Innocence uprightly?
Have I met Death in all his forms, and fears,
Now on the points of Swords, now pitch'd on Lances,
In Fires, in Storms of Arrows, Battels, Breaches,
And ſhall I now ſhrink from him, when he courts me
Smiling and full of Sanctity? I'll meet him;
My Loyal Hand and Heart ſhall give this to him,
And though it bear beyond what Poets feign
A Puniſhment, Duty ſhall meet that Pain;
And my moſt conſtant Heart to do him good,
Shall check at neither pale Affright nor Blood.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The Dutcheſs preſently would crave your preſence.

Aubr. I come; and *Aubrey* now reſolve to keep
Thy Honour living, though thy Body ſleep. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Edith, *a Boy, and a Banquet ſet out.*

Ed. Now for a Father's Murther, and the ruin,
All Chaſtity ſhall ſuffer if he reign;
Thou bleſſed Soul, look down, and ſteel thy Daughter,
Look on the Sacrifice ſhe comes to ſend thee,
And through that bloody Cloud behold my Piety,
Take from my cold Heart fear, from my Sex pity,
And as I wipe theſe Tears off, ſhed for thee,

Paſſive Obedience and Non-reſiſtance. This ſuited the Age it was wrote in, and that is ſufficient to juſtify the Poet, however abſurd the Principle itſelf may be. We may as well condemn the *French* or *Italian* Poets for being Papiſts, as *Fletcher* and *Shakeſpear* for State Principles, which a more enlightened Age has held in a proper contempt.

So

So all remembrance may I loſe of Mercy;
Give me a Woman's Anger bent to Blood,
The wildneſs of the Winds to drown his Prayers,
Storm-like may my Deſtruction fall upon him,
My Rage like roving Billows as they riſe,
Pour'd on his Soul to ſink it, give me Flattery,
(For yet my conſtant Soul ne'er knew diſſembling)
Flattery the Food of Fools, that I may rock him
And lull him in the Down of his Deſires;
That in the Height of all his Hopes and Wiſhes,
His Heav'n forgot, and all his Luſts upon him,
My Hand, like Thunder from a Cloud, may ſeize him.
(82) I hear him come, go Boy, and entertain him.

SONG.

Take, oh take thoſe Lips away
That ſo ſweetly were forſworn,
And thoſe Eyes, like break of day,
Lights that do miſ-lead the Morn;
But my Kiſſes bring again,
Seals of Love, tho' ſeal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide thoſe hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the Pinks that grow
Are yet of thoſe that April *wears,*
But firſt ſet my poor Heart free,
Bound in thoſe icy Chains by thee.

(82) *I hear him come,*] The following Scene is evidently writ in Emulation of the famous Courtſhip of *Richard the Third to Lady Ann*, and tho' it may fall ſomewhat ſhort, every Reader of Taſte will be charm'd with ſo noble a Reſemblance of that conſummate Maſter of Dramatic Poetry. *Rollo* is certainly an inferior Character to *Richard*, but *Edith* much excels *Lady Ann*, and indeed almoſt any female Character that *Shakeſpear* has drawn. So does *Juliana* in the *Double Marriage*, and *Lucina* in *Valentinian*. I forgot to mention in the former Scenes of this Play what were taken from *Seneca*'s *Thebais*; but it is chiefly *Sophia*'s Speeches in the firſt Act, which are almoſt literal Tranſlations.

Enter Rollo.

Rol. What bright Star, taking Beauty's Form upon her,
In all the happy Luſtre of Heav'n's Glory,
Has drop'd down from the Sky to comfort me?
Wonder of Nature, let it not prophane thee
My rude Hand touch thy Beauty, nor this Kiſs,
The gentle Sacrifice of Love and Service,
Be offer'd to the Honour of thy Sweetneſs.

Ed. My gracious Lord, no Deity dwells here,
Nor nothing of that Virtue, but Obedience,
The Servant to your Will affects no flattery.

Rol. Can it be flattery to ſwear thoſe Eyes
Are Love's eternal Lamps he fires all Hearts with?
That Tongue the ſmart ſtring to his Bow? thoſe Sighs
The deadly Shafts he ſends into our Souls?
Oh, look upon me with thy Spring of Beauty.

Ed. Your Grace is full of game.

Rol. By Heav'n, my *Edith*,
Thy Mother fed on Roſes when ſhe bred thee.

Ed. And thine on Brambles, that have prick'd her Heart out.

Rol. The ſweetneſs of the *Arabian* Wind ſtill blowing
Upon the Treaſures of Perfumes and Spices,
In all their Pride and Pleaſures, call thee Miſtreſs.

Ed. Will't pleaſe you ſit, Sir?

Rol. So you pleaſe ſit by me.
Fair gentle Maid, there is no ſpeaking to thee;
The Excellency that appears upon thee
Ties up my Tongue: Pray ſpeak to me.

Ed. Of what, Sir?

(84) *Rol.* Of any thing, and any thing is excellent.
Will you take my directions? ſpeak of Love then;
Speak of thy fair ſelf, *Edith*; and while thou ſpeak'ſt,
Let me, thus languiſhing, give up myſelf, Wench.

(84) Rol. *Of any thing, any thing is excellent.*] Here a beautiful Compliment, *That whatever ſhe ſpoke of would become excellent by her Voice alone*, was by the Omiſſion of the Conjunction *and* turn'd by the late Editions into a poor Tautology.

Ed.

Ed. H'as a ſtrange cunning Tongue, why do you ſigh, Sir?
How maſterly he turns himſelf to catch me?
Rol. The way to Paradiſe, my gentle Maid,
Is hard and crooked, ſcarce Repentance finding,
With all her holy Helps, the Door to enter:
Give me thy Hand, what doſt thou feel?
Ed. Your Tears, Sir,
You weep extreamly; ſtrengthen me now Juſtice.
Why are theſe Sorrows, Sir?
Rol. Thou'lt never love me
If I ſhould tell thee, yet there's no way left
Ever to purchaſe this bleſt Paradiſe,
But ſwimming thither in theſe Tears. *Ed.* I ſtagger.
Rol. Are they not drops of Blood? *Ed.* No. *Rol.* They're for Blood then,
For guiltleſs Blood, and they muſt drop, my *Edith*,
They muſt thus drop, 'till I have drown'd my Miſchiefs.
Ed. If this be true, I have no ſtrength to touch him.
Rol. I prithee look upon me, turn not from me;
Alas I do confeſs I'm made of Miſchiefs,
Begot with all Man's Miſeries upon me;
But ſee my Sorrows, Maid, and do not thou,
Whoſe only ſweeteſt Sacrifice is Softneſs,
Whoſe true Condition, Tenderneſs of Nature——
Ed. My Anger melts, Oh, I ſhall loſe my Juſtice.
Rol. Do not thou learn to kill with cruelty,
As I have done, to murther with thy Eyes,
Thoſe bleſſed Eyes, as I have done with Malice,
When thou haſt wounded me to death with Scorn,
(As I deſerve it, Lady) for my true Love,
When thou haſt loaden me with Earth for ever,
Take heed my Sorrows, and the Stings I ſuffer,
Take heed my nightly Dreams of Death and Horror
Purſue thee not; no Time ſhall tell thy Griefs then,
Nor ſhall an Hour of Joy add to thy Beauties,
Look not upon me as I kill'd thy Father,
As I was ſmear'd in Blood, do not thou hate me,
But thus in whiteneſs of my waſh'd Repentance,

In my Heart's Tears and Truth of Love to *Edith*,
In my fair Life hereafter.
Ed. He will fool me.
Rol. (85) Oh with thine Angel-Eyes behold and bleſs me,
Of Heav'n we call for Mercy, and obtain it;
To Juſtice for our Right on Earth, and have it;
Of thee I beg for Love, ſave me, and give it.
Ed. Now Heav'n thy help, or I am gone for ever,
His Tongue has turn'd me into melting Pity.

Enter Hamond *and Guard.*

Ham. Keep the Doors ſafe, and upon pain of Death
Let no Man enter 'till I give the word.
Guard. We ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Here he is in all his pleaſure;
I have my Wiſh, *Rol.* How now? Why doſt thou ſtare ſo?
Ed. A Help, I hope.
Rol. What doſt thou here? who ſent thee?
Ham. My Brother, and the baſe malicious Office
Thou mad'ſt me do to *Aubrey*; pray. *Rol.* Pray?
Ham. Pray; pray if thou canſt pray, I ſhall kill thy Soul elſe,
Pray ſuddenly. *Rol.* Thou can'ſt not be ſo traiterous.
Ham. It is a Juſtice——ſtay, Lady;
For I perceive your End; a Woman's Hand
Muſt not rob me of Vengeance. *Ed.* 'Tis my Glory.
Ham. 'Tis mine, ſtay, and ſhare with me; by the Gods, *Rollo*,
There is no way to ſave thy Life. *Rol.* No?
Ham. No, 'tis ſo monſtrous, no Repentance cures it.

(85) *Oh with thine Angel-Eyes behold and* cloſe *me,*] This groſs Miſtake ſo totally departed from the Trace of the Letters in the old Quarto, which reads —*bleſs me,* and that too without ſubſtituting a Word that gave the leaſt Senſe to its Neighbours, that it may be produc'd as a Proof of very great Liberties being ſometimes neceſſary to be taken in curing Errors of the Preſs.

Rol.

Rol. Why then thou ſhalt kill her firſt, and what this Blood
Will caſt upon thy curſed Head. *Ham.* Poor Guard, Sir.
Ed. Spare not, brave Captain.
Rol. Fear, or the Devil have thee.
Ham. Such fear, Sir, as you gave your honour'd Mother,
When your moſt virtuous Brother ſhield-like held her,
Such I'll give you; put her away.
Rol. I will not,
I will not die ſo tamely. *Ham.* Murtherous Villain,
Wilt thou draw Seas of Blood upon thee? *Ed.* Fear not,
Kill him good Captain, any way diſpatch him,
My Body's honour'd with that Sword that through me
Sends his black Soul to Hell: Oh, but for one Hand.
Ham. Shake him off bravely.
Ed. He's too ſtrong, ſtrike him.
Ham. Oh, am I with you, Sir? Now keep you from him,
What, has he got a Knife? *Ed.* Look to him, Captain,
For now he will be miſchievous. *Ham.* Do you ſmile, Sir?
Does it ſo tickle you? Have at you once more.
Ed. Oh bravely thruſt; take heed he come not in, Sir;
To him again, you give him too much reſpite.
Rol. Yet will you ſave my Life, and I'll forgive thee,
And give thee all, all Honours, all Advancements,
Call thee my Friend. *Ed.* Strike, ſtrike, and hear him not,
His Tongue will tempt a Saint. *Rol.* Oh for my Soul ſake.
Ed. Save nothing of him.
Ham. Now for your farewel,
Are you ſo wary? take you that. *Rol.* Thou that too;
Oh thou haſt kill'd me baſely, baſely, baſely. [*Dies.*
Ed. The juſt Reward of Murther falls upon thee.
How do you, Sir? Has he not hurt you? *Ham.* No,
I feel not any thing.
Aubr. I charge you let us paſs. [*Within.*
Guard. You cannot yet, Sir. *Aubr.* I'll make way then.
Guard. We
Are ſworn to our Captain, and 'till he give the Word.

Enter Sophia, Matilda, Aubrey, *Lords and Attendants.*

Ham. Now let them in there.
Soph. Oh, there he lies! Sorrow on Sorrow ſeeks me,
Oh, in his Blood he lies! *Aubr.* Had you ſpoke ſooner
This might have been prevented; take the Dutcheſs,
And lead her off, this is no Sight for her Eyes.
Mat. Oh, bravely done, Wench.
Ed. There ſtands the noble Doer.
Mat. May Honour ever ſeek thee for thy Juſtice,
Oh 'twas a Deed of high and brave Adventure,
A Juſtice even for Heav'n to envy at.
Farewel my Sorrows, and my Tears take truce,
My Wiſhes are come round: Oh bloody Brother,
'Till this Hour never beauteous; 'till thy Life,
Like a full Sacrifice for all thy Miſchiefs,
Flow'd from thee in theſe Rivers, never righteous:
Oh how my Eyes are quarry'd with their Joys now?
My longing Heart even leaping out for lightneſs?
But die thy black Sins with thee, I forgive thee.
Aubr. Who did this Deed?
Ham. I, and I'll anſwer it. [*Dies.*
Ed. He faints, oh that ſame curſed Knife has kill'd him.
Aubr. How?
Ed. He ſnatch'd it from my Hand, for whom I bore it,
And as they grappl'd——
Aubr. Juſtice is ever equal,
Had it not been on him, th'adſt dy'd too honeſt.
Did you know of his Death?
Ed. Yes, and rejoice in't. [neſs
Aubr. I'm ſorry for your Youth then; though the Strict-
Of Law ſhall not fall on you, that of Life
Muſt preſently; go to a Cloyſter, carry her,
And there for ever lead your life in Penitence.
Ed. Beſt Father to my Soul, I give you Thanks, Sir,
And now my fair Revenges have their ends,
My Vows ſhall be my Kin, my Prayers my Friends.
[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Latorch, *and* Juglers.

Lat. Stay there, I'll ſtep in and prepare the Duke.
Nor. We ſhall have brave Rewards?
Fisk. That's without queſtion.
Lat. By this Time where's my huffing Friend, Lord *Aubrey?*
Where's that good Gentleman? Oh, I could laugh now,
And burſt myſelf with meer Imagination:
A wiſe Man, and a valiant Man, a juſt Man;
To ſuffer himſelf be juggl'd out of the World,
(86) By a Number of poor Gipſies? farewel Swaſh-buckler,
For I know thy Mouth is cold enough by this Time;
A hundred of ye I can ſhave as neatly,
And ne'er draw Blood in ſhew: Now ſhall my Honour,
My Power and Virtue walk alone: My Pleaſure
Obſerv'd by all, all Knees bend to my Worſhip,
All Suits to me as Saint of all their Fortunes,
Prefer'd and crowded to, (87) what full Place of Credit,
And what Stile now? your Lordſhip? no, 'tis common,
But that I'll think to morrow on; now for my Buſineſs.
Aubr. Who's there?
Lat. Dead, my Maſter dead? *Aubrey* alive too?
Guard. Latorch, Sir. *Aubr.* Seize his Body.
Lat. My Maſter dead?
Aubr. And you within this half Hour,
Prepare yourſelf, good Devil, you muſt to it,

(86) *By a Number of poor Gipſies?*——] *Latorch* ſeem'd hitherto to have been a real Devotée of his Aſtrologers, how comes he now to treat them with contempt? This is Nature; his Belief in them was built greatly upon the Uſe he was in hopes of making of them, by ſerving him in the removal of his Enemies. As he now thinks he has made this uſe of them he applauds his own Cunning, and takes the whole Honour of it to himſelf by ſpeaking lightly of his Coadjutors. I added this Note becauſe a very ſenſible Friend charg'd this Speech of *Latorch*'s with being out of Character.

(87) —— *what full Place of Credit,*
And what Place *now?*——] The ſecond *Place* ſeems to have been accidentally repeated, inſtead of ſome Word that implies *Title, Honour*, or *Dignity*. *Stile* ſeems to bid faireſt of any Monoſyllable that occurs.

Millions

Millions of Gold ſhall not redeem thy Miſchief.
Behold the Juſtice of thy Practice, Villain;
The Maſs of Murthers thou haſt drawn upon us;
Behold thy Doctrine; you look now for Reward, Sir,
To be advanc'd, I'm ſure, for all your Labours?
And you ſhall have it, make his Gallows higher
By ten Foot at the leaſt, and then advance him.
Lat. Mercy, Mercy. *Aubr.* 'Tis too late, Fool,
Such as you meant for me, away with him. [*He is led out.*
What gaping Knaves are theſe? bring 'em in, Fellows.
Now, what are you?
Nor. Mathematicians, if it pleaſe your Lordſhip.
Aubr. And you drew a Figure?
Fisk. We have drawn many. [are.
Aubr. For the Duke, I mean; Sir *Latorch*'s Knaves you
Nor. We know the Gentleman.
Aubr. What did he promiſe you?
Nor. We are paid already.
Aubr. But I will ſee you better paid, go whip them.
Nor. We do beſeech your Lordſhip, we were hir'd.
Aubr. I know you were, and you ſhall have your Hire;
Whip 'em extremely, whip that Doctor there,
Till he record himſelf a Rogue.
Nor. I am one, Sir.
Aubr. Whip him for being one, and when th'are whipt,
Lead 'em to the Gallows to ſee their Patron hang'd:
Away with them. [*They are led out.*
Nor. Ah, good my Lord.
Aubr. Now to mine own Right, Gentlemen.
1 *Lord.* You have the next indeed, we all confeſs it,
And here ſtand ready to inveſt you with it.
2 *Lord.* Which to make ſtronger to you, and the ſurer
Than Blood or Miſchiefs dare infringe again,
Behold this Lady, Sir, this noble Lady,
Full of the Blood as you are, of that Nearneſs,
How bleſſed would it be?
Aubr. I apprehend you, and ſo the fair *Matilda* dare accept
Me, her ever conſtant Servant.

Mat.

Mat. In all Pureneſs,
In all Humility of Heart and Services,
To the moſt noble *Aubrey*, I ſubmit me.
Aubr. Then this is our firſt Tie, now to our Buſineſs.
1 *Lord.* We are ready all to put the Honour on you, Sir.
Aubr. Theſe ſad Rites muſt be done firſt: Take up the Bodies;
This, as he was a Prince, ſo Princely Funeral
Shall wait upon him: On this honeſt Captain,
The Decency of Arms; a Tear for him too.

So ſadly on, and as we view his Blood,
May his Example in our Rule raiſe Good.

In Act II. Scene I. an ingenious Conjecture of Mr. *Sympſon*'s has been accidentally omitted. Speaking of Conſcience,

Muſt it needs, like a rank Vine, run up rudely,
And twine about the Top of all our Happineſs,
Honour and Rule, and there ſit ſhaking *of us.*

The Vine growing round a Tree weakens its Root, and therefore cauſes it to *ſhake* more than it otherwiſe would do; but this is not ſo clear and intelligible as what Mr. *Sympſon* propoſes;

——— *ſit* ſhading *of us.*

THE

To the Right Honourable

WILLOUGHBY

EARL *of* ABINGDON,

BARON NORREYS *of* RYCOT,

The following PLAYS of the juſtly celebrated Writers

Mr. BEAUMONT *and* Mr. FLETCHER,

Are humbly Inſcribed and Dedicated,

As a grateful Teſtimony of the many and great Favours conferr'd by his Lordſhip,

upon his much oblig'd

and very humble Servant,

JOHN SYMPSON.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY
NY

THE

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

A

COMEDY.

DRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DE GARD, *A noble ſtay'd Gentleman, that being newly lighted from his Travels, aſſiſts his Siſter* Oriana *in her Chaſe of* Mirabell *the* Wild-Gooſe.

La Caſtre, *the indulgent Father to* Mirabell.

Mirabell, *the* Wild-Gooſe, *a travell'd Monſieur, and great Defier of all Ladies in the way of Marriage, otherwiſe their much looſe Servant, at laſt caught by the deſpis'd* Oriana.

Pinac, *his Fellow-Traveller, of a lively Spirit, and Servant to the no leſs ſprightly* Lillia Bianca.

Belleur, *Companion to both, of a ſtout blunt Humour, in Love with* Roſalura.

Nantolet, *Father to* Roſalura *and* Lillia-Bianca.

Lugier, *the rough and confident Tutor to the Ladies, and chief Engine to entrap the* Wild-Gooſe.

Oriana, *the fair Betroth'd of* Mirabell, *and witty Follower of the* Chaſe.

Roſalura, Lillia-Bianca, } *the Airy Daughters of* Nantolet.

Petella, *their Waiting-woman.*

Mariana, *an* Engliſh *Courtezan.*

A young Factor.

Page.

Servants.

Singing-Boy.

Two Merchants.

Prieſt.

Four Women.

SCENE, *PARIS.*

THE

THE

WILD-GOOSE CHASE. *

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Monſieur De Gard, *and a Footboy.*

DE GARD.

SIRRAH, you know I have rid hard, ſtir my Horſe well,
And let him want no Litter.
Boy. I am ſure, I have run hard;
Would Somebody would walk me, and ſee me Litter'd!
For I think my Fellow-Horſe cannot in Reaſon
Deſire more Reſt, nor take up his Chamber before me;
But we are the Beaſts now, and the Beaſts are our Maſters.
De Ga. When you have done, ſtep to the Ten-Crown Ordinary.
Boy. With all my Heart, Sir.
For I have a Twenty-Crown Stomach,

* Poor Mr. *Theobald*, to whom the Direction of this Edition of our Poets was firſt committed, unexpectedly dying, before the fifth Part of it was well compleated, Mr. *Seward* and myſelf, who had till then been only Auxiliaries, found ourſelves unavoidably oblig'd to become Principals in the Work. However, I aſſure my Readers, that I ſhall omit no Opportunity of doing Mr. *Theobald* juſtice, ſo far as the part which fell to my Lot extends; the Commencement of which, is from this very Play. *J. Sympſon.*

De Ga.

De Ga. And there beſpeak a Dinner.
Boy. Yes, Sir, preſently.
De Ga. For whom, I beſeech you, Sir?
Boy. For myſelf, I take it, Sir.
De Ga. In truth ye ſhall not take it, 'tis not meant for you;
There's for your Provender: Beſpeak a Dinner
For *Monſieur Mirabell*, and his Companions,
They'll be in Town within this Hour.
When you have done, Sirrah,
Make ready all Things at my Lodging, for me,
And wait me there.
Boy. The Ten-Crown Ordinary?
De Ga. Yes, Sir, if you have not forgot it.
Boy. I'll forget my Feet firſt;
'Tis the beſt Part of a Footman's Faith. [*Exit Boy.*
De Ga. Theſe Youths,
For all they have been in *Italy*, to learn Thrift,
And ſeem to wonder at Mens laviſh Ways,
Yet they can't rub off old Friends, their *French* itches;
They muſt meet ſometimes to diſport their Bodies
With good Wine, and good Women; and good ſtore too.
Let 'em be what they will, they are arm'd at all Points,
And then hang ſaving. Let the Sea grow high,
This Ordinary can fit 'em of all Sizes.

Enter La Caſtre *and* Oriana.

They muſt ſalute their Country with old Cuſtoms.
Oria. Brother,——
De Ga. My deareſt Siſter.
Oria. Welcome, welcome:
Indeed ye are welcome home, moſt welcome.
De Ga. Thank ye,
You're grown a handſome Woman, *Oriana*;
(Bluſh at your Faults) I am wondrous glad to ſee ye.
Monſieur *La Caſtre*, let not my Affection
To my fair Siſter, make me be held unmannerly:
I am glad to ſee ye well, to ſee ye luſty,
Good Health about ye, and in fair Company,
Believe me, I am proud ——

La Ca.

La Ca. Fair Sir, I thank ye:
Monſieur *de Gard*, you are welcome from your Journey,
Good Men have ſtill good welcome: give me your Hand, Sir.
Once more, you are welcome Home: you look ſtill younger.
De Ga. Time has no Leiſure to look after us;
We wander every where: Age cannot find us.
La Ca. And how does all?
De Ga. All well, Sir; and all luſty.
La Ca. I hope my Son be ſo; I doubt not, Sir,
But you have often ſeen him in your Journeys,
And bring me ſome fair News.
De Ga. Your Son is well, Sir,
And grown a proper Gentleman; he is well, and luſty;
Within this eight Hours I took leave of him,
(1) And over-ey'd him, having ſome ſlight Buſineſs
That forc'd me out o' th' way: I can aſſure you,
He will be here to Night.
La Ca. Ye make me glad, Sir.
For o' my Faith, I almoſt long to ſee him;
Methinks, he has been away——
De Ga. 'Tis but your Tenderneſs;
What are three Years? (2) a Love-ſick Wench will allow it: His

(1) *And* over-ey'd *him, having ſome ſlight Buſineſs*
That forc'd me out o' th' way:——] *Over-ey'd* is plainly a Corruption, and *out o'th' way* unſatisfactory. Mr. *Seward* reads with me,
And over-rid *him* ——
—— on the way: ——
But yet I have ſome doubt whether *over-rid* is the true Lection, there being a Reading which has occurr'd to me, much nearer the Traces of the Letters than that advanced above, *viz.*
And over-yed *him*, ——
i. e. over-went him, tho' I am afraid the Reader will think this too obſolete a Word to ſtand in the Text, as fitter for *Chaucer* or *Spenſer* than Mr. *Fletcher*, and therefore I have choſe to leave the Paſſage juſt as I found it.

(2) —— *a Love-ſick Wench will* allow *it:*] As plauſible as this Paſſage may ſeem at firſt Sight, yet I am afraid 'tis unſound; for whatever Reaſons the poor Wench might have to induce her to *allow* her Lover's Abſence, yet notwithſtanding them, ſhe might *bear* it ſtill with the utmoſt Impatience. Why may not we read therefore,
—— *Love-ſick Wench will* ſwallow it:

His Friends, that went out with him, are come back too;
Belleur, and young *Pinac:* He bid me ſay little,
Becauſe he means to be his own glad Meſſenger.
La Ca. I thank ye for this News, Sir; he ſhall be welcome,
And his Friends too: indeed, I thank you heartily:
And how (for I dare ſay, you will not flatter him)
Has *Italy* wrought on him? Has he mew'd yet
His wild fantaſtick Toys? They ſay, that Climate
Is a great purger of thoſe humorous Fluxes.
How is he improved, I pray ye?
De Ga. No doubt, Sir, well.
H'as born himſelf a full and noble Gentleman;
To ſpeak him farther is beyond my Charter.
La Ca. I am glad to hear ſo much good: Come, I ſee
You long to enjoy your Siſter; yet I muſt intreat ye,
Before I go, to ſup with me to Night,
And muſt not be deny'd.
De Ga. I am your Servant.
La Ca. Where you ſhall meet fair, merry, and noble Company,
My Neighbour *Nantolet*, and his two fair Daughters.
De Ga. Your Supper's ſeaſon'd well, Sir. I ſhall wait upon ye.
La Ca. Till then I'll leave ye: and you're once more welcome.
De Ga. I thank ye, noble Sir.—Now, *Oriana.* [*Exit.*
How have ye done ſince I went? Have ye had your Health well?
And your Mind free?
Oria. You ſee, I am not bated;
Merry, and eat my Meat.
De Ga. A good Preſervative.
And how have you been us'd? You know, *Oriana*,
Upon my going out, at your Requeſt,

A three Years Abſence (*De Gard* ſays) is nothing; It will *go eaſily down*, even with a Love-ſick Girl. So, in the concluding Scene of this Play, *Mirabell* ſays,

——— I am pleas'd ye have deceiv'd me;
And willingly I ſwallow it, *and joy in't.*

I left your Portion in *La Caſtre*'s Hands,
The main Means you muſt ſtick to; for that Reaſon,
And 'tis no little one, I ask ye, Siſter,
With what Humanity he entertains ye,
And how ye find his Courteſy?

Oria. Moſt ready.
I can aſſure you, Sir, I am us'd moſt nobly.

De Ga. I am glad to hear it: But, I prithee, tell me,
And tell me true, what end had you, *Oriana*,
In truſting your Money here? He is no Kinſman,
Nor any Tie upon him of a Guardian;
Nor dare, I think, ye doubt my Prodigality.

Oria. No, certain, Sir, none of all this provoked me;
Another private Reaſon.

De Ga. 'Tis not private,
Nor carry'd ſo: 'tis common, my fair Siſter,
Your Love to *Mirabell*; your Bluſhes tell it:
'Tis too much known, and ſpoken of too largely;
And with no little Shame I wonder at it.

Oria. Is it a Shame to love?

De Ga. To love undiſcreetly:
A Virgin ſhould be tender of her Honour,
Cloſe, and ſecure.

Oria. I am as cloſe as can be,
And ſtand upon as ſtrong and honeſt Guards too;
Unleſs this warlike Age need a Portcullis:
Yet, I confeſs, I love him.

De Ga. Hear the People.

Oria. Now I ſay, hang the People: He that dares
Believe what they ſay, dares be mad, and give
His Mother, nay, his own Wife, up to Rumour;
All grounds of Truth, they build on, is a Tavern;
And their beſt Cenſure's Sack, Sack in abundance:
For as they drink, they think: They ne'er ſpeak modeſtly
Unleſs the Wine be poor, or they want Money.
Believe them? Believe *Amadis de Gaul*,
The Knight o'th' Sun, or *Palmerin* of *England*;
For theſe, to them, are modeſt, and true Stories.
Pray, underſtand me; if their Tongues be Truth,
And if in *Vino veritas* be an Oracle,

What Woman is, or has been ever honeſt?
Give 'em but ten round Cups, they'll ſwear *Lucretia*
Dy'd not for want of Power to reſiſt *Tarquin*,
But want of Pleaſure, that he ſtay'd no longer:
And *Portia*, that was famous for her Piety
To her lov'd Lord, they'll face ye out, dy'd o'th' Pox.
De Ga. Well, there is ſomething, Siſter.
Oria. If there be, Brother,
'Tis none of their things, 'tis not yet ſo monſtrous:
My thing is Marriage: And at his Return
I hope to put their ſquint Eyes right again.
De Ga. Marriage? 'tis true, his Father is a rich Man;
Rich both in Land and Money: He his Heir,
A young and handſom Man, I muſt confeſs too;
But of ſuch Qualities, and ſuch wild Flings,
Such admirable Imperfections, Siſter,
(For (3) all his Travel, and his bought Experience)
I ſhould be loth to own him for my Brother:
Methinks a rich Mind in a State indifferent
Would prove the better Fortune.
Oria. If he be wild,
The reclaiming him to good, and honeſt, Brother,
Will make much for my Honour; which, if I proſper,
Shall be the Study of my Love, and Life too.
De Ga. Ye ſay well; would he thought as well, and loved too.
He Marry? he'll be hang'd firſt: He knows no more
What the Conditions and the Ties of Love are,
The honeſt Purpoſes and Grounds of Marriage,
Nor will know, nor be ever brought t'endeavour,
Than I do how to build a Church; he was ever
A looſe and ſtrong Defier of all Order,
His Loves are Wanderers, they knock at each Door,

(3) —*all his Travel and bought Experience*] Mr. *Theobald* fills up the Meaſure thus,

——— *and* his *bought Experience*

Mr. *Seward* thus,

———*and* dear-bought *Experience*

Which he thinks is not only a Completion of the Meaſure, but an Improvement of the Senſe.

And

And taſte each Diſh, but are no Reſidents:
Or ſay, he may be brought to think of Marriage,
(As 'twill be no ſmall Labour) thy Hopes are Strangers.
I know, there is a labour'd Match now follow'd,
Now at this Time, for which he was ſent for home too;
Be not abus'd, *Nantolet* has two fair Daughters,
And he muſt take his Choice.

Oria. Let him take freely;
For all this I deſpair not; my Mind tells me
That I, and only I, muſt make him perfect;
And in that Hope I reſt.

De Ga. Since y'are ſo confident,
Proſper your Hope! I'll be no Adverſary;
Keep yourſelf fair and right, he ſhall not wrong ye.

Oria. When I forget my Virtue, no Man know me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Belleur, *and Servants.*

Mir. Welcome to *Paris* once more, Gentlemen;
We have had a merry and a luſty Ordinary,
And Wine, and good Meat, and a bounſing Reckoning;
And let it go for once; 'Tis a good Phyſick,
Only the Wenches are not for my Diet;
They are too lean and thin, their Embraces brawn-faln.
Give me the plump *Venetian*, fat, and luſty,
That meets me ſoft and ſupple; ſmiles upon me,
As if a Cup of full Wine leapt to kiſs me,
Theſe ſlight Things I affect not,

Pin. They are ill built;
Pin-buttockt, like your dainty Barbaries,
And weak i'th' Paſterns; they'll endure no Hardneſs.

Mir. There's nothing good or handſom bred amongſt us;
Till we are travell'd, and live abroad, we are Coxcombs:
Ye talk of *France*, a ſlight unſeaſon'd Country,
Abundance of groſs Food which makes us Blockheads:
We're fair ſet out indeed, and ſo are Fore-Horſes:
Men ſay, we are great Courtiers; Men abuſe us:
We are wiſe, and valiant too; *non Credo, Seignior:*
Our Women the beſt Linguiſts; they are Parrots;

O' this ſide the *Alps* they are nothing but meer Drolleries:
Ha! *Roma la Santa*, *Italy* for my Money,
Their Policies, their Cuſtoms, their Frugalities,
Their Courteſies ſo open, yet ſo reſerved too,
As when ye think y' are known beſt, ye are a Stranger;
The very Pick-teeth ſpeak more Man than we do,
And ſeaſon of more Salt.

Pin. 'Tis a brave Country:
Not peſter'd with your ſtubborn preciſe Puppies,
That turn all uſeful and allow'd Contentments
To Scabs and Scruples; hang 'em, Capon-Worſhippers.—

Bel. I like that Freedom well, and like their Women too,
And would fain do as others do; but I am ſo baſhful,
So naturally an Aſs: Look ye, I can look upon 'em,
And very willingly I go to ſee 'em,
(There's no Man willinger,) and I can kiſs 'em,
And make a ſhift——

Mir. But if they chance to flout ye,
Or ſay, ye are too bold; fie, Sir, remember;
I pray, ſit farther off——

Bel. 'Tis true, I am humbled,
I am gone; I confeſs ingenuouſly, I am ſilenced;
The Spirit of Amber cannot force me anſwer.

Pin. Then would I ſing and dance.

Bel. You have wherewithal, Sir.

Pin. And charge her up again.

Bel. I can be hang'd firſt;
Yet where I faſten well, I am a Tyrant.

Mir. Why, thou dar'ſt fight?

Bel. Yes, certainly, I dare fight;
And fight with any Man at any Weapon,
'Would, the other were no more! but, a Pox on't,
(4) When I am ſometimes in my height of Hope,

And

(4) *When I was ſometimes*—] The Change of the Tenſe ſeem'd neceſſary here, before I ſaw the Copy of 1652.

The Copy of 1652, which I ſhall have occaſion to mention more than once in the courſe of my Notes upon the *Wild-Goose Chaſe*, is but that of this ſingle Play of Mr. *Fletcher*'s, recover'd from a deſperate State (all the World giving it over for loſt) by two Players, *Lowin* and *Taylor*, who, by putting it to the Preſs, took the only Means of

And reaſonable valiant that way, my Heart harden'd,
Some ſcornful Jeſt or other chops between me
And my Deſire:
What would ye have me do then, Gentlemen?
Mir. (5) *Belleur*, you muſt be bolder: Travel three Years,
And bring home ſuch a Baby to betray ye
As Baſhfulneſs? a great Fellow, and a Soldier?
Bel. You have the Gift of Impudence, be thankful;
Every Man has not the like Talent: I will ſtudy,
And if it may be reveal'd to me,——
Mir. Learn of me,
And of *Pinac:* No doubt, you'll find Employment;
Ladies will look for Courtſhip.
Pin. 'Tis but fleſhing,
But ſtanding one good Brunt or two: Haſt thou any mind [too.
to Marriage?
We'll provide thee ſome ſoft-natur'd Wench, that's dumb
Mir. Or an old Woman that cannot refuſe thee in Charity.
Bel. A dumb Woman, or an old Woman, that were eager,
And car'd not for Diſcourſe, I were excellent at.
Mir. You muſt now put on Boldneſs, there's no avoiding it;
And ſtand all Hazards, fly at all Games bravely;
They'll ſay, you went out like an Ox, and return'd like an Aſs elſe.
Bel. I ſhall make Danger ſure,
Mir. I am ſent for home now;
I know, it is to marry, but my Father ſhall pardon me;

of preſerving this celebrated Piece of our Author, and conſulted their own then preſent Emolument, as well as provided for the future, Delight of all Lovers of true Wit.

The Editor of the *Folio* of 1679. has been tolerably careful in collating this Copy, and I wiſh I may find the ſame Diligence go through the whole, 'twill not only ſave me much Trouble, but give me great Pleaſure; the former of which, all Editors, I fancy, find increaſe with their Work, while the latter ſcarce appears to ſweeten or alleviate their Labours.

(5) Belvere, *you muſt*——] So all the Copies.

Although it be (6) a weighty Ceremony,
And may concern me hereafter in my Gravity;
I will not loſe the Freedom of a Traveller,
A new ſtrong luſty Bark cannot ride at one Anchor;
Shall I make divers Suits to ſhew to the ſame Eyes?
'Tis dull and home-ſpun; ſtudy ſeveral Pleaſures,
And want Employments for 'em? I'll be hang'd firſt;
Tie me to one Smock? make my Travels fruitleſs?
I'll none of that; for every freſh Behaviour,
By your Leave, Father, I muſt have a freſh Miſtreſs,
And a freſh Favour too.

Bel. I like that paſſingly;
As many as you will, ſo they be willing,
Willing, and gentle, gentle.

Pin. There's no reaſon
A Gentleman, and a Traveller, ſhould be clapt up,
For 'tis (7) a kind of Bilboes to be married,
Before he manifeſt to the World his good Parts:
Tug ever, like a Raſcal, at one Oar?
Give me the *Italian* Liberty.

Mir. That I ſtudy,
And that I will enjoy; Come, go in, Gentlemen,
There mark how I behave myſelf, and follow.

[*Exeunt.*

(6) —— *a* witty *Ceremony,*] Where the Wit of the Matrimonial Ceremony lies, will, I believe, puzzle, at this time of the Day, any of our Wits to diſcover. Mr. *Seward* ſaw with me that the true Reading ought to be,

—— *a* weighty *Ceremony.*

(7) — *a kind of* Bæboes *to be married,*] As this is a Word I don't remember any where to be found, I have alter'd it, with Mr. *Seward* and Mr. *Theobald*, into one, which, as 'tis congruous to the Senſe of the Place, might very probably have been the Original.

——— Bilboes *to be married.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter La Caſtre, Nantolet, Lugier, Roſalura, *and* Lillia-Bianca.

La Ca. You and your beauteous Daughters are moſt welcome;
Beſhrew my Blood, they are fair ones; welcome, Beauties,
Welcome, ſweet Birds.
Nant. They are bound much to your Courteſies.
La Ca. I hope, we ſhall be nearer acquainted.
Nant. That's my Hope too.
For certain, Sir, I much deſire your Alliance:
You ſee 'em, they are no Gypſies; for their Breeding,
It has not been ſo coarſe, but they are able
(8) To rank themſelves with Women of fair Faſhion.
La Ca. Indeed, they have been trained well.
Lug. Thank me.
Nant. Fit for the Heirs of that State I ſhall leave 'em;
To ſay more, is to ſell 'em. They ſay, your Son,
Now he has travell'd, muſt be wondrous curious,
And choice in what he takes; Theſe are no coarſe ones;
Sir, here's a merry Wench, let him look to himſelf;
(All Heart, i'faith) may chance to ſtartle him;
For all his Care, and travell'd Caution,
May creep into his Eye; if he love Gravity,
Affect a ſolemn Face, there's one will fit him,
La Ca. So young and ſo demure?
Nant. She is my Daughter,
Elſe I would tell you, Sir, ſhe is a Miſtreſs
Both of thoſe Manners, and that Modeſty,
You would wonder at: She is no often Speaker,
But, when ſhe does, ſhe ſpeaks well; nor no Reveller,
Yet ſhe can dance, and has ſtudied the Court Elements,
And ſings, as ſome ſay, handſomely; if a Woman,

(8) *To rank themſelves with Women of fair Faſhion;*
Indeed, they have been trained well.] *Nantolet* had expreſſed himſelf modeſtly and genteelly of his Daughters Education, in the former Part of his Speech, and the laſt Line will be equally proper and genteel when given to *La Caſtre*, to whom it ſeems therefore evidently to belong. Mr. *Seward.*

With

With the Decency of her Sex, may be a Scholar,
I can aſſure ye, Sir, ſhe underſtands too.
La Ca. Theſe are fit Garments, Sir.
Lug. Thank them, that cut 'em;
Yes, they are handſome Women; they have handſome Parts too:
Pretty becoming Parts.
La Ca. 'Tis like they have, Sir.
Lug. Yes, yes, and handſome Education they have had too,
Had it abundantly: they need not bluſh at it;
I taught it, I'll avouch it.
La Ca. You ſay well, Sir.
Lug. I know what I ſay, Sir, and I ſay but right, Sir;
I am no Trumpet of their Commendations
Before their Father; elſe I ſhould ſay farther.
La Ca. 'Pray ye, what's this Gentleman?
Nant. One that lives with me, Sir;
A Man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter,
Yet it offends no wiſe Man, I take pleaſure in't:
Many fair Gifts he has, in ſome of which,
That lie moſt eaſy to their Underſtandings,
H'as handſomely bred up my Girls, I thank him.
Lug. (9) I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urg'd it,
It ſeems, they are of Years now to take hold on't.
La Ca. He's wondrous blunt, by my Faith, I was afraid of him:
Does he not fall out with the Gentlewomen ſometimes?
Nant.

(9) *I have put it to 'em, that's my part, I have urg'd it,*
It ſeems, they are of Years now to take hold on't.
He's wondrous blunt.] A ſmall Degree of Attention will ſhew us, that the two firſt Lines can properly belong to no one but *Lugier*. For *Nantolet*'s Speech is exceeding perfect, with
——— *bred up my Girls, I thank him.*
To which he (*Lugier*) replies,
I've put it to 'em, that's my part, I've urg'd it,
It ſeems, they are of Years now to lay hold on't.
Upon which, as I would place the Speakers, *La Caſtre* ought to ſay aſide to *Nantolet*,
He's wondrous blunt, by my Faith, &c.

Otherwiſe

Nant. No, no, he's that way moderate, and diſcreet, Sir.
Roſ. If he did, we ſhould be too hard for him.
Lug. Well ſaid, Sulphur:
Too hard for thy Husband's Head, if he wear not Armour.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, De Gard, *and* Oriana.

Nant. Many of theſe bickrings, Sir.
La Ca. I am glad, they are no Oracles;
Sure, as I live, he beats them, he's ſo puiſſant.
Oria. Well, if ye do forget———
Mir. Prithee, hold thy peace;
I know, thou art a pretty Wench; I know, thou lov'ſt me,
Preſerve it 'till we have a fit time to diſcourſe on't,
And a fit place: I'll eaſe thy Heart, I warrant thee:
Thou ſeeſt, I have much to do now.
Oria. I am anſwer'd, Sir:
With me ye ſhall have nothing on theſe Conditions.
De Ga. Your Father and your Friends.
La Ca. You are welcome home, Sir;
'Bleſs ye, ye are very welcome:
'Pray know this Gentleman,
And theſe fair Ladies.
Nant. Monſieur *Mirabell*,
I am much affected with your fair return, Sir;
You bring a general joy.
Mir. I bring you ſervice,
And theſe bright Beauties, Sir.
Nant. Welcome home, Gentlemen,
Welcome, with all my Heart.
Bel. Pin. We thank ye, Sir.
La Ca. Your Friends will have their ſhare too.
Bel. Sir, we hope
They'll look upon us, though we ſhew like Strangers.
Nant. Monſieur *De Gard*, I muſt ſalute you alſo,
And this fair Gentlewoman: you are welcome from your Travel too.
All welcome, all,

Otherwiſe we ſhall have *Nantolet* guilty of a Tautology, and begin and end with the ſame Words. For thus he ſays at the Beginning of this Speech.

A Man well bred and learn'd, but blunt and bitter.

De Ga.

De Ga. We render ye our loves, Sir:
(10) One of theſe two: You know my meaning——
Oria. Well, Sir:
They are fair and handſome, I muſt needs confeſs it;
And let it prove the worſt, I ſhall live after it,
Whilſt I have Meat and Drink, Love cannot ſtarve me;
For if I die o'th' firſt Fit I am unhappy,
And worthy to buried with my Heels upward.
Mir. To marry, Sir?
La Ca. You know, I am an old Man,
And every Hour declining to my Grave,
One Foot already in, more Sons I have not,
Nor more I dare not ſeek whilſt you are worthy;
In you lies all my hope, and all my Name,
The making good or wretched of my Memory,
The ſafety of my State,
Mir. And you have provided,
Out of this tenderneſs, theſe handſome Gentlewomen,
Daughters to this Rich Man, to take my choice of?
La Ca. I have, dear Son.
Mir. 'Tis true, ye are old, and feebled;
Would ye were young again, and in full vigour!
I love a bounteous Father's Life, a long one;
I am none of thoſe, that, when they ſhoot to ripeneſs,
Do what they can to break the Boughs they grew on;

(10) *One of theſe two: You know my meaning——*] This *De Gard* ſpeaks aſide to his Siſter, as the Text ſtands at preſent, and ſeemingly her Anſwer that follows fixes it here; but what is there left then to introduce and make way for *Mirabell's*

To marry, Sir?

To remove all Difficulties, it would perhaps be the beſt to make the whole run thus;

——— *by your Favours, Beauties,*
La Ca. *One of theſe two: You know my meaning.* [Aſide to *Mir.*
Oria. *Well———* [Aſide to herſelf.
They are fair and handſome, I muſt needs confeſs it;
And let it prove the worſt, I ſhall live after it,
Whilſt I have Meat and Drink, Love cannot ſtarve me;
For if I die o'th' firſt Fit I am unhappy,
And worthy to be buried with my Heels upward.
Mir. *To marry, Sir?*

I wiſh ye many Years and many Riches,
And Pleaſures to enjoy 'em: But for Marriage,
I neither yet believe in't, nor affect it,
Nor think it fit.

La Ca. You will render me your Reaſons?

Mir. Yes, Sir, both ſhort and pithy, and theſe they are:
You would have me marry a Maid?

La Ca. A Maid? What elſe?

Mir. Yes, there be things called Widows, dead Mens Wills,
I never lov'd to prove thoſe; nor never long'd yet
To be buried alive in another Man's cold Monument.
And there be Maids appearing, and Maids being:
Th' appearing are fantaſtick things, meer Shadows;
And if you mark 'em well, they want their Heads too;
Only the World, to cozen miſty Eyes,
Has clapt 'em on new Faces. The Maids being,
A Man may venture on; if he be ſo mad to marry,
If he have neither fear before his Eyes, nor Fortune;
And let him take heed how he gathers theſe too,
For look ye, Father, they are juſt like Melons,
Musk-melons are the Emblems of theſe Maids;
Now they are ripe, now cut 'em, they taſte pleaſantly,
And are a dainty Fruit, digeſted eaſily:
Neglect this preſent time, and come to morrow,
They are ſo ripe (11) they are rotten gone, their ſweetneſs
Run into humour, and their taſte to ſurfeit.

La Ca. Why, theſe are now ripe, Son.

Mir. I'll try them preſently,
And if I like their taſte——

La Ca. 'Pray ye pleaſe yourſelf, Sir.

Mir. That Liberty is my due, and I'll maintain it:
Lady, what think you of a handſome Man now?

Roſ. A wholſome too, Sir.

Mir. That's as you make your Bargain.
A handſome, wholſome Man then, and a kind Man,
To cheer your Heart up, to rejoice you, Lady?

Roſ. Yes, Sir, I love rejoicing.

(11) —— *they are rotten* gone,——] Probably, —*rotten* grown. *Mir.*

Mir. To lie cloſe to you?
Cloſe as a Cockle? keep the cold Nights from you?
Roſ. That will be look'd for too, our Bodies ask it.
Mir. And get two Boys at every Birth?
Roſ. That's nothing;
I have known a Cobler do it, a poor thin Cobler,
A Cobler out of mouldy Cheeſe perform it,
Cabbage, and coarſe black Bread; methinks, a Gentleman
Should take foul ſcorn to have an Awl out-name him.
Two at a Birth? Why, every Houſe-Dove has it:
That Man that feeds well, promiſes as well too,
I ſhould expect indeed ſomething of worth from.
Ye talk of two?
Mir. She would have me get two Dozen,
Like Buttons, at a Birth.
Roſ. You love to brag, Sir,
If you proclaim theſe offers at your Marriage.
You are a pretty-timber'd Man, take heed.
They may be taken hold of, and expected,
Yes, if not hoped for at a higher rate too.
Mir. I will take heed, and thank ye for your Counſel:
Father, what think you?
La Ca. 'Tis a merry Gentlewoman;
Will make, no doubt, a good Wife.
Mir. Not for me:
I marry her, and, happily, get nothing;
In what a ſtate am I then? Father, I ſhall ſuffer,
For any thing I hear to the contrary, *more majorum*,
I were as ſure to be a Cuckold, Father,
A Gentleman of Antler——
La Ca. Away, away, Fool.
Mir. As I am ſure to fail her Expectation,
I had rather get the Pox than get her Babies.
La Ca. Ye are much to blame; if this do not affect ye,
'Pray, try the other; ſhe's of a more demure way.
Bel. That I had but the Audacity to talk thus!
I love that plain-ſpoken Gentlewoman admirably,
And, certain, I could go as near to pleaſe her,
If down-right doing—— ſhe has a per'lous Countenance,
If I could meet one that would but believe me,

And

And take my honeſt meaning without Circumſtance.——
Mir. You ſhall have your will, Sir, I will try the other,
But 'twill be to ſmall uſe. I hope, fair Lady,
(For, methinks, in your Eyes I ſee more Mercy)
You will enjoin your Lover a leſs Penance;
And though I'll promiſe much, as Men are liberal,
And vow an ample Sacrifice of Service;
Yet your Diſcretion, and your Tenderneſs,
And Thriftineſs in Love, good Huſwives carefulneſs
To keep the Stock entire——
Lil. Good Sir, ſpeak louder,
That theſe may witneſs too, ye talk of nothing;
I ſhould be loth alone to bear the burthen
Of ſo much Indiſcretion.
Mir. Hark ye, hark ye;
Ods bobs, you are angry, Lady.
Lil. Angry? no, Sir;
I never own'd an Anger to loſe poorly.
Mir. But you can love for all this, and delight too,
For all your ſet-auſterity, to hear
Of a good Husband, Lady?
Lil. You ſay true, Sir:
For by my troth, I have heard of none theſe ten Years,
They are ſo rare, and there are ſo many, Sir,
So many longing-Women on their Knees too,
That pray the dropping down of theſe good Husbands,
The dropping down from Heav'n; (12) for they're not bred here,
That you may gueſs at all my hope, but hearing—
Mir. Why may not I be one?
Lil. You were near 'em once, Sir,
When ye came over the *Alps*; thoſe are near Heav'n;
But ſince ye miſs'd that Happineſs, there is no hope of ye.

(12) ——*for they are not bred* there,] But this is a Contradiction to the very Words above, which ſuppoſes them to be bred there, *i. e.* in *Heaven*: Such ſad work does only the Addition or Diminution of a Letter frequently make; the firſt is the Fault in this Place, and the Reading ought to be

——— *not bred* here.

This Conjecture Mr. *Theobald*, and Mr. *Seward* too, advanced with me, and the Copy of 1652 moſt luckily confirms it.

Mir.

Mir. Can ye love a Man?
Lil. Yes, if the Man be lovely;
That is, be honeſt, modeſt; I would have him valiant,
His Anger ſlow, but certain for his Honour;
Travel'd he ſhould be, but through himſelf exactly;
For 'tis fairer to know Manners well, than Countries;
He muſt be no vain Talker, nor no Lover
To hear himſelf talk, they are brags of a Wanderer,
Of one finds no Retreat for fair Behaviour;
Would ye learn more?
Mir. Yes.
Lil. Learn to hold your Peace then;
Fond Girls are got with Tongues, Women with Tempers.
Mir. Women, with I know what; but let this vaniſh:
Go thy way, good Wife *Bias*; ſure, thy Husband
Muſt have a ſtrong Philoſopher's Stone, he will ne'er pleaſe thee elſe.
Here's a ſtarcht piece of Auſterity; do you hear, Father?
Do you hear this moral Lecture?
La Ca. Yes, and like it.
Mir. Why, there's your Judgment now; there's an old Bolt ſhot:
This thing muſt have the ſtrangeſt Obſervation,
(Do you mark me, Father?) when ſhe is married once,
The ſtrangeſt Cuſtom too of Admiration
On all ſhe does and ſpeaks, 'twill be paſt Sufferance;
I muſt not lie with her in common Language,
Nor cry, Have at thee *Kate*, I ſhall be hiſs'd then:
Nor eat my Meat without the Sawce of Sentences,
Your powder'd Beef and Problems, a rare Diet;
My firſt Son, Monſieur *Ariſtotle*, I know it,
Great Maſter of the Metaphyſicks, or ſo;
The ſecond, *Solon*; and the beſt Law-ſetter;
And I muſt look *Egyptian* God-fathers,
Which will be no ſmall Trouble: My eldeſt Daughter
Sappho, or ſuch a fidling kind of Poeteſs,
And brought up, *invita Minerva*, at her Needle;
My Dogs muſt look their Names too, and all *Spartan*,
Lelaps, *Melampus*; no more *Fox* and *Baudiface*.
I married to a ſullen Set of Sentences?

To

To one that weighs her Words and her Behaviours
In the gold Weights of Diſcretion? I'll be hang'd firſt.
La Ca. Prithee, reclaim thyſelf.
Mir. 'Pray ye, give me time then:
If they can ſet me any thing to play at,
That ſeems fit for a Gameſter, have at the faireſt
Till I ſee more, and try more.
La Ca. Take your time then:
I'll bar ye no fair Liberty: Come, Gentlemen,
And, Ladies, come; to all once more a welcome;
And now let's in to Supper. [*Exit.*
Mir. How doſt like 'em?
Pin. They are fair enough, but of ſo ſtrange Behaviours,——
Mir. Too ſtrange for me; I muſt have thoſe have Mettle,
And Mettle to my Mind: Come, let's be merry.
Bel. 'Bleſs me from this Woman: I would ſtand the Cannon,
Before ten Words of hers.
De Ga. Do you find him now?
Do you think, he will be ever firm?
Oria. I fear not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, *and* Belleur.

Mir. NE'er tell me of this Happineſs, 'tis nothing;
The State they bring with being ſought to, ſcurvey;
I had rather make mine own Play, and I will do.
My Happineſs is in mine own Content,
And the deſpiſing of ſuch glorious Trifles,
As I have done a thouſand more. For my Humour,
Give me a good free Fellow, that ſticks to me,
A jovial fair Companion; there's a Beauty:
For Women, I can have too many of them:

Good Women too, as the Age reckons 'em,
More than I have Employment for.
Pin. You are happy.
Mir. My only Fear is, that I muſt be forced,
Againſt my Nature, (13) to conceal myſelf.
Health and an able Body are two Jewels.
Pin. If either of theſe two Women were offer'd to me now,
I would think otherwiſe, and do accordingly:
(14) Yes, and recant my Hereſies, I would, Sir,
And be more tender of Opinion,
And put a little of my travell'd Liberty
Out of the way, and look upon 'em ſeriouſly.
Methinks, this grave-carried Wench——
Bel. Methinks, the other,
The home-ſpoken Gentlewoman, that deſires to be fruitful,
That treats of the full Manage of the Matter;
For there lies all my Aim; that Wench, methinks,
If I were but well ſet on: (15) For ſhe is a Fable,
If I were but hounded right, and one to teach me:
She ſpeaks to th' Matter, and comes home to th' Point:
Now do I know, I have ſuch a Body to pleaſe her,
As all the Kingdom cannot fit her with, I am ſure on't,
If I could but talk myſelf into her Favour.
Mir. That's eaſily done.
Bel. That's eaſily ſaid; 'would, 'twere done!

(13) —*To* my *conceal myſelf.*] So the Copy of 1711, that of 1679 gives the Text,

(14) *Yes, and recant my Hereſies, I would* fain, *Sir,*] *Fain,* being neither Senſe nor Meaſure, embarraſs'd me much, but the former was the thing that ſtuck the moſt with me. In order therefore to render this Place entire, I conjectur'd we ſhould read,

——— *I wou'd,* fair *Sir,*

or, which I lik'd better,

——— *I wou'd* 'faith, *Sir,*

But upon conſulting the Copy of 1652, three Years after my firſt Reading of this Play, I found that I had been fighting a Shadow, and the Paſſage ought to run as I have given it in the Text.

(15) ——*For ſhe is* a Fable,] The glaring Nonſenſe of this Paſſage ſtrikes at firſt Sight. I ſhall give the Reader what I imagine was the original Lection, and leave it to him whether it muſt ſtand or fall:

——— *For ſhe is* affable.

You

You ſhould ſee then how I would lay about me.
If I were virtuous, it would never grieve me,
Or any thing that might juſtify my Modeſty,
But when my Nature is prone to do a Charity,
(16) Then my Calf's-Tongue will not help me.
Mir. Will ye go to 'em?
They cannot but take it courteouſly. -
Pin. I'll do my Part,
Though, I am ſure, 'twill be the hardeſt I e'er play'd yet,
A Way I never try'd too, which will ſtagger me;
And, if it do not ſhame me, I am happy.
Mir. Win 'em, and wear 'em, I give up my Intereſt.
Pin. What ſay ye, Monſieur *Belleur?*
Bel. 'Would, I could ſay,
Or ſing, or any thing that were but handſom,
I would be with her preſently!
Pin. Yours is no venture;
A merry ready Wench.
Bel. (17) A Vengeance Squibber;
She'll fleer me out of Faith too.
Mir. I'll be near thee;
Pluck up thy Heart, I'll ſecond thee at all Brunts;
Be angry, if ſhe abuſe thee, and beat her a little,
Some Women are won that way.
Bel. Pray, be quiet,
And let me think: I am reſolv'd to go on;
But how I ſhall get off again——
Mir. I am perſuaded
Thou wilt ſo pleaſe her, ſhe'll go near to raviſh thee.
Bel. I would, 'twere come to that once: Let me pray a little.
Mir. Now for thine Honour, *Pinac*; board me this Modeſty;
Warm but this frozen Snow-ball, 'twill be a Conqueſt
(Although I know thou art a fortunate Wencher,

(16) And *my Calf's-Tongue*—] *And*, ought evidently to be changed into *Then*.

(17) *A Vengeance* ſquib her;] The change of the Verb into the Subſtantive, is from the Copy of 1652.

And haſt done rarely in thy Days) above all thy Ventures.
Bel. You will be ever near?
Mir. At all Neceſſities,
And take thee off, and ſet thee on again, Boy;
And cheriſh thee, and ſtroak thee.
Bel. Help me out too?
For, I know, I ſhall ſtick i'th' Mire: If ye ſee us cloſe once,
Be gone, and leave me to my Fortune, ſuddenly,
For I am then determin'd to do Wonders.
Farewel, and fling an old Shoe: How my Heart throbs!
'Would, I were drunk! Farewel, *Pinac*; Heav'n ſend us
A joyful and a merry Meeting, Man. *Pin.* Farewel,
And chear thy Heart up; and remember, *Belleur*,
They are but Women.
Bel. I had rather they were Lions.
Mir. About it; I'll be with you inſtantly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Oriana.

Shall I ne'er be at reſt? no Peace of Conſcience?
No Quiet for theſe Creatures? am I ordain'd
(18) To be devour'd quick by theſe She-Canibals?
Here's another they call handſom, I care not for her,
I ne'er look after her: When I am half tipled,
It may be I ſhould turn her, and peruſe her;
Or in my Want of Women, I might call for her;
But to be haunted when I have no Fancy,
No Maw to th' Matter — Now, why do you follow me?
Oria. I hope, Sir, 'tis no Blemiſh to my Virtue,
Nor need you, out of Scruple, ask that Queſtion;
If you remember ye, before your Travel,
The Contract you ty'd to me: 'Tis my Love, Sir,
That makes me ſeek ye, to confirm your Memory,
And that being fair and good, I cannot ſuffer:
I come to give ye Thanks too.

(18) *To be devour'd* quickly *by theſe*——] Both the Meaſure and the Senſe reclaim againſt *quickly*, as Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Seward* likewiſe obſerved; and, indeed, no Copy reads ſo, but that of the Year 1711.

Mir.

Mir. For what, pr'ythee?

Oria. For that fair Piece of Honeſty ye ſhew'd, Sir,
That conſtant Nobleneſs.

Mir. How? for I am ſhort-headed.

Oria. I'll tell ye then; for refuſing that free Offer
Of Monſieur *Nantolet*'s; thoſe handſom Beauties,
Thoſe two prime Ladies, that might well have preſt ye,
(19) If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your Promiſe;
I know, it was for my ſake, for your Faith ſake,
You ſlipt 'em off, your Honeſty compell'd ye.
And let me tell ye, Sir, it ſhew'd moſt handſomly.

Mir. And let me tell thee, there was no ſuch Matter:
Nothing intended that way, of that nature;
I have more to do with my Honeſty than to fool it,
Or venture it in ſuch leak Barks as Women;
I put 'em off, becauſe I lov'd 'em not,
Becauſe they are too queaſy for my Temper;
And not for thy ſake, nor the Contract ſake,
Nor Vows nor Oaths; I have made a thouſand of 'em,
They are things indifferent, whether kept or broken;
Meer venial Slips, that grow not near the Conſcience:
Nothing concerns thoſe tender Parts; they are Trifles:
For, as I think, there was never Man yet hop'd for
Either Conſtancy or Secrecy, from a Woman,
Unleſs it were an Aſs ordain'd for Sufferance;
Nor to contract with ſuch (20) can be a Tie;
So let them know again; for 'tis a Juſtice,
And a main Point of civil Policy,
Whate'er we ſay or ſwear, they being Reprobates,
Out of the State of Faith, we are clear of all ſides,
And 'tis a curious Blindneſs to believe us.

Oria. You do not mean this, ſure?

(19) *If not to have broken, yet to have bow'd your Promiſe*;] *Butler* probably had this Place in his Head when he wrote theſe Lines,

Marriage, at beſt, is but a Vow,
Which all Men either break or bow.

(20) —— *can be a* Tial;] Mr. *Theobald* makes a *Query* about *Tial* in his Margin; as it is a Word I don't know any where to be found, I have, with Mr. *Seward*, taken the Freedom to alter it.

Mir. Yes, ſure, and certain;
And hold it poſitively, as a Principle,
As ye are ſtrange things, and made of ſtrange Fires and Fluxes,
So we are allow'd as ſtrange ways to obtain ye,
But not to hold; we are all created Errant.
Oria. You told me other Tales.
Mir. I not deny it;
I have Tales of all ſorts for all ſorts of Women,
And Proteſtations likewiſe of all ſizes,
As they have Vanities to make us Coxcombs;
If I obtain a good Turn, ſo it is,
I am thankful for it: if I be made an Aſs,
The Mends are in mine own Hands, or the Surgeon's,
And there's an end on't.
Oria. Do not you love me then?
Mir. As I love others, heartily I love thee,
When I am high and luſty, I love thee cruelly:
After I have made a plenteous Meal, and ſatisfy'd
My Senſes with all Delicates, come to me,
And thou ſhalt ſee how I love thee.
Oria. Will not you marry me?
Mir. No, certain, no, for any thing I know yet;
I muſt not loſe my Liberty, dear Lady,
And, like a wanton Slave, cry for more Shackles.
What ſhould I marry for? Do I want any thing?
Am I an Inch the farther from my Pleaſure?
Why ſhould I be at Charge to keep a Wife of mine own,
When other honeſt married Mens will eaſe me,
And thank me too, and be beholding to me?
Thou think'ſt, I am mad for a Maidenhead; thou art cozen'd;
Or if I were addicted to that Diet, [now,
Can you tell me where I ſhould have one? thou art eighteen
And if thou haſt thy Maidenhead yet extant,
Sure, 'tis as big as Cods-head; and thoſe grave Diſhes
I never love to deal withal: Doſt thou ſee this Book here?
Look over all theſe Ranks; all theſe are Women,
Maids, and Pretenders to Maidenheads; theſe are my Conqueſts;

All

All theſe I ſwore to marry, as I ſwore to thee,
With the ſame Reſervation, and moſt righteouſly;
Which I need not have done neither; for, alas, they made no Scruple,
And I enjoy'd 'em at my Will, and left 'em:
Some of 'em are married ſince, and were as pure Maids again,
Nay o' my Conſcience better than they were bred for;
The reſt, fine ſober Women.

Oria. Are ye not aſham'd, Sir?

Mir. No, by my Troth, Sir; there's no Shame belongs to it;
I hold it as commendable to be wealthy in Pleaſure,
As others do in rotten Sheep, and Paſture.

Enter De Gard.

Oria. Are all my Hopes come to this? Is there no Faith?
No Troth? nor Modeſty in Men?

De Ga. How now, Siſter,
Why weeping thus? Did I not Prophefy?
Come tell me why ——

Oria. I am not well; 'pray ye, pardon me. [*Exit.*

De Ga. Now, Monſieur *Mirabell*, what ails my Siſter?
You have been playing the wag with her.

Mir. As I take it,
She is crying for a Cod-piece; is ſhe gone?
Lord, what an Age is this! I was calling for ye,
For, as I live, I thought ſhe would have raviſh'd me.

De Ga. Ye are merry, Sir.

Mir. Thou know'ſt this Book, *De Gard*, this Inventory?

De Ga. The Debt-book of your Miſtreſſes, I remember it.

Mir. Why, this was it that anger'd her; ſhe was ſtark mad,
She found not her Name here; and cry'd down-right,
Becauſe I would not pity her immediately,
And put her in my Liſt.

De Ga. Sure ſhe had more Modeſty.

Mir. Their Modeſty is Anger to be over-done;
They'll quarrel ſooner for Precedence here,

And take it in more dudgeon to be ſlighted,
Than they will in publick Meetings; 'tis their Natures:
And, alas, I have ſo many to diſpatch yet,
And to provide myſelf for my Affairs too,
That, in good Faith——

De Ga. Be not too glorious-fooliſh;
Sum not your Travels up with Vanities,
It ill becomes (21) your Expectation:
Temper your Speech, Sir; whether your looſe Story
Be true or falſe, (for you are ſo free, I fear it)
Name not my Siſter in't, I muſt not hear it;
Upon your Danger name her not: I hold her
A Gentlewoman of thoſe happy Parts and Carriage,
A good Man's Tongue may be right proud to ſpeak her.

Mir. Your Siſter, Sir? d'ye blench at that? d'ye cawil?
Do you hold her ſuch a Piece, ſhe may not be play'd withal?
I have had an hundred handſomer and nobler,
Have ſu'd to me for ſuch a Courteſy:
Your Siſter comes i'th' Rear: Since ye are ſo angry,
And hold your Siſter ſuch a ſtrong Recuſant,
I tell ye, I may do it; and, it may be, will too;
It may be, have too; there's my free Confeſſion;
Work upon that now.

De Ga. If I thought ye had, I would work,
And work ſuch ſtubborn Work, ſhould make your Heart ake;
But I believe ye, as I ever knew ye,
A glorious Talker, and a Legend-maker
Of idle Tales, and Trifles; a Depraver
Of your own Truth; (22) their Honours fly about ye;
And ſo I take my leave, but with this Caution,
Your Sword be ſurer than your Tongue, you'll ſmart elſe.

Mir. I laugh at thee, ſo little I reſpect thee;
And I'll talk louder, and deſpiſe thy Siſter;

(21) —— *your Expectation:*] *i. e.* The Expectation the World has of you.

(22) —— *their Honours fly* about *ye*;] But for what? We have here a manifeſt Corruption, and the true Reading is,
—— *Honours fly* above *you*;
i. e. are out of the Reach of your Tongue, *&c.*

Set

Set up a Chamber-maid, that ſhall out-ſhine her,
And carry her in my Coach too, and that will kill her.
Go get thy Rents up, go.
De Ga. Ye are a fine Gentleman. [*Exit.*
Mir. Now have at my two Youths; I'll ſee, how they do;
How they behave themſelves; and then I'll ſtudy,
What Wench ſhall love me next, and when I'll loſe her.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Pinac, *and a Servant.*

Pin. Art thou her Servant, ſay'ſt thou?
Ser. Her poor Creature,
But Servant to her Horſe, Sir.
Pin. Canſt thou ſhew me
The way to her Chamber, or where I may conveniently
See her, or come to talk to her?
Ser. That I can, Sir;
But the Queſtion is whether I will or no.
Pin. Why, I'll content thee.
Ser. Why, I'll content thee then; now ye come to me.
Pin. There's for your Diligence.
Ser. There's her Chamber, Sir;
And this way ſhe comes out; ſtand ye but here, Sir,
You have her at your Proſpect, or your Pleaſure.
Pin. Is ſhe not very angry?
Ser. You'll find that quickly:
'May be, ſhe'll call ye ſaucy ſcurvy Fellow,
Or ſome ſuch familiar Name: 'may be, ſhe knows ye,
And will fling a Piſs-pot at ye, or a Pantofle,
According as ye are in Acquaintance: If ſhe like ye,
'May be, ſhe'll look upon ye; 'may be, no;
And two Months hence call for ye.
Pin. This is fine.
She is monſtrous proud then?
Ser. She is a little haughty;
Of a ſmall Body, ſhe has a Mind well mounted.
Can ye ſpeak *Greek?*
Pin. No, certain.

Ser.

Ser. Get ye gone then;
And talk of Stars, and Firmaments, and Fire-drakes?
Do you remember who was *Adam*'s School-maſter,
And who taught *Eve* to ſpin? She knows all theſe,
And will run ye over the beginning o'th' World
As familiar (23) as a Fidler.——
Can ye ſit ſeven Hours together, and ſay nothing?
Which ſhe will do, and when ſhe ſpeaks, ſpeak Oracles;
Speak things that no Man underſtands, nor herſelf neither.

Pin. Thou mak'ſt me wonder.

Ser. Can ye ſmile?

Pin. Yes, willingly:
For naturally I bear a Mirth about me.

Ser. She'll ne'er endure ye then, ſhe is never merry;
If ſhe ſee one laugh, ſhe'll ſwound paſt *Aqua vitæ*:
Never come near her, Sir; if ye chance to venture,
And talk not like a Doctor, you are damn'd too;
I've told enough for your Crown, and ſo good ſpeed t'ye.
[*Exit.*

Pin. I have a pretty Task, if ſhe be thus curious,
As, ſure, it ſeems ſhe is; if I fall off now,
I ſhall be laugh'd at fearfully; if I go forward,
I can but be abus'd, and that I look for;
And yet I may hit right, but 'tis unlikely.
Stay, in what Mood and Figure ſhall I attempt her?
A careleſs way? No, no, that will not waken her;
Beſides, her Gravity will give me Line ſtill,
And let me loſe myſelf; yet this way often
Has hit, and handſomely. A wanton Method?
I, if ſhe give it leave to ſink into her Conſideration;
But there's the doubt: If it but ſtir her Blood once,
And creep into the Crannies of her Fancy,
Set her a-gog—But if ſhe chance to ſlight it,
And by the Pow'r of her Modeſty fling it back,

(23) —— *as a Fidler.*] The Deficiency of the Senſe and Meaſure, Mr. *Theobald* and Mr. *Seward* ſupply in this manner:

—— *as a Fidler* does his Gamut.

It is true nought is wanting by this Supplement, but then you take away the Humour of the impertinent, interrogative Servant, and a Daſh after *Fidler*, will do, in my Opinion, full as well as the Words at length.

I ſhall appear the arranteſt Raſcal to her,
The moſt licentious Knave, for I ſhall talk lewdly.
To bear myſelf auſterely? rate my Words?
And fling a general gravity about me,
As if I meant to give Laws? But this I cannot do,
This is a way above my Underſtanding;
Or, if I could, 'tis odds ſhe'll think I mock her;
For ſerious and ſad Things (24) are ſtill ſuſpicious.
(25) Well, I'll ſay ſomething.
But Learning I have none, and leſs good Manners,
Eſpecially for Ladies; well, I'll ſet my beſt Face;

(24) —— *are* ever *ſtill ſuſpicious.*] Tho' there is no Authority for expunging this ſuper-abundant *ever*, yet good Senſe and good Meaſure manifeſtly require it, and as Mr. *Seward* concurred with me, 'tis at both our Perils.

(25) *Well, I'll ſay ſomething.*
But Learning I have none, and leſs good Manners,] Here a deficiency in Senſe and Meaſure denote the Loſs of ſome Words that wou'd complete both. He is conſidering how to accoſt her; *Carelaſly*, *Wantonly*, and *Auſterely*, had been thought of and rejected; he ſhould now propoſe two other Methods, *Learnedly*, or *Complaiſantly*, but in the maim'd Text above, he rejects both without propoſing either. The following Conjecture ſeems to bid fair for being the true Reading.

Well, I'll ſay ſomething learnedly *or* civilly,
But Learning I have none, and leſs good Manners.
Mr. *Seward.*

The completing the Senſe of this Paſſage is what I have chiefly in my Eye, tho' the way I go about to do it is different from Mr. *Seward's*, but that is no wonder, ſince we take for our Foundation two different Paſſages of this ſame Soliloquy;

——— *for I ſhall talk* lewdly.

Moſt certainly, if he determin'd to addreſs the Lady *wantonly*. The Words are ſilly and impertinent where they are, and call aloud to be reinſtated in their original Place, which happily yet is vacant to receive them. The whole, I conjecture ſhould thus be read;

The moſt licentious Knave. ———
Shall *I bear myſelf auſterely? rate my Words?*
And fling a general gravity about me,
As if I meant to give Laws? But this I cannot do,
This is a way above my Underſtanding;
Or, if I could, 'tis odds ſhe'll think I mock her;
For ſerious and ſad Things are ſtill ſuſpicious.
Well, I'll ſay ſomething——But *I ſhall talk lewdly;*
For *Learning I have none, and leſs good Manners,*
Eſpecially for Ladies; ———

Nothing can be more *à propos* than the Word *lewdly* here, which contains all the Ideas of Ignorance, Rudeneſs, and Obſcenity.

Enter

Enter Lilia, Petella, *and Muſicians.*

I hear ſome coming; this is the firſt Woman
I ever fear'd yet, the firſt Face that ſhakes me.
Lil. Give me my Hat, *Petella*, take this Veil off,
This ſullen Cloud, it darkens my Delights;
Come, Wench, be free, and let the Muſick warble,
Play me ſome luſty Meaſure.
Pin. This is ſhe, ſure,
The very ſame I ſaw, the very Woman,
The Gravity I wonder'd at: Stay, ſtay,
Let me be ſure; ne'er truſt me, but ſhe danceth,
Summer is in her Face now, and ſhe skippeth:
I'll go a little nearer.
Lil. Quicker time, Fellows,

Enter Mirabell.

I cannot find my Legs yet; now, *Petella*.
Pin. I am amaz'd, I am founder'd in my fancy.
Mir. Hah, ſay ye ſo; is this your Gravity?
This the Auſterity ye put upon ye?
I'll ſee more o' this Sport.
Lil. A Song now;
Call in for a merry, and a light Song,
And ſing it with a liberal Spirit.

Enter a Man.

Man. Yes, Madam.
Lil. And be not amaz'd, Sirrah, but take us for your own Company.
Let's walk ourſelves: Come, Wench; 'would, we had a Man or two!
Pin. Sure, ſhe has ſpy'd me, and will abuſe me dreadfully,
She has put on this for the purpoſe; yet I will try her.
Madam, I would be loth my rude Intruſion,
Which I muſt crave a Pardon for ——
Lil. O ye are welcome,
Ye are very welcome, Sir, we want ſuch a one;
Strike up again: I dare preſume, ye dance well:

Quick,

Quick, quick, Sir, quick, the Time ſteals on.
Pin. I would talk with ye.
Lil. Talk as ye dance.
Mir. She'll beat him off his Legs, firſt;
This is the fineſt Mask.
Lil. Now how do ye, Sir?
Pin. You have given me a ſhrewd Heat.
Lil. I'll give ye a Hundred.
Come ſing now, ſing; for, I know, ye ſing well,
I ſee, ye have a ſinging Face.
Pin. A fine Modeſty!
If I could, ſhe'd never give me Breath:
Madam, would I might ſit and recover.
Lil. Sit here, and ſing now,
Let's do things quickly, Sir, and handſomly,
Sit cloſe, Wench, cloſe; begin, begin. [*Song.*
Pin. I am leſſon'd.
Lil. 'Tis very pretty, i'faith, give me ſome Wine now.
Pin. I would fain ſpeak to ye.
Lil. You ſhall drink firſt, believe me:
Here's to ye a luſty Health.
Pin. I thank ye, Lady.
Would I were off again, I ſmell my Miſery;
I was never put to this rack; I ſhall be drunk too.
Mir. If thou be'ſt not a right one, I have loſt mine Aim much:
I thank Heav'n, that I have ſcap'd thee: To her, *Pinac*;
For thou art as ſure to have her, and to groan for her—
I'll ſee how my other Youth does; this ſpeeds trimly:
A fine grave Gentlewoman, and worth much Honour.
Lil. Now? How do ye like me, Sir? [*Exit* Mir.
Pin. I like ye rarely.
Lil. Ye ſee, Sir, though ſometimes we are grave and ſilent,
And put on ſadder Diſpoſitions,
Yet we are compounded of free Parts, and ſometimes too
Our lighter, airy, and our fiery Mettles
Break out, and ſhew themſelves; and what think you of that, Sir?
Pin. Good Lady, ſit, for I am very weary;

And

And then I'll tell ye.
Lil. Fie, a young Man idle?
Up, up, and walk; be ſtill in Action,
The Motions of the Body are fair Beauties:
Beſides, 'tis cold; ods-me, Sir, let's walk faſter:
What think ye now of the Lady *Felicia?*
And *Bella-fronte* th' Duke's fair Daughter? ha?
Are they not handſom things? there is *Duarta,*
And brown *Olivia.*
Pin. I know none of 'em.
Lil. But brown muſt not be caſt away, Sir; if young *Lelia*
Had kept herſelf till this Day from a Husband,
Why, what a Beauty, Sir? you know *Iſmena,*
The fair jem of Saint *Germans?*
Pin. By my Troth, I do not.
Lil. And then, I know, you muſt hear of *Briſac,*
How unlike a Gentleman ——
Pin. As I live, I have heard nothing.
Lil. Strike me another Galliard.
Pin. By this Light, I cannot;
In troth, I have ſprain'd my Leg, Madam.
Lil. Now ſit ye down, Sir,
And tell me why ye came hither, why ye choſe me out?
What is your Buſineſs? your Errand? diſpatch, diſpatch;
May be, ye are ſome Gentleman's Man, and I miſtook ye,
That have brought me a Letter, or a Hanch of Veniſon,
Sent me from ſome Friend of mine.
Pin. Do I look like a Carrier?
You might allow me, what I am, a Gentleman.
Lil. Cry 'ye Mercy, Sir, I ſaw ye Yeſterday,
You are new come out of Travel, I miſtook ye;
And how do all our impudent Friends in *Italy?*
Pin. Madam, I came with Duty, and fair Courteſy,
Service, and Honour to ye.
Lil. Ye came to jeer me:
Ye ſee, I am merry, Sir, I have chang'd my Copy:
None of the Sages now, and, 'pray ye, proclaim it;
Fling on me what Aſperſion you ſhall pleaſe, Sir,
Of Wantonneſs, or Wildneſs, I look for it;

And

And tell the World, I am an Hypocrite,
Mask in a fore'd and borrow'd Shape, I expect it;
But not to have you believ'd: For mark ye, Sir,
I have won a nobler Eſtimation,
A ſtronger Tie by my Diſcretion
Upon Opinion (howe'er you think, I forced it)
Than either (26) Tongue or Act of yours can ſlubber,
And, when I pleaſe, I will be what I pleaſe, Sir,
So I exceed not Mean; and none ſhall brand it
Either with Scorn or Shame, but ſhall be ſlighted.
Pin. Lady, I come to love ye.
Lil. Love yourſelf, Sir,
And when I want Obſervers, I'll ſend for ye:
Heigh, ho; my Fit's almoſt off, for we do all by fits, Sir:
If ye be weary, ſit till I come again to ye. [*Exit.*
Pin. This is a Wench of a dainty Spirit; but
Hang me if I know yet (27) either what to think,
Or make of her; ſhe had her Will of me,
And baited me abundantly, I thank her;
And, I confeſs, (28) I never was ſo blurred,
Nor ever ſo abus'd; I muſt bear mine own Sins;
Ye talk of Travels, here's a curious Country.
Yet I will find her out, or forſwear my Faculty. [*Exit.*

(26) —— *Tongue or* Art *of yours*——] The Senſe is, *then either* what you can *ſay* or *do* can ſully. But haply this cannot be made out of the Words as they ſtand, and therefore I would read,

—— *Tongue or* Act *of yours*——

So Mr. *Theobald* had wrote in his Margin. *Act* and *Art*, through our Authors Plays, are frequently confounded.

(27) —— *either what to think,*
Or make her; ſhe had, &c.] The Copies of 1652 and 1679, give the Text.

(28) —— *I never was ſo* blurred,
Nor ever ſo abus'd;—] I fancy the Reader may conſider this Paſſage a long while, before he will be able to make *blurred* bear the Signification requiſite here. The Copy of 1652 varies a Letter, and exhibits *blurted*, which ſtill does not tally with the Senſe of the Place. Our Author points out to us the true Lection, when, tho' not ſpeaking of the ſame Perſon, yet on the ſame Subject, he makes *Bellaur* ſay, what *Pinac* ſhould do here:

I'm ſham'd, I'm ſcorn'd, I'm flurted.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Roſalura, *and* Oriana.

Roſ. Ne'er vex yourſelf, nor grieve; ye are a Fool then.
Oria. I'm ſure, I'm made ſo: yet before I ſuffer
Thus like a Girl, and give him leave to triumph——
Roſ. You ſay right; for as long as he perceives ye
Sink under his proud Scornings, he'll laugh at ye:
For me, ſecure yourſelf; and for my Siſter,
I partly know her Mind too: Howſoever
To obey my Father we have made a tender
Of our poor Beauties to the travell'd *Monſieur*,
Yet two Words to a Bargain; he ſlights us
As skittiſh Things, and we ſhun him as curious.
May be, my free Behaviour turns his Stomach,
And makes him ſeem to doubt a looſe Opinion.
I muſt be ſo ſometimes, though all the World ſaw it.
Oria. Why ſhould not ye? Are our Minds only meaſur'd?
As long as here ye ſtand ſecure,——
Roſ. Ye ſay true,
As long as mine own Conſcience makes no Queſtion,
What care I for Report; that Woman's miſerable,
That's good or bad for their Tongues ſake: Come let's retire,
And get my Veil, Wench: By my Troth, your Sorrow,
And the Conſideration of Mens humorous maddings,
Have put me into a ſerious Contemplation.

Enter Mirabell *and* Belleur.

Oria. Come, 'Faith, let's ſit, and think.
Roſ. That's all my Buſineſs.
Mir. Why ſtand'ſt thou peeping here? Thou great Slug, forward.
Bel. She is there; Peace.
Mir. Why ſtand'ſt thou here then,
Sneaking, and peaking, as thou would'ſt ſteal Linen?
Haſt thou not Place and Time?
Bel. I had a rare Speech

Studied,

Studied, and almoſt ready; and your Violonce
Has beat it out of my Brains.
Mir. Hang your rare Speeches,
Go me on like a Man.
Bel. Let me ſet my Beard up.
How has *Pinac* performed?
Mir. He has won already:
He ſtands not thrumming of Caps thus.
Bel. Lord, what ſhould I ail?
What a cold I have over my Stomach; (29) 'would, I had ſome Hum.
Certain I have a great mind to be at her,
A mighty mind.
Mir. On, Fool.
Bel. Good Words, I beſeech ye;
For I will not be abuſed by both.
Mir. Adieu, then,
I will not trouble you, I ſee you are valiant,
And work your own way.
Bel. Hiſt, hiſt, I will be rul'd;
I will, i'faith, I will go preſently:
Will ye forſake me now, and leave me i'th' Suds?
You know, I am falſe-hearted this way; I beſeech ye,
Good ſweet *Mirabell* I'll cut your Throat if ye leave me,
Indeed, I will; Sweet-heart!
Mir. I will be ready,
Still at thine Elbow; take a Man's Heart to thee,
And ſpeak thy Mind; the plainer ſtill the better.
She is a Woman of that free Behaviour,
Indeed, that common Courteſy, ſhe cannot deny thee;
Go bravely on.

(29) —— *'would, I had ſome* Hum.] Mr. *Theobald*, doubtful of this Term, *queries* whether *Rum* ought not to ſupply its Place. I once thought *Mum* was the more likely to be the true Reading, but am convinced (ſo precarious, however likely, are all conjectural Emendations) that the Text is right upon the Credit of *Ben Johnſon* in his *Devil's an Aſs*, Vol. 4. p. 256.

Chimney-Sweepers and Carmen, are got,
To their Tobacco, Strong-waters, Hum,
Meath, and Obarni.

Bel. Madam——keep cloſe about me,
Still at my back. Madam, ſweet Madam——
Roſ. Ha!
What Noiſe is that, what ſaucy ſound to trouble me?
Mir. What ſaid ſhe?
Bel. I am ſaucy.
Mir. 'Tis the better.
Bel. She comes; muſt I be ſaucy ſtill?
Mir. More ſaucy.
Roſ. Still troubled with theſe Vanities? Heav'n bleſs us!
What are we born to? Would ye ſpeak with any of my People?
Go in, Sir, I am buſy.
Bel. This is not ſhe, ſure:
Is this two Children at a Birth? I'll be hang'd then:
Mine was a merry Gentlewoman, talk'd daintily,
Talkt of thoſe Matters that befitted Women;
This is a Parcel-Prayer-book; I'm ſerv'd ſweetly;
And now I am to look too; I was prepar'd for th' other way.
Roſ. Do you know that Man?
Oria. Sure, I have ſeen him, Lady.
Roſ. Methinks, 'tis pity ſuch a luſty Fellow
Should wander up and down, and want Employment.
Bel. She takes me for a Rogue: You may do well, Madam,
To ſtay this Wanderer, and ſet him at work, forſooth;
He can do ſomething, that may pleaſe your Ladyſhip,
I have heard of Women that deſire good Breedings.
Two at a Birth, or ſo.
Roſ. The Fellow's impudent.
Oria. Sure, he is crazed.
Roſ. I have heard of Men too that have had good Manners;
Sure, this is want of Grace; indeed, 'tis great Pity
The young Man has been bred ſo ill; but this lewd Age
Is full of ſuch Examples.
Bel. I am founder'd,
And ſome ſhall rue the ſetting of me on.
Mir. Ha? So Bookiſh, Lady, is it poſſible?

Turn'd

Turn'd Holy at the Heart too? I'll be hang'd then.
Why, this is ſuch a Feat, ſuch an Activity,
Such faſt and looſe—A Veil too for your Knavery?
O Dio, Dio!
Roſ. What do you take me for, Sir?
Mir. An Hypocrite, a Wanton, a Diſſembler,
Howe'er ye ſeem, and thus y'are to be handled.
Mark me, *Belleur*; and this you love, I know it.
Roſ. Stand off, bold Sir.
Mir. You wear good Clothes to this end,
Jewels; love Feaſts, and Masks.
Roſ. Ye are monſtrous ſaucy.
Mir. All this to draw on Fools? and thus, thus, Lady,
Ye are to be lull'd.
Bel. Let her alone, I'll ſwinge ye elſe,
I will 'faith; for though I cannot skill o'this matter
Myſelf, I will not ſee another do it before me,
And do it worſe.
Roſ. Away, ye are a vain Thing;
You have travell'd far, Sir, to return again
A windy and poor Bladder: you talk of Women,
That are not worth the Favour of a common one,
The Grace of her grew in an Hoſpital:
Againſt a Thouſand ſuch blown Fooleries,
I am able to maintain good Womens Honours,
Their Freedoms, and their Fames, and I will do it.
Mir. She has almoſt ſtruck me dumb too.
Roſ. And declaim
Againſt your baſe malicious Tongues, your Noiſes,
For they are nothing elſe: You teach Behaviours?
Or touch us for our Freedoms? Teach yourſelves Manners,
Truth and Sobriety, and live ſo clearly
That our Lives may ſhine in ye; and then task us:
It ſeems, ye are hot; the Suburbs will ſupply ye.
Good Women ſcorn ſuch Gameſters, ſo I'll leave ye;
I am ſorry to ſee this: 'Faith, Sir, live fairly. [*Exit.*
Mir. This Woman, if ſhe hold on, may be virtuous,
'Tis almoſt poſſible: We'll have a new Day.
Bel. Ye brought me on, ye forc'd me to this Foolery;
I'm ſham'd, I'm ſcorn'd, I'm flurted; yes, I am ſo:

Though I cannot talk to a Woman like your Worſhip,
And uſe my Phraſes, and my learned Figures,
Yet I can fight with any Man.
Mir. Fie.
Bel. I can, Sir,
And I will fight.
Mir. With whom?
Bel. With you, with any Man;
For all Men now will laugh at me.
Mir. Pr'ythee, be moderate.
Bel. And I'll beat all Men. Come.
Mir. I love thee dearly.
Bel. I will beat all that love, Love has undone me;
Never tell me, I will not be a Hiſtory.
Mir. Thou art not.
Bel. 'Sfoot, I will not; give me room,
And let me ſee the proudeſt of ye jeer me,
And I'll begin with you firſt.
Mir. 'Prithee, *Belleur*;
If I do not ſatisfy thee——
Bel. Well, look ye do:
But now I think on't better, 'tis impoſſible;
I muſt beat ſome Body, I am maul'd myſelf,
And I ought in Juſtice——
Mir. No, no, no, ye are cozen'd;
But walk, and let me talk to thee.
Bel. Talk wiſely,
And ſee that no Man laugh upon no Occaſion;
For I ſhall think then 'tis at me.
Mir. I warrant thee.
Bel. Nor no more Talk of this.
Mir. Doſt think, I am maddiſh?
Bel. I muſt needs fight yet; for, I find, it concerns me;
A Pox on't! I muſt fight.
Mir. I' faith, thou ſhalt not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter De Gard, *and* Lugier.

De Ga. I Know ye are a Scholar, and can do Wonders.

Lug. There's no great Scholarſhip belongs to this, Sir;
What I am, I am; I pity your poor Siſter,
And heartily I hate theſe Travellers,
Theſe Gim-cracks, made of Mops and Motions:
There's nothing in their Houſes here but Hummings:
A Bee has more Brains. (30) I grieve and vex too
The inſolent licentious Carriage
Of this out-facing Fellow, *Mirabell*,
And I am mad to ſee him prick his Plumes up.

De Ga. His Wrongs you partly know.

Lug. Do not you ſtir, Sir,
Since he has begun with Wit, let Wit revenge it;
Keep your Sword cloſe, we'll cut his Throat a new way.
I am aſham'd, the Gentlewoman ſhould ſuffer
Such baſe lewd Wrongs.

De Ga. I will be rul'd, he ſhall live,
And left to your Revenge.

Lug. I, I, I'll fit him:
He makes a common Scorn of handſom Women;
Modeſty and good Manners are his May-games:
He takes up Maidenheads with a new Commiſſion;
The Church Warrant's out of Date: follow my Counſel,
For I am zealous in the Cauſe.

(30) ——— *I grieve and* vex *too*
The inſolent licentious Carriage] *Vex* here is a neutral Verb, and is uſed ſo a little lower:

Mir. ——— *now* vex, *Ladies*,
Envy, and vex, *and rail.*

The Text here I have not alter'd either as to Pointing or Reading, tho' I once thought the whole ſhould thus have run,

——— *I grieve and vex too.*
The inſolent licentious Carriage
Of this out-facing Fellow, Mirabell,
I'm mad to ſee; to ſee him *prick his Plumes up.*

De Ga. I will, Sir,
And will be ſtill directed; for the Truth is,
My Sword will make my Siſter ſeem more monſtrous:
Beſides, there is no Honour won on Reprobates.
Lug. You are i'th' right: The Slight he has ſhew'd my Pupils,
Sets me a-fire too: Go, I'll prepare your Siſter,
And, as I told ye,——
De Ga. Yes, all ſhall be fit, Sir.
Lug. And ſeriouſly, and handſomly.
De Ga. I warrant ye.
Lug. A little Counſel more.
De Ga. 'Tis well.
Lug. Moſt ſtately: ——
See that obſerv'd; and then.
De Ga. I have ye every way.
Lug. Away then, and be ready.
De Ga. With all Speed, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Lillia, Roſalure, *and* Oriana.

Lug. We'll learn to Travel too, may be, beyond him.
Good Day, fair Beauties.
Lil. You have beautified us.
We thank ye, Sir, ye have ſet us off moſt gallantly
With your grave Precepts.
Roſ. We expected Husbands
Out of your Documents, and taught Behaviours,
Excellent Husbands; thought, Men would run ſtark mad on us,
Men of all Ages, and all States: We expected
An Inundation of Deſires and Offers,
A Torrent of trim Suitors; all we did,
Or ſaid, or purpos'd, to be Spells about us,
Spells to provoke ——
Lil. Ye have provok'd us finely;
We follow'd your Directions, we did rarely,
We were Stately, Coy, Demure, Careleſs, Light, Giddy,
And play'd at all Points: This, you ſwore, would carry.
Roſ. We made Love, and contemn'd Love. Now ſeem'd holy,

With

With ſuch a reverent put-on Reſervation
Which could not miſs, according to your Principles;
Now gave more Hope again. Now cloſe, now publick,
Still up and down, we beat it like a Billow;
And ever thoſe Behaviours you read to us,
Subtil, and new. But all this will not help us.
Lil. They help to hinder us of all Acquaintance,
They have frighted off all Friends: What am I better
For all my Learning, if I love a Dunce,
A handſom Dunce? To what uſe ſerves my Reading?
You ſhould have taught me what belongs to Horſes,
Dogs, Dice, Hawks, Banquets, Masks, free and fair Meetings,
To have ſtudied Gowns and Dreſſings.
Lug. Ye are not mad, ſure.
Roſ. We ſhall be, if we follow your Encouragements;
I'll take mine own way now.
Lil. And I my Fortune:
We may live Maids elſe till the Moon drop Mill-ſtones;
I ſee, your modeſt Women are taken for Monſters,
A Dowry of good Breeding is worth nothing.
Lug. Since ye take it ſo to th' Heart, pray ye give me leave yet,
And ye ſhall ſee how I'll convert this Heretick;
Mark how this *Mirabell* ——
Lil. Name him no more:
For though I long for a Husband, I hate him,
And would be married ſooner to a Monkey,
Or to a *Jack* of Straw, than ſuch a Juggler.
Roſ. I am of that mind too; he is too nimble,
And plays at faſt and looſe too learnedly
For a plain-meaning Woman; that's the Truth on't.
Here's one too, that we love well, would be angry,
[*Pointing to* Oriana.
And reaſon why: No, no, we will not trouble ye,
Nor him at this time; may he make you happy!
We'll turn ourſelves looſe now, to our fair Fortunes,
And the down-right way.
Lil. The winning way we'll follow,
We'll bait, that Men may bite fair, and not be frighted;

Yet we'll not be carried ſo cheap neither, we'll have ſome Sport,
Some Mad-morris or other for our Money, Tutor.
Lug. 'Tis like enough; proſper your own Devices;
Ye are old enough to chuſe: But for this Gentlewoman,
So pleaſe her give me leave,——
Oria. I ſhall be glad, Sir,
To find a Friend, whoſe Pity may direct me.
Lug. I'll do my beſt, and faithfully deal for ye;
But then ye muſt be ruled.
Oria. In all, I vow to ye.
Roſ. Do, do: He has a lucky Hand ſometimes, I'll aſſure ye:
And hunts the Recovery of a loſt Lover deadly.
Lug. You muſt away ſtraight.
Oria. Yes.
Lug. And I'll inſtruct ye:
Here ye can know no more.
Oria. By your leave, ſweet Ladies;
And all our Fortunes arrive at our own Wiſhes!
Lil. Amen, Amen.
Lug. I muſt borrow your Man.
Lil. 'Pray take him;
He is within: To do her good, take any thing,
Take us and all.
Lug. No doubt, ye may find Takers;
And ſo we'll leave ye to your own Diſpoſes.
[*Exeunt* Lug. *and* Oria.
Lil. Now which way, Wench.
Roſ. We'll go a brave way, fear not;
A ſafe and ſure way too; and yet a by-way.
I muſt confeſs, I have a great mind to be married.
Lil. So have I too a grudging of Good-will that way;
And would as fain be diſpatch'd. But this Monſieur *Quickſilver*,——
Roſ. No, no; we'll bar him, by, and Main: Let him trample;
There is no Safety in his Surquedrie:
An Army-Royal of Women are too few for him,
He keeps a Journal of his Gentleneſs,

And

And will go near to print his fair Diſpatches,
And call it his Triumph over Time and Women:
Let him paſs out of Memory: What think ye
Of his two Companions?
Lil. Pinac, methinks, is reaſonable;
A little Modeſty he has brought home with him,
And might be taught in time ſome handſom Duty.
Roſ. They ſay, he is a Wencher too.
Lil. I like him better:
A free light Touch or two becomes a Gentleman,
And ſets him ſeemly off: So he exceed not,
But keep his Compaſs clear, he may be look'd at;
I would not marry a Man that muſt be taught,
And conjur'd up with Kiſſes; the beſt Game
Is play'd ſtill by the beſt Gameſters.
Roſ. Fie upon thee!
What talk haſt thou?
Lil. Are not we alone, and merry?
Why ſhould we be aſham'd to ſpeak what we think? Thy Gentleman,
The tall fat Fellow; he that came to ſee thee——
Roſ. Is't not a goodly Man?
Lil. A wondrous goodly!
H'as Weight enough, I warrant thee: Mercy upon me;
What a Serpent wilt thou ſeem under ſuch a St. *George*.
Roſ. Thou art a Fool; give me a Man brings Mettle,
Brings Subſtance with him; needs no Broths to *Lare* him:
Theſe little Fellows ſhew like Fleas in Boxes,
Hop up and down, and keep a ſtir to vex us;
Give me the puiſſant Pike, take you the ſmall Shot.
Lil. Of a great Thing I have not ſeen a duller,
Therefore, methinks, ſweet Siſter——
Roſ. Peace, he's modeſt:
Has Baſhfulneſs, which is a Point of Grace, Wench:
But when theſe Fellows come to Moulding, Siſter,
To Heat, and Handling——As I live, I like him;

Enter Mirabell.

And, methinks, I could form him.
Lil. Peace: the Fire-drake.

Mir.

Mir. 'Bleſs ye, ſweet Beauties, ſweet incomparable Ladies,
Sweet Wits, ſweet Humours: 'Bleſs you, learned Lady,
And you, moſt holy Nun; 'Bleſs your Devotions.
Lil. And 'bleſs your Brains, Sir, your moſt pregnant Brains, Sir;
They are in Travel, may they be delivered
Of a moſt hopeful Wild-gooſe!
Roſ. Bleſs your Manhood:
They ſay, ye are a Gentleman of Action,
A fair-accompliſh'd Man, and a rare Engineer;
You have a Trick to blow up Maidenheads,
A ſubtle Trick, they ſay abroad.
Mir. I have, Lady.
Roſ. And often glory in their Ruins.
Mir. Yes forſooth;
I have a ſpeedy Trick, pleaſe you to try it:
My Engine will diſpatch ye inſtantly.
Roſ. I would I were a Woman, Sir, fit for ye,
As there be ſuch, no doubt, may Engine you too;
May with a Counter-mine blow up your Valour:
But in good faith, Sir, we are both too honeſt:
And, the plague is, we cannot be perſuaded:
For, look ye, if we thought it were a Glory
To be the laſt of all your lovely Ladies,— [Market;
Mir. Come, come; leave prating: This has ſpoil'd your
This Pride, and puft-up Heart, will make ye faſt, Ladies,
Faſt, when ye are hungry too.
Roſ. The more our Pain, Sir.
Lil. The more our Health, I hope too.
Mir. Your Behaviours
Have made Men ſtand amaz'd; thoſe Men, that lov'd ye;
Men of fair States and Parts; your (31) ſtrange Converſions
Into I know not what, nor how, nor wherefore;
Your Scorns of thoſe that came to viſit ye;
Your ſtudied Whim-whams, and your fine ſet Faces:

(31) ——— *ſtrange* Conventions
Into I know not what, &c.] Mr. *Theobald* too here has affix'd his *Query* in the Margin. I make no doubt but our Authors have ſuffered only at the Preſs, and that the original Reading was,
——— *ſtrange* Converſions.

What

What have theſe got ye? proud, and harſh Opinions:
A travell'd *Monſieur* was the ſtrangeſt Creature,
The wildeſt Monſter to be wonder'd at:
His Perſon made a publick Scoff, his Knowledge
(As if he had been bred 'mongſt Bears or Bandogs)
Shunn'd and avoided: His Converſation ſnuft at.
What Harveſt brings all this?

Roſ. I pray ye, proceed, Sir.

Mir. Now ye ſhall ſee in what Eſteem a Traveller,
An underſtanding Gentleman, and a Monſieur
Is to be held, and to your Griefs confeſs it,
Both to your Griefs, and Galls.

Lil. In what, I pray ye, Sir?
We would be glad to underſtand your Excellence.

Mir. Go on, ſweet Ladies, it becomes ye rarely.
For me, I have bleſt me from ye, ſcoff on ſeriouſly,
And note the Man ye mock'd: you, Lady Learning,
Note the poor Traveller, that came to viſit ye,
That flat unfurniſh'd Fellow: Note him throughly,
You may chance to ſee him anon.

Lil. 'Tis very likely.

Mir. And ſee him Courted by a Travell'd Lady,
Held dear, and honour'd, by a virtuous Virgin,
May be, a Beauty not far ſhort of yours neither;
It may be clearer.

Lil. Not unlikely. *Mir.* Younger:
As killing Eyes as yours, a Wit as Poinant;
May be, a State too that may top your Fortune;
Enquire how ſhe thinks of him, how ſhe holds him;
His good Parts; in what precious Price already;
Being a Stranger to him, how ſhe courts him;
A Stranger to his Nation too, how ſhe dotes on him;
Enquire of this; be ſick to know: Curſe, Lady,
And keep your Chamber: Cry, and Curſe: A ſweet one,
A thouſand in yearly Land, well bred, well friended,
Travell'd, and highly followed for her Faſhions.

Lil. 'Bleſs his good Fortune, Sir.

Mir. This ſcurvy Fellow,
I think, they call his Name *Pinac*; this Serving-man,
That brought ye Veniſon, as I take it, Madam;

Note

Note but this Scab; 'tis ſtrange, that this courſe Creature,
That has no more ſet off, but his Jugglings,
His travell'd Tricks.

Lil. Good Sir, I grieve not at him,
Nor envy not his Fortune: Yet I wonder;
He's handſom, yet I ſee no ſuch Perfection.

Mir. 'Would I had his Fortune, for 'tis a Woman
Of that ſweet-temper'd Nature, and that Judgment,
Beſides her State, that Care, clear Underſtanding,
And ſuch a Wife to bleſs him.

Roſ. Pray ye, whence is ſhe?

Mir. Of *England*, and a moſt accompliſh'd Lady,
So modeſt that Mens Eyes are frighted at her,
And ſuch a noble Carriage,——How now, Sirrah?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the great *Engliſh* Lady,——

Mir. What of her, Sir?

Boy. Has newly left her Coach, and's coming this way,
Where you may ſee her plain: Monſieur *Pinac*,
The only Man that leads her.

Enter Pinac, Mariana, *and Attendants.*

Mir. He is much honoured;
'Would, I had ſuch a Favour! Now vex, Ladies,
Envy, and vex, and rail.

Roſ. Ye are ſhort of us, Sir.

Mir. 'Bleſs your fair Fortune, Sir.

Pin. I nobly thank ye.

Mir. Is ſhe married, Friend?

Pin. No, no.

Mir. A goodly Lady;
A ſweet and delicate Aſpect: Mark, mark, and wonder!
Haſt thou any Hope of her?

Pin. A little.

Mir. Follow cloſe then:
Loſe not that Hope.

Pin. To you, Sir. [Mariana *courtſies to him.*

Mir. Gentle Lady.

Roſ. She is fair, indeed.

Lil.

Lil. I have ſeen a fairer, yet
She is well.
Roſ. Her Clothes ſit handſom too.
Lil. She dreſſes prettily.
Roſ. And by my Faith ſhe is rich, ſhe looks ſtill ſweeter.
A well-bred Woman, I warrant her.
Lil. Do you hear, Sir,
May I crave this Gentlewoman's Name?
Pin. Mariana, Lady.
Lil. I will not ſay, I owe ye a quarrel, Monſieur,
For making me your Stale: A noble Gentleman
Would have had more Courteſy, at leaſt, more Faith,
Than to turn off his Miſtreſs at firſt Trial:
You know not what Reſpect I might have ſhew'd ye;
I find, ye have Worth.
Pin. I cannot ſtay to anſwer ye;
Ye ſee my Charge: I am beholding to ye
For all your merry Tricks ye put upon me,
Your Bobs, and baſe Accounts: I came to love ye,
To wooe ye, and to ſerve ye; I am much indebted to ye,
For dancing me off my Legs; and then for walking me;
For telling me ſtrange Tales I never heard of,
More to abuſe me; for miſtaking me,
When ye both knew I was a Gentleman,
And one deſerv'd as rich a Match as you are.
Lil. Be not ſo bitter, Sir.
Pin. You ſee this Lady:
She is young enough, and fair enough to pleaſe me,
A Woman of a loving Mind, a quiet,
And one, that weighs the Worth of him that loves her;
I am content with this, and bleſs my Fortune;
Your curious Wits, and Beauties,——
Lil. Faith, ſee me once more.
Pin. I dare not trouble ye.
Lil. May I ſpeak to your Lady?
Pin. I pray ye, content yourſelf: I know, ye are bitter,
And, in your Bitterneſs, ye may abuſe her;
Which if ſhe comes to know, (for ſhe underſtands ye not)
It may breed ſuch a Quarrel to your Kindred,
And ſuch an Indiſcretion fling on you too;

For

For ſhe is nobly Friended. *Lil.* I could eat her.
Pin. Reſt as ye are, a modeſt noble Gentlewoman,
And afford your honeſt Neighbours ſome of your Prayers.
[*Exit* Mariana, *and Attendants.*
Mir. What think you now?
Lil. Faith, ſhe's a pretty Whiting;
She has got a pretty Catch too.
Mir. You are angry,
Monſtrous angry now, grievouſly angry;
And the pretty Heart does ſwell now.
Lil. No, in troth, Sir.
Mir. And (32) it will cry anon, a pox upon it!
And it will curſe itſelf, and eat no Meat, Lady;
And it will fight.
Lil. Indeed, you are miſtaken;
It will be very merry.
Roſ. Why, Sir, do you think
There are no more Men living, nor no handſomer,
Than he, or you? By this Light, there be ten Thouſand,
Ten Thouſand Thouſand: Comfort yourſelf, dear Monſieur,
Faces, and Bodies, Wits, and all Abiliments
There are ſo many we regard 'em not.

Enter Belleur, *and two Gentlemen.*

Mir. That ſuch a noble Lady I could burſt now,
So far above ſuch Trifles,——
Bel. You did laugh at me,

(32) — *it will cry anon, a pox upon it!*
And it will curſe itſelf, and eat no Meat,—] This Place as it ſtands, I am far from thinking genuine; becauſe, upon a nearer View, we ſhall find *Mirabell*'s flamming Aſſertions, and *Lillia*'s cool Anſwers, by no means agreeing. He ſays, *She will cry, pox upon it, will curſe and eat no Meat*; to which ſhe replies in theſe Reſpects, *He is greatly miſtaken*, ſo far all is eaſy. But when he adds, *And it will Fight.* To which ſhe anſwers, *It will be very merry*, we ſee then the Aſſertion and the Anſwer are *toto cælo* inconſiſtent. My Conjecture, which is very near the Trace of the Letters, will ſet all right:
—— *it will curſe itſelf, and eat no Meat,*
And it will figh.
Lil. *Indeed you are miſtaken,*
It will be very merry.
Here the Sentence is ſet ſound by reſtoring of the *Antitheſis.*

And

And I know, why ye laughed.
1 Gent. I pray ye, be ſatisfied;
If we did laugh, we had ſome private Reaſon,
And not at you.
2 Gent. Alas, we know you not, Sir.
Bel. I'll make you know me; ſet your Faces ſoberly;
Stand this way, and look ſad; I'll be no May-game;
Sadder, demurer yet.
Roſ. What's the matter?
What ails this Gentleman?
Bel. Go off now backward, that I may behold ye;
And not a Simper on your Lives.
Lil. He's mad, ſure.
Bel. Do you obſerve me too?
Mir. I may look on ye.
Bel. Why do you grin? I know your Mind.
Mir. You do not,
You are ſtrangely humorous: Is there no Mirth, nor Pleaſure,
But you muſt be the Object?
Bel. Mark, and obſerve me;
Where-ever I am nam'd,
The very Word ſhall raiſe a general Sadneſs,
For the Diſgrace this ſcurvy Woman did me;
This proud pert Thing; take heed, ye laugh not at me;
Provoke me not, take heed.
Roſ. I would fain pleaſe ye;
Do any thing to keep ye quiet.
Bel. Hear me,
Till I receive a Satisfaction
Equal to the Diſgrace, and Scorn, ye gave me,
Ye are a wretched Woman; till thou woo'ſt me,
And I ſcorn thee as much, as ſeriouſly
Jeer, and abuſe thee; ask, what Gill thou art;
Or any baſer Name; I will proclaim thee,
I will ſo ſing thy Virtue, ſo be-paint thee.
Roſ. Nay, good Sir, be more modeſt.
Bel. Do you laugh again?
Becauſe ye are a Woman, ye are lawleſs,
And out of Compaſs of an honeſt Anger.

Roſ.

Roſ. Good Sir, have a better Belief of me.
Lil. Away, dear Siſter. [*Exit.*
Mir. Is not this better now, this ſeeming Madneſs,
Than falling out with your Friends?
Bel. Have I not frighted her?
Mir. Into her right Wits, I warrant thee: Follow this Humour,
And thou ſhalt ſee how proſperouſly 'twill guide thee.
Bel. I am glad I have found a way to woo yet, I was afraid once
(33) I never ſhould have made a civil Suiter.
Well, I'll about it ſtill. [*Exit.*
Mir. Do, do, and proſper.
What Sport do I make with theſe Fools? What Pleaſure Feeds me,
And fats my Sides at their poor Innocence?

Enter Lugier.

Wooing and Wiving, hang it; give me Mirth,
Witty and dainty Mirth: I ſhall grow in Love, ſure,
With mine own happy Head. Who's this? To me, Sir?
What Youth is this?
Lug. Yes, Sir, I would ſpeak with you,
If your Name be Monſieur *Mirabell.*
Mir. Ye have hit it;
Your Buſineſs, I beſeech ye?
Lug. This it is, Sir,
There is a Gentlewoman hath long time affected ye,
And lov'd ye dearly.
Mir. Turn over, and end that Story,
'Tis long enough: I have no Faith in Women, Sir.
Lug. It ſeems ſo, Sir: I do not come to woo for her,
Or ſing her Praiſes, though ſhe well deſerve 'em,
I come to tell ye, ye have been cruel to her,
Unkind and cruel, falſe of Faith, and careleſs,
Taking more Pleaſure in abuſing her,
Wreſting her Honour to your wild Diſpoſes,

(33) *I never ſhould have made a* civil *Suiter.*] Will not the whole Context induce us to read,
——— *an* uncivil *Suiter*,

Than

Than noble in requiting her Affection:
Which, as ye are a Man, I muſt deſire ye
(A Gentleman of Rank) not to perſiſt in,
No more to load her fair Name with your Injuries;
Mir. Why, I beſeech ye, Sir?
Lug. Good Sir, I'll tell ye,
And I'll be ſhort: I'll tell ye, 'cauſe I love ye;
Becauſe I'd have you ſhun the Shame may follow:
There is a noble Man, new come to Town, Sir,
A noble and a great Man that affects her,
A Countryman of mine, a brave *Savoyan*,
Nephew to th' Duke, and ſo much honours her,
That 'twill be dangerous to purſue your old way,
To touch at any thing concerns her Honour,
Believe, moſt dangerous: Her Name is *Oriana*,
And this great Man will marry her: Take heed, Sir,
For howſoe'er her Brother, a ſtaid Gentleman,
Lets things paſs upon better hopes, this Lord, Sir,
Is of that fiery, and that poinant Metal,
(Eſpecially provok'd on by Affection)
That 'twill be hard: But you are wiſe.
Mir. A Lord, Sir?
Lug. Yes, and a noble Lord.
Mir. 'Send her good Fortune!——
This will not ſtir her Lord; a Baroneſs,
Say ye ſo, ſay ye ſo? by'r Lady, a brave Title;
Top, and top-gallant now; 'ſave her great Ladyſhip!
I was a poor Servant of hers, I muſt confeſs, Sir,
And in thoſe Days I thought I might be jovy,
And make a little bold to call into her:
But *Baſta!* now, I know my Rules and Diſtance;
Yet, if ſhe want an Uſher, ſuch an Implement,
One that is throughly pac'd, a clean-made Gentleman,
(34) Can hold a hanging up, with Approbation
Plant his Hat formally, and wait with Patience,
I do beſeech you, Sir——

(34) *Can hold a* hanging *up*,——] This Expreſſion we meet again with in the next Play toward the End of the firſt Act,

Thou poor baſe hanging *Holder.*

Lug. Sir, leave your Scoffing,
And as ye are a Gentleman, deal fairly:
I have given ye a Friend's Counſel, ſo I'll leave ye.
Mir. But hark ye, hark ye, Sir; is't poſſible
I may believe what you ſay?
Lug. You may chooſe, Sir.
Mir. No Baits? No Fiſh-hooks, Sir? No Gins? No Nooſes?
No Pitfals to catch Puppies?
Lug. I tell ye certain;
You may believe; if not, ſtand to the Danger. [*Exit.*
Mir. A Lord of *Savoy*, ſays he? The Duke's Nephew;
A Man ſo mighty? By'r Lady a fair Marriage;
By my Faith, a handſome Fortune: I muſt leave prating;
For to confeſs the Truth, I have abuſed her,
For which I ſhould be ſorry, but that will ſeem ſcurvy;
I muſt confeſs, ſhe was, ever ſince I knew her,
As modeſt as ſhe was fair; I am ſure ſhe lov'd me,
Her Means good, and her Breeding excellent;
And for my ſake ſhe has refus'd fair Matches:
I may play the Fool finely. Stay, who are theſe?

Enter De Gard, Oriana, *and Attendants.*

'Tis ſhe, I am ſure; and that the Lord it ſhould ſeem,
He carries a fair Port, is a handſome Man too:
I do begin to feel I am a Coxcomb.
Oria. Good my Lord, chuſe a nobler; for I know
I am ſo far below your Rank and Honour,
That what ye can ſay this way, I muſt credit
But ſpoken to beget yourſelf ſport: Alas, Sir,
I am ſo far off from deſerving you,
My Beauty ſo unfit for your Affection,
That I am grown the Scorn of common Railers,
Of ſuch injurious Things, that when they cannot
Reach at my Perſon, lie with my Reputation:
I am poor beſides.
De Ga. Ye are all Wealth and Goodneſs;
And none but ſuch as are the Scum of Men,
The Ulcers of an honeſt State, Spight-weavers
That live on Poiſon only, like ſwoln Spiders,

Dare

Dare once profane ſuch Excellence, ſuch Sweetneſs.
Mir. This Man ſpeaks loud indeed.
De Ga. Name but the Men, Lady:
Let me but know theſe poor and baſe Depravers,
Lay but to my Revenge their Perſons open,
And you ſhall ſee how ſuddenly, how fully,
For your moſt beauteous ſake, how direfully
I'll handle their Deſpights. Is this thing one?
Be what he will.
Mir. Sir!
De Ga. Dare your malicious Tongue, Sir?
Mir. I know you not, nor what you mean.
Oria. Good my Lord.
De Ga. If he, or any he.
Oria. I beſeech your Honour.
This Gentleman's a Stranger to my knowledge,
And no doubt, Sir, a worthy Man.
De Ga. Your mercy;
But had he been a Tainter of your Honour,
A Blaſter of thoſe Beauties reign within ye —
But we ſhall find a fitter time: Dear Lady,
As ſoon as I have freed ye from your Guardian,
And done ſome honour'd Offices unto ye,
I'll take ye with thoſe Faults the World flings on ye;
And dearer than the whole World I'll eſteem ye.
[*Exeunt.*

Mir. This is a thundring Lord; I'm glad I 'ſcap'd him;
How lovingly the Wench diſclaim'd my Villany!
I am vex'd now heartily that he ſhall have her;
Not that I care to marry, or to loſe her;
But that this Bilbo-Lord ſhall reap that Maidenhead
That was my due; that he ſhall rig and top her —
I'd give a thouſand Crowns now, he might miſs her.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Nay, if I bear your Blows, and keep your Counſel,
You have good Luck, Sir; I'll teach ye to ſtrike lighter.
Mir. Come hither, honeſt Fellow; can'ſt thou tell me
Where this great Lord lies? This *Savoy* Lord? Thou
met'ſt him;

He now went by thee certain.
Ser. Yes, he did, Sir;
I know him, and I know you are fool'd.
Mir. Come hither,
Here's all this, give me Truth.
Ser. Not for your Money:
(And yet that may do much) but I have been beaten:
And by the worſhipful Contrivers beaten, and I'll tell ye;
This is no Lord, no *Savoy* Lord.
Mir. Go forward.
Ser. This is a Trick, and put upon ye groſly
By one *Lugier*; the Lord's Monſieur *De Gard*, Sir,
An honeſt Gentleman, and a Neighbour here?
Their ends you underſtand better than I, ſure.
Mir. Now I know him:
Know him now plain.
Ser. (35) I have diſcharg'd my Choler; ſo God b'y ye, Sir, [*Exit.*
Mir.

(35) *I have diſcharg'd my* Colours;——] For a Perſon to be *diſcharged from his Colours* is common, tho' for one to *diſcharge his own Colours*, is, I am afraid, a Phraſe altogether unuſual: But then what has the *diſcharging of Colours*, ſuppoſing it right, to do with the Diſcovery of *De Gard*'s and *Lugier*'s Plot, which the Servant has juſt made to *Mirabell*? why, juſt nothing at all. If therefore this Phraſe be not *Engliſh*, or, if ſo, has no Buſineſs to ſtand here, we muſt either ſtrike it out or correct it; the firſt is not allowable, the ſecond not difficult. The Words of the Servant, at his Entrance juſt above, lead us to a Reading that will make all clear.

Enter Servant.

Ser. *Nay, if I bear your Blows, and keep your Counſel,*
You have good Luck, Sir;——

Here we ſee he has been beaten, but by whom or for what 'tis no mighty matter. His Inſolence, as he was intruſted with a Secret of Importance, roſe to ſuch an height that the Perſon before whom he ſhow'd it, could not forbear correcting of it, by giving him a ſound Drubbing; thinking upon this his Secrecy but ill repaid, he was reſolv'd to blab, and luckily in that reſpect, he met with the only Man in the World to whom he could have unfolded his Mind; his Paſſion therefore he indulges, and out-goes the Secret; upon which 'tis natural enough to ſuppoſe him to ſay,

I have diſcharg'd my Choler;——

i. e. Paſſion, *&c.* For as to quitting his Service, ſuppoſing that is meant

Mir. What a purblind Puppy was I; now I remember him,
All the whole caſt on's Face, though it were umber'd,
And mask'd with Patches: What a dunder-whelp
To let him domineer thus? How he ſtrutted,
And what a Load of Lord he clapt upon him!
Would I'd him here again, I would ſo bounce him,
I would ſo thank his Lordſhip for his lewd Plot——
Do they think to carry it away, with a great Band made of Bird-pots,
And a Pair of Pin-buttockt Breeches? Ha! 'Tis he
Again, he comes, he comes, he comes; have at him.

Enter De Gard, Oriana, *&c.*

Mir. [*ſings.*] My *Savoy* Lord, why doſt thou frown on me?
And will that Favour never ſweeter be?
Wilt thou, I ſay, for ever play the Fool?
De Gard, be wiſe, and, *Savoy*, go to School.
My Lord *De Gard*, I thank ye for your Antick;
My Lady bright, that will be ſometimes frantick;
You worthy Train that wait upon this Pair,
Send you more Wit, and they a bouncing Baire,
And ſo I take my humble leave of your Honours. [*Exit.*

De Ga. We are diſcover'd, there's no Remedy.
Lillia Bianca's Man, upon my Life,
In ſtubbornneſs, becauſe *Lugier* corrected him——
(36) (A ſhameleſs Slave! plague on him for a Raſcal.)

Oria. I was in a perfect hope; the bane on't is now,

meant by *diſcharging his Colours*, that he did not do, as is plain from the firſt Speech of the next Act,

—— *thank your ſweet Squire, here;*

And from Act 5. Scene 4. where *Lillia* ſays,

Get ye gone, Sirrah;
And what ye have ſeen, be ſecret in: You are paid elſe,
No more of your long Tongue.

(36) *A ſhameleſs* Slave's plague *on him for a Raſcal.*] What a *ſhameleſs* Slave's plague means, is poſſibly as much unknown to the Reader as myſelf. I diſpute not but the Poet gave the Line thus,

A ſhameleſs Slave! *plague on him for a Raſcal.*

He will make Mirth on Mirth, to perſecute us.
De Ga. We muſt be patient; I am vex'd to the Proof too,
I'll try once more; then if I fail, here's one ſpeaks.
Oria. Let me be loſt, and ſcorn'd firſt.
De Ga. Well, we'll conſider,
Away, and let me ſhift; I ſhall be hooted elſe. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lugier, Lillia, *and Servants.*

Lug. FAINT not; but do as I direct ye, truſt me;
Believe me too, for what I have told ye, Lady,
As true as you are *Lillia*, is Authentick;
I know it, I have found it; 'tis a poor Courage
Flies off for one Repulſe; theſe Travellers
Shall find, before we have done, a home-ſpun Wit,
A plain *French* Underſtanding, may cope with 'em;
They have had the better yet, thank your ſweet Squire, here;
And let 'em brag: You would be reveng'd.
Lil. Yes ſurely.
Lug. And married too? *Lil.* I think ſo.
Lug. Then be counſell'd,
You know how to proceed: I have other Irons
Heating as well as yours, and I will ſtrike
Three Blows with one Stone home; be rul'd, and happy,
And ſo I leave ye. Now is the time. [*Exit* Lugier.
Lil. I am ready,
If he (37) do come to *Dor* me.
Ser. Will ye ſtand here,
And let the People think, ye are God knows what, Miſtreſs?

(37) —*do come to* do *me.*] This unmeaning Place I would reform thus,
If he do come to Dor *me.*
The *Dor* and to *Dor* are common in our Authors, and *Ben Johnſon*'s Writings. Thus in the *Lover*'s *Progreſs*, the ſecond Play after this, Act 1. Scene 1. *Malfort* ſays to *Leon*,
——— *I won'd not*
Receive the Dor.——

Let

Let Boys and Prentices preſume upon ye?
Lil. Prithee hold thy Peace.
Ser. Stand at his Door that hates ye?
Lil. Prithee leave prating.
Ser. 'Pray ye go to th' Tavern. I'll give ye a Pint of Wine there.
If any of the Mad-cap Gentlemen ſhould come by,
That take up Women upon ſpecial Warrant,
You were in a wiſe Caſe now.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, Mariana, *Prieſt and Attendants.*

Lil. Give me the Garland,
And wait you here.
Mir. She is here to ſeek thee, Sirrah:
I told thee what would follow; ſhe is mad for thee;
Shew, and advance. So early ſtirring, Lady?
It ſhews a buſy Mind, a Fancy troubled.
A willow Garland too? Is't poſſible?
'Tis pity ſo much Beauty ſhould lie muſty,
But 'tis not to be help'd now.
Lil. The more's my Miſery.
Good Fortune to ye, Lady, you deſerve it:
To me, too late Repentance; I have ſought it:
I do not envy, though I grieve a little,
You are Miſtreſs of that Happineſs, thoſe Joys
That might have been, had I been wiſe: But Fortune——
Pin. She underſtands ye not, 'pray ye do not trouble her;
And do not croſs me like a Hare thus, 'tis as ominous.
Lil. I come not to upbraid your Levity,
(Though ye made ſhew of Love, and though I lik'd ye)
To claim an Intereſt; (we are yet both Strangers,
But what we might have been, had you perſever'd, Sir,)
To be an Eye-ſore to your loving Lady;
This Garland ſhews, I give myſelf forſaken;
(Yet ſhe muſt pardon me, 'tis moſt unwillingly:)
And all the Power and Intereſt I had in ye,
(As I perſuade myſelf, ſomewhat ye lov'd me;)
Thus patiently I render up, I offer
To her that muſt enjoy ye, and ſo bleſs ye;

Only, I heartily deſire this Courteſy,
And would not be deny'd, to wait upon ye
This Day, to ſee ye ty'd, then no more trouble ye.
Pin. It needs not, Lady.
Lil. Good Sir, grant me ſo much.
Pin. 'Tis private, and we make no Invitation.
Lil. My Preſence, Sir, ſhall not proclaim it publick.
Pin. May be 'tis not in Town.
Lil. I have a Coach, Sir,
And a moſt ready Will to do you ſervice.
Mir. Strike now or never; make it ſure: I tell thee,
She will hang herſelf, if ſhe have thee not.
Pin. 'Pray ye, Sir,
Entertain my noble Miſtreſs: Only a Word or two
With this importunate Woman, and I'll relieve ye.
Now ye ſee what your Flings are, and your Fancies,
Your States, and your wild Stubbornneſs; now ye find
What 'tis to gird and kick at Mens fair Services,
To raiſe your Pride to ſuch a Pitch and Glory,
That Goodneſs ſhews like Gnats, ſcorn'd under ye,
'Tis ugly, naught; a Self-will in a Woman,
Chain'd to an over-weening Thought, is peſtilent,
Murders fair Fortune firſt, then fair Opinion:
There ſtands a Pattern, a true patient Pattern,
Humble, and ſweet.
Lil. I can but grieve my Ignorance.
Repentance, ſome ſay too, is the beſt Sacrifice;
For ſure, Sir, if my Chance had been ſo happy,
(As I confeſs I was mine own Deſtroyer)
As to have arriv'd at you; (I will not Propheſy,)
But certain, as I think, I ſhould have pleas'd ye;
Have made ye as much wonder at my Courteſy,
My Love, and Duty, as I have diſhearten'd ye:
Some Hours we have of Youth, and ſome of Folly;
And being free-born Maids, we take a Liberty,
And to maintain that, ſometimes we ſtrain highly.
Pin. Now ye talk Reaſon.
Lil. But being yoak'd, and govern'd,
Married, and thoſe light Vanities purg'd from us;

How

How fair we grow, how gentle, and how tender,
We twine about thoſe Loves that ſhoot up with us!
A ſullen Woman fear, that talks not to ye;
She has a ſad and darken'd Soul, loves dully:
A merry and a free Wench, give her Liberty,
Believe her in the lighteſt Form ſhe appears to ye,
Believe her excellent, though ſhe deſpiſe ye;
Let but theſe Fits and Flaſhes paſs, ſhe will ſhew to ye
As Jewels rubb'd from Duſt, or Gold new burniſh'd:
Such had I been, had you believ'd.

Pin. Is't poſſible?

Lil. And to your Happineſs, I dare aſſure ye
If true Love be accounted ſo: your Pleaſure,
Your Will, and your Command had tied my Motions:
But that Hope's gone; I know you are young and giddy,
And till you have a Wife can govern with ye,
(38) You ſail upon this World's-Sea, light and empty;
Your Bark in danger daily; 'tis not the Name neither
Of Wife can ſteer ye, but the noble Nature,
The Diligence, the Care, the Love, the Patience,
She makes the Pilot, and preſerves the Husband,
That knows, and reckons every Rib he's built on;
But this I tell ye, to my Shame.

Pin. I admire ye,
And now am ſorry, that I aim beyond ye.

Mir. So, ſo, ſo, fair and ſoftly. She is thine own, Boy,
She comes now, without Lure.

Pin. But that it muſt needs
Be reckon'd to me as a Wantonneſs,
Or worſe, a Madneſs, to forſake a Bleſſing,
A Bleſſing of that Hope ——

Lil. I dare not urge ye:
And yet, dear Sir ——

Pin. 'Tis moſt certain, I had rather, [woman,
If 'twere in my own Choice —— for you're my Country-

(38) *You ſail upon this* Wold-Sea,——] The Reader, I dare ſay, will be pleaſed to ſee this dark Place ſo well cleared up. The Text, with only the trifling Addition of a Letter, is from the Copy of 1652, which repreſents the Line thus,

You ſail upon this World-Sea, *light and empty.*

A Neighbour, here born by me, ſhe a Stranger:
And who knows how her Friends?——
Lil. Do as you pleaſe, Sir;
If ye be faſt, not all the World; I love ye,
It is moſt true, and clear, I would perſuade ye;
And I ſhall love you ſtill.
Pin. Go, get before me;
So much you have won upon me; do it preſently:
Here's a Prieſt ready; I'll have you.
Lil. Not now, Sir,
No, you ſhall pardon me; advance your Lady,
I dare not hinder your moſt high Preferment,
'Tis Honour enough for me I have unmask'd ye.
Pin. How's that?
Lil. I've caught ye, Sir; alas! I am no States-Woman,
Nor no great Traveller, yet I have found ye,
I've found your Lady too, your beauteous Lady;
I've found her Birth and Breeding too, her Diſcipline;
Who brought her over, and who kept your Lady;
And when he laid her by, what virtuous Nunnery
Receiv'd her in; I have found all theſe: Are ye blank now?
Methinks ſuch travell'd Wiſdoms ſhould not fool thus;
Such excellent Indiſcretions——
Mir. How could ſhe know this? [*Aſide.*
Lil. 'Tis true, ſhe's *Engliſh* born, but moſt part *French* now,
And ſo I hope you'll find her, to your Comfort.
Alas, I am ignorant of what ſhe coſt ye;
The Price of theſe hired Clothes I do not know, Gentlemen;
Thoſe Jewels are the Brokers, how ye ſtand bound for 'em.
Pin. Will you make this good?
Lil. Yes, yes, and to her Face, Sir,
That ſhe's an *Engliſh* Whore, a kind of ſling Duſt,
One of your *London* Light o' Loves, a right one,
Came over in thin Pumps, and half a Petticoat,
One Faith, and one Smock, with a broken Haberdaſher;
I know all this without a Conjurer:
Her Name is Jumping-*Joan*, an antient Sin-Weaver;
She was firſt a Lady's Chamber-maid, there ſlipp'd
And broke her Leg above the Knee; departed,

And

And ſet up Shop herſelf. Stood the fierce Conflicts
Of many a furious Term; there loſt her Colours,
And laſt ſhip'd over hither.

Mir. We are betray'd. [*Aſide.*

Lil. Do you come to fright me with this Myſtery?
To ſtir me with a Stink none can endure, Sir?
I pray proceed, the Wedding will become ye;
Who gives the Lady? You? An excellent Father:
A careful Man, and one that knows a Beauty.
Send ye fair Shipping, Sir, and ſo I'll leave ye,
Be wiſe and manly, then I may chance to love ye. [*Exit.*

Mir. As I live, I am aſham'd this Wench has reach'd me,
Monſtrous aſham'd, but there's no remedy,
This skew'd ey'd carrion.

Pin. This I ſuſpected ever.
Come, come, uncaſe, we have no more uſe of ye;
Your Clothes muſt back again.

Mar. Sir, ye ſhall pardon me;
'Tis not our *Engliſh* uſe to be degraded:
If you will viſit me, and take your Venture,
You ſhall have Pleaſure for your Properties;
(39) And ſo Sweet-heart—— [*Exit* Mariana.

Mir. Let her go, and the Devil go with her;
We have never better Luck with theſe Preludiums;
Come, be not daunted; think ſhe is but a Woman,
And let her have the Devil's Wit, we'll reach her.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roſalure, *and* Lugier.

Roſ. Ye have now redeem'd my good Opinion, Tutor,
And ye ſtand fair again.

Lug. I can but labour,
And ſweat in your Affairs; I am ſure *Belleur*
Will be here inſtantly, and uſe his Anger,
His wonted Harſhneſs.

(39) *And ſo Sweet-heart*] The Completion of the Senſe is as well underſtood as if expreſſed, but if the Reader will have it out at length he may make it run thus,

And ſo Sweet-heart, God be with you.

Roſ.

Roſ. I hope he will not beat me.
Lug. No ſure, he has more Manners; be you ready.
Roſ. Yes, yes, I am, and am reſolv'd to fit him,
With Patience to outdo all he can offer;
But how does *Oriana*?
Lug. Worſe, and worſe ſtill;
There is a ſad Houſe for her: ſhe is now,
Poor Lady, utterly diſtracted.
Roſ. Pity!
Infinite Pity! 'Tis a handſom Lady,
That *Mirabell*'s a Beaſt, worſe than a Monſter,
If this Affliction work not.

Enter Lillia-Bianca.

Lil. Are ye ready?
Belleur is coming on, here, hard behind me,
I have no Leiſure to relate my Fortune.
Only I wiſh you may come off as handſomly,
Upon the Sign you know what. [*Exit.*
Roſ. Well, well, leave me.

Enter Bellleur.

Bel. How now?
Roſ. Ye are welcome, Sir.
Bel. 'Tis well ye have Manners:
That Court'ſy again, and hold your Countenance ſtaidly;
That Look's too light; take heed: ſo, ſit ye down now,
And to confirm me that your Gall is gone,
Your Bitterneſs diſpers'd, for ſo I'll have it:
Look on me ſtedfaſtly, and whatſoe'er I ſay to ye,
Move not, nor alter in your Face, ye are gone then;
For if you do expreſs the leaſt Diſtaſte,
Or ſhew an angry Wrinkle, mark me, Woman,
We are now alone, I will ſo conjure thee;
The third Part of my Execution
Cannot be ſpoke.
Roſ. I am at your Diſpoſe, Sir.
Bel. Now riſe, and woo me a little, let me hear that Faculty:

But

But touch me not, nor do not lye, I charge ye.
Begin now.
Roſ. If ſo mean and poor a Beauty
May ever hope the Grace.
Bel. Ye cog, ye flatter,
Like a lewd Thing ye lie: May hope that Grace?
Why, what Grace canſt thou hope for? Anſwer not,
For if thou doſt, and lieſt again, I'll ſwinge thee:
Do not I know thee for a peſtilent Woman?
And proud at both Ends? Be not angry,
Nor ſtir not o' your Life.
Roſ. I am counſell'd, Sir.
Bel. Art thou not now (confeſs, for I'll have the Truth out)
As much unworthy of a Man of Merit,
Or any of ye all? nay, of meer Man,
Though he were crooked, cold, all Wants upon him?
Nay, of any diſhoneſt thing that bears that Figure,
As Devils are of Mercy?
Roſ. We are unworthy.
Bel. Stick to that Truth, and it may chance to ſave thee.
And is it not our Bounty that we take ye?
That we are troubled, vex'd, or tortur'd with ye
Our meer and ſpecial Bounty?
Roſ. Yes.
Bel. Our Pity,
That for your Wickedneſs we ſwinge ye ſoundly;
Your Stubbornneſs, and your ſtout Hearts, we belabour ye,
Anſwer to that?
Roſ. I do confeſs your Pity.
Bel. And doſt thou not deſerve in thine own Perſon?
Thou impudent, thou pert—Do not change Countenance.
Roſ. I dare not, Sir.
Bel. For if ye do.
Roſ. I am ſettled.
Bel. Thou Wagtail, Peacock, Puppy, look on me,
I am a Gentleman.
Roſ. It ſeems no leſs, Sir.
Bel. And dareſt thou in thy Surquedry?

Roſ.

Roſ. I beſeech ye,
It was my Weakneſs, Sir, I did not view ye,
I took no notice of your noble Parts,
(40) Nor call'd your Perſon, nor your proper Faſhion.
Bel. This is ſome amends yet.
Roſ. I ſhall mend, Sir, daily,
And ſtudy to deſerve.
Bel. Come a little nearer;
Canſt thou repent thy Villany?
Roſ. Moſt ſeriouſly.
Bel. And be aſham'd?
Roſ. I am aſham'd.
Bel. Cry.
Roſ. It will be hard to do, Sir.
Bel. Cry now inſtantly;
Cry monſtrouſly, that all the Town may hear thee;
Cry ſeriouſly; as if thou hadſt loſt thy Monkey;
And as I like thy Tears——

Enter Lillia, *and four Women laughing.*

Roſ. Now.
Bel. How? how? do you jeer me?
Have ye broke your Bounds again, Dame?
Roſ. Yes, and laugh at ye,
And laugh moſt heartily.
Bel. What are theſe, Whirl-winds?
Is Hell broke looſe, and all the Furies flutter'd?
Am I greas'd once again?
Roſ. Yes indeed are ye;
And once again ye ſhall be, if ye quarrel;
Do you come to vent your Fury on a Virgin?
Is this your Manhood, Sir?
1 *Wom.* Let him do his beſt,
Let's ſee the utmoſt of his Indignation;
I long to ſee him angry; Come, proceed, Sir.

(40) *Nor* called *your Perſon, nor your proper Faſhion.*] If the Paſſage was deſigned to be imperfect by the Poet, 'tis to no Purpoſe to undertake the Correction of it; if not, probably we ſhould alter *called* into ſomething like *skill'd, i. e.* had no Knowledge of, or did not know your Perſon, *&c.* was ſo proper.

Hang

Hang him, he dares not ſtir, a Man of Timber.
2 *Wom.* Come hither to fright Maids with thy Bull-faces?
To threaten Gentlewomen? Thou a Man? A *May*-Pole,
A great dry Pudding.
3 *Wom.* Come, come, do your worſt, Sir;
Be angry if thou dar'ſt.
Bel. The Lord deliver me!
4 *Wom.* Do but look ſcurvily upon this Lady,
Or give us one foul Word—We are all miſtaken,
This is ſome mighty Dairy-maid in Man's Clothes.
Lil. I am of that mind too.
Bel. What will they do to me? [*Aſide.*
Lil. And hired to come and abuſe us; a Man has Manners;
A Gentleman, Civility and Breeding:
Some Tinker's Trull, with a Beard glew'd on.
1 *Wom.* Let's ſearch him,
And as we find him.
Bel. Let me but depart from ye,
Sweet Chriſtian-Women.
Lil. Hear the Thing ſpeak, Neighbours.
Bel. 'Tis but a ſmall Requeſt; if e'er I trouble ye,
If e'er I talk again of beating Women,
Or beating any thing that can but turn to me;
Of ever thinking of a handſom Lady
But virtuouſly and well, of ever ſpeaking
But to her Honour; this I'll promiſe ye,
I will take Rhubarb, and purge Choler mainly,
Abundantly I'll purge,
Lil. I'll ſend ye Broths, Sir.
Bel. I will be laugh'd at, and endure it patiently,
I will do any thing.
Roſ. I'll be your Bail then;
When ye come next to woo, 'pray come not boiſterouſly,
And furniſh'd like a Bear-ward.
Bel. No in truth, Forſooth.
Roſ. I ſcented ye long ſince.
Bel. I was to blame ſure,
I will appear a Gentleman.

Roſ.

Roſ. 'Tis the beſt for ye,
For a true noble Gentleman's a brave thing;
Upon that hope we quit ye. You fear ſeriouſly?
Bel. Yes truly do I; I confeſs I fear ye,
And honour ye, and any thing.
Roſ. Farewel then.
Wom. And when ye come to woo next bring more Mercy.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

Bel. A Dairy-maid! a Tinker's Trull! Heav'n bleſs me!
Sure if I had provok'd 'em, they had quarter'd me.
I am a moſt ridiculous Aſs, now I perceive it;
A Coward, and a Knave too.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis the mad Gentleman,
Let's ſet our Faces right.
Bel. No, no, laugh at me,
And laugh aloud.
2 *Gent.* We are better manner'd, Sir.
Bel. I do deſerve it; call me Patch, and Puppy,
And beat me if you pleaſe.
1 *Gent.* No indeed, we know ye.
Bel. Death, do as I would have ye.
2 *Gent.* You are an Aſs then,
A Coxcomb, and a Calf.
Bel. I am a great Calf,
Kick me a little now: Why, when? Sufficient:
Now laugh aloud, and ſcorn me; ſo God b'ye;
And ever when ye meet me laugh.
1 *Gent.* We will, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Nantolet, La Caſtre, De Gard, Lugier, *and* Mirabell.

Mir. Your Patience, Gentlemen: Why do ye bait me?
Nan. Is't not a ſhame you are ſo ſtubborn-hearted,
So ſtony and ſo dull to ſuch a Lady,
Of her Perfections, and her Miſery?

Lug.

Lug. Does ſhe not love ye? Does not her Diſtraction
For your ſake only, her moſt pitied Lunacy
(41) Of all but you, ſhew ye? Does it not compel ye?
Mir. Soft and fair, Gentlemen, pray ye proceed temperately.
Lug. If ye have any Feeling, any Senſe in ye,
The leaſt Touch of a noble Heart——
La Ca. Let him alone,
It is his Glory that he can kill Beauty.
Ye bear my Stamp, but not my Tenderneſs;
Your wild unſavoury Courſes ſet that in ye!
For ſhame, be ſorry, though ye cannot cure her,
Shew ſomething of a Man, of a fair Nature.
Mir. Ye make me mad.
De Gø. Let me pronounce this to ye,
You take a ſtrange Felicity in ſlighting
And wronging Women, which my poor Siſter feels now,
Heav'n's Hand be gentle on her: Mark me, Sir,
That very Hour ſhe dies, there's ſmall hope otherwiſe,
That Minute, you and I muſt grapple for it;
Either your Life or mine.
Mir. Be not ſo hot, Sir,
I am not to be wrought on by theſe Policies,
In truth I am not; nor do I fear the Tricks,
Or the high-ſounding Threats of a *Savoyan*;
I glory not in Cruelty, ye wrong me;
Nor grow up water'd with the Tears of Women;
This let me tell ye, howſoe'er I ſhew to ye,
Wild, as ye pleaſe to call it, or ſelf-will'd;
When I ſee cauſe I can both do and ſuffer,
Freely, and feelingly, as a true Gentleman.

Enter Roſalure, *and* Lillia.

Roſ. O Pity, Pity, thouſand, thouſand Pities!
Lil. Alas poor Soul! ſhe will die; ſhe is grown ſenſeleſs;

(41) *Of all but you, ſhew ye? Does it not compel ye?*] The true Reading, I make no doubt, is *ſue ye*; *i. e.* Does not the Diſtraction of this unhappy Lady, for your ſake, *court* you, and even compel you to gratify her? This Correction does not only make the Place more expreſſive, but handſomly introduces the half Line that follows it.

She will not know, nor ſpeak now.
Roſ. Die for Love?
And Love of ſuch a Youth? I'd die for a Dog firſt.
He that kills me, I'll give him leave to eat me;
I'll know Men better, e'er I ſigh for any of 'em.
Lil. Ye have done a worthy act, Sir, a moſt famous;
Ye have kill'd a Maid the wrong way, ye are a Conqueror,
Roſ. A Conqueror? A Cobler; hang him Sowter;
Go hide thyſelf for ſhame, go loſe thy Memory,
Live not 'mongſt Men, thou art a Beaſt, a Monſter,
A blatant Beaſt.
Lil. If ye have yet any Honeſty,
Or ever heard of any, take my Counſel;
Off with your Garters, and ſeek out a Bough,
A handſom Bough; for I would have ye hang like a Gentleman;
And write ſome doleful Matter to the World,
A Warning to hard-hearted Men.
Mir. Out Kitlings:
What Catterwauling's here? What Gibing?
Do you think my Heart is ſoftened with a black Santis?
Shew me ſome Reaſon.

Enter Oriana *on a Bed.*

Roſ. Here then, here is a Reaſon.
Nant. Now, if ye be a Man, let this Sight ſhake ye.
La Ca. Alas poor Gentlewoman! do you know me, Lady?
Lug. How ſhe looks up, and ſtares!
Oria. I know ye very well;
You are my Godfather, and that's the Monſieur.
De Ga. And who am I?
Oria. You are *Amadis de Gaul*, Sir.
Oh, oh, my Heart! were ye never in Love, ſweet Lady?
And do you never dream of Flowers and Gardens?
I dream of walking Fires; take heed, it comes now.
Who's that? Pray ſtand away, I have ſeen that Face ſure;
How light my Head is!
Roſ. Take ſome Reſt.
Oria. I cannot,

For

For I muſt be up to-morrow to go to Church,
And I muſt dreſs me, put my new Gown on,
And be as fine to meet my Love: Heigh ho!
Will not you tell me where my Love lies buried?

Mir. He is not dead: Beſhrew my Heart, ſhe ſtirs me. [*Aſide.*

Oria. He is dead to me.

Mir. Is't poſſible my Nature
Should be ſo damnable, to let her ſuffer? [*Aſide.*
Give me your Hand.

Oria. How ſoft you feel, how gentle!
I'll tell your your Fortune, Friend.

Mir. How ſhe ſtares on me! [*Aſide.*

Oria. You have a flattering Face, but 'tis a fine one;
I'warrant you have a hundred Sweet-hearts;
Will ye pray for me? I ſhall die to-morrow,
And will ye ring the Bells?

Mir. I am moſt unworthy,
I do confeſs, unhappy; [*Aſide.*] Do you know me?

Oria. I would I did.

Mir. Oh fair Tears, how ye take me! [*Aſide.*

Oria. Do you weep too? You have not loſt your Lover;
You mock me; I'll go home and pray.

Mir. Pray ye pardon me:
Or if it pleaſe ye to conſider juſtly,
Scorn me, for I deſerve it: Scorn and ſhame me,
Sweet *Oriana.*

Lil. Let her alone, ſhe trembles;
Her Fits will grow more ſtrong, if ye provoke her.

La Ca. Certain ſhe knows ye not, yet loves to ſee ye:
How ſhe ſmiles now!

Enter Belleur.

Bel. (42) Where are ye? Oh, why do not you laugh?
Come laugh at me;

What

(42) *Where are ye? Oh, why do you laugh? Come laugh at me;*] What a Contradiction is here in theſe few Words?

—— *Why do you laugh at me? Come laugh at me;*

And yet, as plain as it is, I read this Paſſage ſeveral times over, without obſerving it; and 'tis owing to the Copy of 1652, that the Writers

What a Devil, art thou ſad, and ſuch a Subject,
Such a ridiculous Subject as I am
Before thy Face?
Mir. Prithee put off this Lightneſs,
This is no time for Mirth, nor Place; I have us'd too much on't:
I have undone myſelf, and a ſweet Lady,
By being too indulgent to my Foolery,
Which truly I repent; look here.
Bel. What ails ſhe?
Mir. Alas, ſhe's mad.
Bel. Mad?
Mir. Yes too ſure, for me too.
Bel. Doſt thou wonder at that? (43) by this good Light they're all ſo,
They're coz'ning mad, they're brawling mad, they're proud mad;
They're all, all mad; I came from a World of mad Women,
Mad as *March*-Hares: Get 'em in Chains, then deal with 'em.
There's one that's mad; ſhe ſeems well, but ſhe is dog-mad.
Is ſhe dead doſt think?
Mir. Dead! Heav'n forbid.
Bel. Heav'n further it;
For till they be Key-cold dead, there's no truſting of 'em.
Whate'er they ſeem, or howſoe'er they carry it,
Till they be Chap-faln, and their Tongues at Peace,
Nail'd in their Coffins ſure, I'll ne'er believe 'em.
Shall I talk with her?
Mir. No, dear Friend, be quiet,
And be at Peace a while.
Bel. I'll walk aſide,
And come again anon: But take heed to her.

have their own. The Abruptneſs of *Belleur*'s coming upon the Stage I have prevented the Reader's Surpriſe at, by inſerting,
Enter Belleur, *before he ſpeaks.*

(43) *By this Light they are all ſo,*] Thus read the Copies of every Date, but that of 1652.

You

You ſay ſhe is a Woman?
Mir. Yes.
Bel. Take great heed:
For if ſhe do not cozen thee, then hang me.
Let her be mad, or what ſhe will, ſhe'll cheat thee——
[*Exit.*
Mir. Away, wild Fool: How vild this ſhews in him now!
Now take my Faith, before ye all I ſpeak it,
And with it, my repentant Love.
La Ca. This ſeems well.
Mir. Were but this Lady clear again, whoſe Sorrows
My very Heart melts for, were ſhe but perfect,
(For thus to marry her would be two Miſeries)
Before the richeſt and the nobleſt Beauty,
France, or the World could ſhew me, I would take her;
As ſhe now is, my Tears and Prayers ſhall wed her.
De Ga. This makes ſome ſmall Amends.
Roſ. She beckons to ye.
To us too, to go off.
Nant. Let's draw aſide all.
Oria. Oh my beſt Friend; I would fain.
Mir. What? ſhe ſpeaks well,
And with another Voice.
Oria. But I am fearful,
And Shame a little ſtops my Tongue.
Mir. Speak boldly.
Oria. Tell ye, I'm well, I'm perfect well: Pray ye mock not;
And that I did this to provoke your Nature;
Out of my infinite and reſtleſs Love,
To win your Pity; pardon me.
Mir. Go forward:
Who ſet ye on?
Oria. None, as I live, no Creature;
Not any knew, or ever dream'd what I meant:
Will ye be mine?
Mir. 'Tis true, I pity ye;
But when I marry ye, ye muſt be wiſer.
Nothing but Tricks? Devices?

Oria. Will ye ſhame me?
Mir. Yes marry will I: Come near, come near, a Miracle;
The Woman's well; ſhe was only mad for Marriage,
Stark mad to be ſton'd to Death; give her good Counſel,
Will this World never mend? Are ye caught, Damſel?

Enter Belleur, La Caſtre, Lugier, Nantolet, De Gard, Roſalure, *and* Bianca.

Bel. How goes it now?
Mir. Thou art a kind of Prophet,
The Woman's well again, and would have gull'd me;
Well, excellent well; and not a Taint upon her.
Bel. Did not I tell ye? Let 'em be what can be,
Saints, Devils, any thing, they will abuſe us;
Thou wert an Aſs to believe her ſo long, a Coxcomb;
Give 'em a Minute they'll abuſe whole Millions.
Mir. And am not I a rare Phyſician, Gentlemen,
That can cure deſperate mad Minds?
De Ga. Be not inſolent.
Mir. Well, go thy ways: From this Hour I diſclaim thee,
Unleſs thou haſt a Trick above this: Then I'll love thee.
Ye owe me for your Cure; pray have a Care of her,
For fear ſhe fall into Relapſe. Come *Belleur*,
We'll ſet up Bills to cure diſeaſed Virgins.
Bel. Shall we be merry?
Mir. Yes.
Bel. But I'll no more Projects:
If we could make 'em mad, it were ſome Maſtery. [*Exe.*
Lil. I am glad ſhe is well again.
Roſ. So am I, certain:
Be not aſhamed.
Oria. I ſhall never ſee a Man more.
De Ga. Come, ye are a Fool; had ye but told me this Trick,
He ſhould not have gloried thus.
Lug. He ſhall not long neither.
La Ca. Be rul'd, and be at Peace: ye have my Conſent,
And what Power I can work with.

Nant.

Nant. Come, leave bluſhing;
We are your Friends; an honeſt way compell'd ye;
Heav'n will not ſee ſo true a Love unrecompenc'd;
Come in, and ſlight him too.
Lug. The next ſhall hit him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter De Gard, *and* Lugier.

De Ga. 'TWILL be diſcover'd.
Lug. That's the worſt can happen:
If there be any way to reach, and work upon him;
Upon his Nature ſuddenly, and catch him—That he loves,
Though he diſſemble it, and would ſhew contrary,
And will at length relent, I'll lay my Fortune,
Nay, more, my Life.
De Ga. Is ſhe won?
Lug. Yes, and ready,
And my Deſignments ſet.
De Ga. They are now for Travel;
All for that Game again; they have forgot wooing.
Lug. Let 'em, we'll travel with 'em.
De Ga. Where's his Father?
Lug. Within; he knows my Mind too, and allows it,
Pities your Siſter's Fortune moſt ſincerely;
And has appointed, for our more Aſſiſtance,
Some of his ſecret Friends.
De Ga. 'Speed the Plough.
Lug. Well ſaid;
And be you ſerious too.
De Ga. I ſhall be diligent.
Lug. Let's break the Ice for one, the reſt will drink too
(Believe me, Sir) of the ſame Cup; my young Gentlewomen
Wait but who ſets the Game a-foot; tho' they ſeem ſtubborn,

Reſerv'd, and proud now, yet I know their Hearts,
Their Pulſes how they beat, and for what Cauſe, Sir,
And how they long to venture their Abilities
In a true Quarrel: Husbands they muſt and will have,
Or Nunneries, and thin Collations
To cool their Bloods: Let's all about our Buſineſs,
And if this fail, let Nature work.
De Ga. Ye have arm'd me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mirabell, Nantolet *and* La Caſtre.

La Ca. Will ye be wilful then?
Mir. 'Pray, Sir, your Pardon,
For I muſt travel; lye lazy here,
Bound to a Wife? Chain'd to her Subtleties,
Her Humours, and her Wills, which are meer Fetters;
To have her to-day pleas'd, to-morrow peeviſh,
The third Day mad, the fourth rebellious?
You ſee, before they are marry'd, what *Moriſcoes*,
What Masks and Mummeries they put upon us,
To be ty'd here, and ſuffer their *Lavalto's*?
Nant. 'Tis your own ſeeking.
Mir. Yes, to get my Freedom;
Were they as I could wiſh 'em——
La Ca. Fools, and *Meacocks*,
To endure what you think fit to put upon 'em;
Come, change your Mind.
Mir. Not before I have chang'd Air, Father.
When I know Women worthy of my Company,
I will return again and wait upon 'em;
'Till then, dear Sir, I'll amble all the World over,
And run all Hazards, Miſery, and Poverty,

Enter Pinac *and* Belleur.

So I eſcape the dangerous Bay of Matrimony.
Pin. Are ye reſolv'd?
Mir. Yes certain; I will out again.

Pin.

Pin. We are for ye, Sir; we are your Servants once more;
Once more we'll ſeek our Fortune in ſtrange Countries;
Ours is too ſcornful for us.
Bel. Is there ne'er a Land
That ye have read, or heard of, (for I care not how far it be,
Nor under what peſtiferous Star it lies)
A happy Kingdom where there are no Women?
Nor have been ever? Nor no mention
Of any ſuch lewd things, with lewder Qualities?
For thither would I travel; where 'tis Felony
To confeſs ye had a Mother; a Miſtreſs, Treaſon.
La Ca. Are you for Travel too?
Bel. For any thing;
For living in the Moon, and ſtopping Hedges,
Ere I ſtay here to be abus'd, and baſſl'd.
Nant. Why did ye not break your Minds to me; they are my Daughters;
And ſure I think I ſhould have that Command over 'em,
To ſee 'em well beſtow'd: I know ye are Gentlemen,
Men of fair Parts and States; I know your Parents;
And had ye told me of your fair Affections——
Make but one Trial more, and let me ſecond ye.
Bel. No, I'll make Hob-nails firſt, and mend old Kettles:
Can ye lend me an Armour of high Proof, to appear in,
And two or three Field-pieces to defend me?
The King's Guard are meer Pygmies.
Nant. They will not eat ye.
Bel. Yes, and you too, and twenty fatter Monſieurs,
If their high Stomachs hold: They came with Chopping-Knives,
To cut me into Rands, and Sirloins, and ſo powder me.
Come, ſhall we go?
Nant. You cannot be ſo diſcourteous,
If ye intend to go, as not to viſit 'em,
And take your leaves.
Mir. That we dare do, and civilly,
And thank 'em too.

Pin.

Pin. Yes, Sir, we know that (44) Honeſty.
Bel. I'll come i'th' Rear, forty Foot off, I'll aſſure ye,
With a good Gun in my Hand; I'll no more Amazons,
I mean no more of their Frights; I'll make my three Legs,
Kiſs my Hand twice, and if I ſmell no Danger,
If the Interview be clear, may be I'll ſpeak to her;
I'll wear a privy Coat too, and behind me,
To make thoſe Parts ſecure, a Bandog.
La Ca. You are a merry Gentleman.
Bel. A wary Gentleman, I do aſſure ye,
I have been warn'd, and muſt be arm'd.
La Ca. Well, Son,
Theſe are your haſty Thoughts, when I ſee you are bent to it,
Then I'll believe, and join with ye, ſo we'll leave ye.
There's a Trick will make ye ſtay.
Nant. I hope ſo. [*Exeunt.*
Mir. We have won immortal Fame now, if we leave 'em.
Pin. You have, but we have loſt.
Mir. *Pinac*, thou art cozen'd;
I know they love ye; and to gain ye handſomly,
Not to be thought to yield, they would give Milions;
Their Father's willingneſs, that muſt needs ſhew ye—
Pin. If I thought ſo.
Mir. Ye ſhall be hang'd, ye Recreant,
Would ye turn Renegado now?
Bel. No, let's away, Boys,
Out of the Air and Tumult of their Villanies;
Though I were married to that Graſhopper,
And had her faſt by th' Legs, I ſhould think ſhe would cozen me.

Enter a young Factor.

Fac. Monſieur *Mirabell*, I take it?
Mir. Y'are i'th' right, Sir.

(44) —*Honeſty.*] *i. e.* Good-breeding, Good-manners.

Fac.

Fac. I am come to ſeek ye, Sir; I have been at your Father's,
And underſtanding you were here.
Mir. Ye are welcome:
May I crave your Name?
Fac. Foſs, Sir, and your Servant;
That you may know me better, I am Factor
To your old Merchant, *Le Verdure.*
Mir. How does he?
Fac. Well, Sir, I hope, he is now at *Orleance*,
About ſome Buſineſs.
Mir. You are once more welcome;
Your Maſter's a right honeſt Man, and one
I am much beholding to, and muſt very ſhortly
Trouble his Love again.
Fac. You may be bold, Sir.
Mir. Your Buſineſs if you pleaſe now?
Fac. This it is, Sir.
I know ye well remember in your Travel
A *Genoa* Merchant.
Mir. I remember many.
Fac. But this Man, Sir, particularly; your own Benefit
Muſt needs imprint him in ye: One *Alberto*,
A Gentleman you ſav'd from being murder'd
A little from *Bollonia.*
I was then myſelf in *Italy*, and ſupply'd ye,
Though haply, you have forgot me now.
Mir. No, I remember ye,
And that *Alberto* too; a noble Gentleman!
More to remember were to thank myſelf, Sir.
What of that Gentleman?
Fac. He is dead.
Mir. I am ſorry.
Fac. But on his Death-bed, leaving to his Siſter
All that he had, beſide ſome certain Jewels,
Which, with a Ceremony, he bequeath'd to you,
In grateful Memory; he commanded ſtrictly
His Siſter, as ſhe lov'd him and his Peace,
To ſee thoſe Jewels ſafe, and true deliver'd;
And with them, his laſt Love. She, as tender to

Obſerve

Obſerve his Will, not truſting Friend nor Servant
With ſuch a Weight, is come herſelf to *Paris*,
And's at my Maſter's Houſe.
Mir. You tell me a Wonder.
Fac. I tell ye a Truth, Sir: She is young and handſome,
And well attended; of much State and Riches;
So loving, and obedient to her Brother,
That on my Conſcience, if he had given her alſo,
She would moſt willingly have made her tender.
Mir. May not I ſee her?
Fac. She deſires it heartily.
Mir. And preſently?
Fac. She is now about ſome Buſineſs,
Paſſing Accounts of ſome few Debts here owing,
And buying Jewels of a Merchant.
Mir. Is ſhe wealthy?
Fac. I would ye had her, Sir, at all Adventures:
Her Brother had a main State.
Mir. And fair too?
Fac. The Prime of all thoſe Parts of *Italy*,
For Beauty, and for Courteſie.
Mir. I muſt needs ſee her.
Fac. 'Tis all her Buſineſs, Sir. Ye may now ſee her,
But to morrow will be fitter for your Viſitation,
For ſhe is not yet prepared.
Mir. Only her Sight, Sir,
And when you ſhall think fit, for further Viſit.
Fac. Sir, ye may ſee her, and I'll wait your coming.
Mir. And I'll be with ye inſtantly: I know the Houſe,
Mean time, my Love, and Thanks, Sir.
Fac. Your poor Servant.—— [*Exit.*
Pin. Thou haſt the ſtrangeſt Luck. (45) What was that *Alberto?*

Mir.

(45) ——*ſtrangeſt Luck, what was that?*] *Mirabell* muſt know *Pinac*'s Meaning by his Mumping, if this is to ſtand ſo. For the Reader's Diverſion I will give him the Text of the Copy of 1679, and that of 1711, and by this Means he will be better ſatisfied with the true Reading when 'tis ſhewn him.

Fac.

Mir. An honeſt noble Merchant, 'twas my Chance
To reſcue from ſome Rogues had almoſt ſlain him,
And he in Kindneſs to remember this.
Bel. Now we ſhall have you,
For all your Proteſtations, and your Forwardneſs,
Find out ſtrange Fortunes in this Lady's Eyes,
And new Enticements to put off your Journey;
And who ſhall have Honour then?
Mir. No, no, never fear it:
I muſt needs ſee her to receive my Legacy.
Bel. If it be ty'd up in her Smock, Heav'n help thee:
May not we ſee too?
Mir. Yes, afore we go.
I muſt be known myſelf e'er I be able
To make thee welcome: Wouldſt thou ſee more Women?
I thought you had been out of Love with all.
Bel. I may be,
I find that, with the leaſt Encouragement;
Yet I deſire to ſee whether all Countries
Are naturally poſſeſs'd with the ſame Spirits,
For if they be, I'll take a Monaſtery,
And never travel; for I had rather be a Frier,
And live mew'd up, than be a Fool, and flouted.
Mir. Well, well, I'll meet ye anon, then tell you more, Boys;

Fac. *Your poor Servant* —— *Exit* Alberto.
Pin. *Thou haſt the ſtrangeſt Luck, what was that?*

Thus reads the Copy of 1679. The Editor of 1711 coming to this Place, and ſeeing Exit *Alberto*, rightly concluded, as he thought, that *Alberto* being none of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*, of conſequence had no Right to ſtand after *Exit*, and ſo at one Daſh ſtrikes him out and reads,

Fac. *Your poor Servant*——Exit.

but had he conſider'd that the ? ſtood in the wrong Place, and that *Alberto* was put above its proper Line, by not having Room in the Page to ſtand in its Order, it would eaſily have made him ſee, that the Copy of 1679, which moſtly is the Authority he follows in that (1711) Edition, was exceeding right, and *Alberto* was as neceſſary to be kept in the Text after *Exit*, as *Exit* after *your poor Servant*, and that the whole ſhould have run thus,

——*ſtrangeſt Luck, what was that* Alberto?

and then *Mirabell*'s Anſwer is clear as the Light.

Howe'er

Howe'er ſtand prepar'd, (46) preſt for our Journey;
For certain, we ſhall go, I think, when I have ſeen her,
And view'd her well.
Pin. Go, go, and we'll wait for ye;
Your Fortune directs ours.
Bel. You ſhall find us i'th' Tavern,
Lamenting in Sack and Sugar for our Loſſes;
If ſhe be right *Italian*, and want Servants,
You may prefer the prop'reſt Man——
How I could
Worry a Woman now? *Pin.* Come, come, leave prating;
Ye may have enough to do, without this boaſting.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lugier, De Gard, Roſalure, *and* Lillia.

Lug. This is the laſt Adventure.
De Ga. And the happieſt,
As we hope too.
Roſ. We ſhould be glad to find it.
Lil. Who ſhall conduct us thither?
Lug. Your Man is ready,
For I muſt not be ſeen; no, nor this Gentleman;
That may beget Suſpicion; all the reſt
Are People of no Doubt; I would have ye, Ladies,
Keep your old Liberties, and do as we inſtruct ye:
Come, look not pale, you ſhall not loſe your Wiſhes,
Nor beg 'em neither, but be yourſelves, and happy.
Roſ. I tell ye true, I cannot hold off longer,
Nor give no more hard Language.
De Ga. You ſhall not need.
Roſ. I love the Gentleman, and muſt now ſhow it;
Shall I beat a proper man out of Heart?
Lug. There's none adviſes ye.
Lil. 'Faith I repent me too.
Lug. Repent, and ſpoil all;
Tell what you know, ye had beſt.

(46) *Preſt*] Prepar'd, ready.

Lil.

Lil. I'll tell what I think;
For if he ask me now, if I can love him,
I'll tell him yes, I can: The Man's a kind Man,
And out of his true Honeſty affects me,
Although he plaid the Fool, which I requited,
Muſt I ſtill hold him at the Staves end?
Lug. You are two ſtrange Women.
Roſ. We may be, if we fool ſtill.
Lug. Dare ye believe me?
Follow but this Advice I have ſet you in now,
And if ye loſe—Would ye yield now ſo baſely;
Give up without your Honours ſaved?
De Ga. Fie, Ladies.
Preſerve your Freedom ſtill.
Lil. Well, well, for this time.
Lug. And carry that full State.
Roſ. That's as the Wind ſtands;
If it begin to chop about, and ſcant us,
Hang me—but I know what I'll do; come direct us,
I make no doubt, we ſhall do handſomely.
De Ga. Some Part o'the way we'll wait upon you, Ladies;
The reſt your Man ſupplies.
Lug. Do well, I'll honour ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. IV.

Enter Factor and Mirabell, Oriana, *and two Merchants.*

Fac. Look ye, Sir, there ſhe is, you ſee how buſie;
Methinks you are infinitely bound to her, for her Journey.
Mir. How glorioufly ſhe ſhews! She is a tall Woman.
Fac. Of a fair Size, Sir. My Maſter not being at home,
I have been ſo out of my Wits, to get her Company:
I mean, Sir, of her own fair Sex, and Faſhion.
Mir. Afar off, ſhe is moſt fair too.
Fac. Near, moſt excellent.
At length, I have entreated two fair Ladies,
And happily you know 'em, the young Daughters
Of Monſieur *Nantolet.*

Mir.

Mir. I know 'em well, Sir.
What are thoſe? Jewels?
Fac. All.
Mir. They make a rich ſhew?
Fac. There is a matter of ten thouſand Pounds too
Was owing here: You ſee thoſe Merchants with her;
They have brought it in now.
Mir. How handſomely her Shape ſhews!
Fac. Thoſe are ſtill neat: Your *Italians* are moſt curious:
Now ſhe looks this way.
Mir. She has a goodly Preſence,
How full of Courteſie? Well, Sir, I'll leave ye,
And if I may be bold to bring a Friend or two,
Good noble Gentlemen ——
Fac. No doubt, ye may, Sir.
For you have moſt command.
Mir. I have ſeen a Wonder. [*Exit.*
Oria. Is he gone?
Fac. Yes.
Oria. How?
Fac. Taken to the utmoſt,
A Wonder dwells about him.
Oria. He did not gueſs at me?
Fac. No, be ſecure; ye ſhew another Woman,
He is gone to fetch his Friends.
Oria. Where are the Gentlewomen?
Fac. Here, here, now they are come,
Sit ſtill, and let them ſee ye.

Enter Roſalure, Lillia, *and Servant.*

Roſ. Pray ye, where's my Friend, Sir?
Fac. She is within, Ladies, but here's another Gentlewoman,
A ſtranger to this Town: So pleaſe you viſit her,
'Twill be well taken.
Lil. Where is ſhe?
Fac. There, above, Ladies.
Ser. 'Bleſs me: What thing is this? Two Pinacles
Upon her Pate! Is't not a Glode to catch Wood-cocks?
Roſ. Peace, ye rude Knave.

Ser.

Ser. What a bouncing Bum ſhe has too!
There's Sail enough for a *Carrack.*
Roſ. What is this Lady?
For as I live, ſhe's a goodly Woman.
Fac. Gueſs, gueſs.
Lil. I have not ſeen a nobler Preſence.
Ser. 'Tis a luſty Wench: Now could I ſpend my Forty-pence,
With all my Heart, to have but one fling at her;
To give her but a waſhing blow.
Lil. Ye Raſcal.
Ser. Ay that's all a Man has for's good will: 'Twill be long enough,
Before ye cry, Come *Anthony* and kiſs me.
Lil. I'll have ye whipt.
Roſ. Has my Friend ſeen this Lady?
Fac. Yes, yes, and is well known to her.
Roſ. I much admire her Preſence.
Lil. So do I too:
For I proteſt, ſhe is the handſomeſt,
The rareſt, and the neweſt to mine Eye
That ever I ſaw yet.
Roſ. I long to know her;
My Friend ſhall do that Kindneſs.
Orta. So ſhe ſhall Ladies,
Come, pray ye come up.
Roſ. O me!
Lil. Hang me if I knew her:
Were I a Man myſelf, I ſhould now love ye;
Nay, I ſhould doat.
Roſ. I dare not truſt mine Eyes;
For as I live ye are the ſtrangelieſt alter'd;
I muſt come up to know the Truth.
Ser. So muſt I, Lady:
For I am a kind of Unbeliever too.
Lil. Get ye gone, Sirrah;
And what ye have ſeen, be ſecret in: You are paid elſe,
No more of your long Tongue.
Fac. Will ye go in Ladies,
And talk with her? Theſe Venturers will come ſtraight:

Away with this Fellow.

Lil. There Sirrah, go diſport ye. [me

Ser. I would the trunk-hos'd Woman would go with

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, *and* Belleur.

Pin. Is ſhe ſo glorious handſome?

Mir. You would wonder;
Our Women look like Gipſies, like Gills to her;
Their Cloaths and Faſhions beggarly, and Bankrupt,
Baſe, old, and ſcurvy.

Bel. How looks her Face?

Mir. Moſt heav'nly;
And the becoming Motion of her Body
So ſets her off.

Bel. Why then we ſhall ſtay.

Mir. Pardon me,
That's more than I know, if ſhe be that Woman,
She appears to be.———

Bel. As 'tis impoſſible.

Mir. I ſhall then tell ye more.

Pin. Did ye ſpeak to her?

Mir. No, no, I only ſaw her, ſhe was buſie;
Now I go for that End; and mark her, Gentlemen,
If ſhe appear not to ye one o' th' ſweeteſt,
The handſomeſt, the faireſt in Behaviour———
We ſhall meet the two
Wenches there too, they come to viſit her,
To wonder, as we do.

Pin. Then we ſhall meet 'em.

Bel. I had rather meet two Bears.

Mir. There you may take your Leaves, diſpatch that Buſineſs,
And as ye find their Humours.

Pin. Is your Love there too?

Mir. No certain, ſhe has no great Heart to ſet out again.
This is the Houſe, I'll uſher ye.

Bel. I'll bleſs me,
And take a good Heart if I can.

Mir. Come, nobly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Factor, Roſalure, Lillia, *and* Oriana.

Fac. They are come in; ſit you two off as Strangers,

Enter Boy.

There Lady: Where's the Boy? be ready, Sirrah,
And clear your Pipes; the Muſick now; they enter. [*Muſick.*

Enter Mirabell, Pinac, *and* Belleur.

Pin. What a State ſhe keeps! How far off they ſit from her!
How rich ſhe is! I marry, this ſhews bravely.
Bel. She is a luſty Wench, and may allure a good Man,
But if ſhe have a Tongue, I'll not give Two-Pence for her:
There ſits my Fury, how I ſhake to ſee her!
Fac. Madam, this is the Gentleman.
Mir. How ſweet ſhe kiſſes! [*Aſide.*
She has a Spring dwells on her Lips, a Paradiſe;
This is the Legacy.

SONG.

From the honour'd dead I bring
Thus his Love and laſt Off'ring.
Take it nobly, 'tis your due,
From a Friendſhip ever true.
From a Faith, &c.

Ori. Moſt noble, Sir,
This from my now dead Brother, as his Love,
And grateful Memory of your great Benefit;
From me my Thanks, my Wiſhes, and my Service.
'Till I am more acquainted I am ſilent,
Only I dare ſay this, you are truly Noble.
Mir. What ſhould I think?
Pin. Think ye have a handſome Fortune,
Would I had ſuch another.
Roſ. Ye are well met, Gentlemen,

We hear ye are for Travel?
Pin. Ye hear true, Lady,
And come to take our Leaves.
Lil. We'll along with ye,
We ſee you are grown ſo witty by your Journey,
We cannot chuſe but ſtep out too: This Lady
We mean to wait upon as far as *Italy*.
Bel. I'll travel into *Wales*, amongſt the Mountains;
I hope they cannot find me.
Roſ. If you go further,
So good and free Society we hold ye,
We'll jog along too.
Pin. Are ye ſo valiant, Lady?
Lil. And we'll be merry, Sir, and laugh.
Pin. It may be
We'll go by Sea.
Lil. Why 'tis the only Voyage;
I love a Sea-voyage, and a bluſtring Tempeſt;
And let all fly.
Pin. This is a dainty Damſel:
I think 'twill tame ye: Can ye ride Poſt?
Lil. O excellently: I am never weary that way;
A hundred Mile a Day is nothing with me.
Bel. I'll travel under Ground. [*Aſide.*] Do you hear, ſweet Lady?
I find it will be dangerous for a Woman.
Roſ. No danger, Sir, I warrant; I love to be under.
Bel. I ſee ſhe will abuſe me all the World over:
But ſay we paſs through *Germany*, and drink hard?
Roſ. We'll learn to drink and ſwagger too.
Bel. She'll beat me. [*Aſide.*
Lady, I'll live at Home.
Roſ. And I'll live with thee;
And we'll keep Houſe together.
Bel. I'll keep Hounds firſt;
And thoſe I hate right heartily.
Pin. I go for *Turky*,
And ſo it may be up into *Perſia*.
Lil. We cannot know too much, I'll travel with ye.
Pin. And you'll abuſe me?
Lil. Like enough.

Pin.

Pin. 'Tis dainty.
Bel. I will live in a Bawdy-houſe.
Roſ. I dare come to ye.
Bel. Say, I'm diſpos'd to hang myſelf?
Roſ. There I'll
Leave ye. *Bel.* I am glad I know how to avoid ye.
Mir. May I ſpeak yet? *Fac.* She beckens to ye. *Mir.*
Lady,
I could with I knew how to recompence,
Even with the Service of my Life, thoſe Pains,
And thoſe high Favours you have thrown upon me;
Till I be more deſertful in your Eye,
And till my Duty ſhall make known I honour ye,
Nobleſt of Women, do me but this Favour
To accept this back again, as a poor Teſtimony.
Oria. I muſt have you too with 'em; elſe the Will,
That ſays they muſt reſt with ye, is infring'd, Sir;
Which pardon me, I dare not do.
Mir. Take me then;
And take me with the trueſt Love.
Oria. 'Tis certain,
My Brother lov'd ye dearly, and I ought
As dearly to preſerve that Love. But, Sir,
Though I were willing, theſe are but your Ceremonies.
Mir. As I have Life, I ſpeak my Soul.
Oria. I like ye.
But how you can like me, without I've Teſtimony,
A Stranger to ye.———
Mir. I'll marry ye immediately,
A fair State I dare promiſe ye.
Bel. Yet ſhe'll cozen thee.
Oria. Would ſome fair Gentleman durſt promiſe for ye.
Mir. By all that's good.———

Enter La Caſtre, Nantolet, Lugier, *and* de Gard.

All. And we'll make up the reſt, Lady.
Oria. Then *Oriana* takes ye; nay, ſhe has caught ye;
If ye ſtart now let all the World cry ſhame on ye:
I have out-travell'd ye.
Bel. Did not I ſay ſhe would cheat thee?

Mir. I thank ye, I am pleas'd ye have deceiv'd me;
And willingly I ſwallow it, and joy in't;
And yet perhaps I knew ye: Whoſe Plot was this?
Lug. He is not aſham'd that caſt it: He that executed,
Followed your Father's Will.
Mir. What a World's this, nothing but Craft and Cozenage?
Ori. Who begun, Sir?
Mir. Well; I do take thee upon meer Compaſſion;
And I do think, I ſhall love thee. As a Teſtimony,
I'll burn my Book, and turn a new Leaf over,
But theſe fine Cloaths you ſhall wear ſtill.
Ori. I obey you, Sir, in all.
Nant. And how! how, Daughters! what ſay you to theſe Gentlemen?
What ſay ye, Gentlemen, to the Girls?
Pin. By my troth——if ſhe can love me.
Lil.——How long?
Pin. Nay, if once ye love.
Lil. Then take me,
And take your Chance.
Pin. Moſt willingly, ye are mine, Lady,
And if I uſe ye not, that ye may love me.——
Lil. A Match i'faith.
Pin. Why now ye travel with me.
Roſ. How that thing ſtands!
Bel. (47) It will if ye urge it.
Bleſs your five Wits.
Roſ. Nay, 'prithee ſtay, I'll have thee.
Bel. You muſt ask me Leave firſt.
Roſ. Wilt thou uſe me kindly,
And beat me but once a Week?
Bel. If ye deſerve no more.
Roſ. And wilt thou get me with Child?
Bel. Doſt thou ask me ſeriouſly?
Roſ. Yes indeed do I.
Bel. Yes, I will get thee with Child, come preſently,

(47) Bell. *It will if ye urge it.*] The want of a Negative makes *Belleur* ſay juſt the contrary to what he deſign'd,
It will not *if ye urge it.*

And't

And't be but in Revenge, I'll do thee that Courteſie.
Well, if thou wilt fear God, and me, have at thee.

Roſ. I'll love ye, and I'll honour ye.

Bel. I am pleas'd then.

Mir. This *Wild-Gooſe Chaſe* is done, we have won o'both ſides.

Brother, your Love, and now to Church of all Hands;
Let's loſe no time.

Pin. Our travelling, (48) lay by.

Bel. No more for *Italy*; *for the Low Countries,* I.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

(48) ——————*lay by.*

Bell. *No more for* Italy, *for the* Low Countries.] The Reading, which the preſent Edition exhibits, is Mr. *Theobald*'s, and an happy one it is, as it both compleats the Senſe, and keeps up the ſolemn Cuſtom of not only the Play-Wrights of our Authors, but theſe of our preſent time, *viz.* of making each Drama conclude in a Jingle.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY
NY
A

WIFE *for a* MONTH.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

PROLOGUE.

YOU'RE welcome, Gentlemen, and would our Feaſt
Were ſo well ſeaſon'd, to pleaſe ev'ry Gueſt;
Ingenuous Appetites, I hope we ſhall,
And their Examples may prevail in all,
Our noble Friend, who writ this, bid me ſay,
He'd rather dreſs, upon a Triumph-Day,
My Lord Mayor's Feaſt, and make him Sauces too,
Sauce for each ſev'ral Mouth, nay further go,
He'd rather build up thoſe invincible Pies
And Caſtle-Cuſtards that affright all Eyes,
Nay eat 'em all and their Artillery,
Than dreſs for ſuch a curious Company
One ſingle Diſh; yet he has pleas'd ye too,
And you've confeſs'd he knew well what to do;
Be hungry as you were wont to be, and bring
Sharp Stomachs to the Stories he ſhall ſing,
And he dare yet, he ſays, prepare a Table
Shall make you ſay, well dreſt, and he well able.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

ALphonſo, *King of* Naples, *elder Brother to* Frederick.
Frederick, *unnatural and libidinous Brother to* Alphonſo, *and Uſurper of his Kingdom.*
Sorano, *a Lord, Brother to* Evanthe, Frederick's *wicked Inſtrument.*
Valerio, *a noble young Lord, Servant, afterward married to* Evanthe.
Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, } *three honeſt Court Lords.*
Rugio, *an honeſt Lord, Friend to* Alphonſo.
Marco, *a Friar,* Alphonſo's *Friend.*
Podramo, *a neceſſary Creature to* Sorano.
Tonie, *King* Frederick's *knaviſh Fool.*
Caſtruccio, *Captain of the Citadel, an honeſt Man.*
Cupid, Graces, *with other Maſquers.*

Citizens, Lawyer, Phyſician, Captain, Cut-purſe, Fool, and Attendants.

WOMEN.

Queen, Wife to Frederick, *a virtuous Lady.*
Evanthe, *Siſter to* Sorano, *the chaſte Wife of* Valerio, *or a Wife for a Month.*
Caſſandra, *an old Bawd, Waiting-woman to* Evanthe.
Ladies.
City Wives.

SCENE, *NAPLES.*

A WIFE *for a* MONTH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter King Frederick, Sorano, Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, *and Attendants.*

SORANO.

WILL your Grace ſpeak?

Fred. Let me alone, *Sorano*,
Although my Thoughts ſeem ſad, they're welcome to me.

Sor. You know I'm private as your ſecret Wiſhes,
Ready to fling my Soul upon your Service,
Ere your Command be on't.

Fred. Bid thoſe depart.

Sor. You muſt retire, my Lords.

Cam. What new Deſign
Is hammering in his Head now?

Cle. Let's pray heartily
None of our Heads meet with't; my Wife's old,
That's all my Comfort.

Men. Mine's ugly, that I am ſure on,
And I think honeſt too, 'twould make me ſtart elſe.

Cam. Mine's troubled in the Country with a Fever,
And ſome few Infirmities elſe; he looks again,

Come

Come let's retire, certain 'tis ſome She-buſineſs
This new Lord's employ'd in. *Val.* I'll not be far off,
Becauſe I doubt the Cauſe. [*Exit.*
Fred. Are they all gone?
Sor. All but your faithful Servant.
Fred. I would tell thee,
But 'tis a thing thou canſt not like.
Sor. Pray ye ſpeak it,
Is it my Head? I have it ready for ye, Sir:
Is't any Action in my Power? My Wit?
I care not of what Nature, nor what follows.
Fred. I am in Love.
Sor. That's th' leaſt thing of a Thouſand,
The eaſieſt to atchieve.
Fred. But with whom, *Sorano?*
Sor. With whom you pleaſe, you muſt not be deny'd, Sir.
Fred. Say it be with one of thy Kinſwomen.
Sor. Say with all,
I ſhall more love your Grace, I ſhall more honour ye,
And would I had enough to ſerve your Pleaſure.
Fred. Why 'tis thy Siſter then, the fair *Evanthe*,
I'll be plain with thee.
Sor. I'll be as plain with you, Sir,
She brought not her Perfections to the World,
To lock them in a Caſe, or hang 'em by her,
The uſe is all ſhe breeds 'em for; ſhe's yours, Sir.
Fred. Doſt thou mean ſeriouſly!
Sor. I mean my Siſter;
And if I had a Dozen more, they were all yours:
Some Aunts I have, they have been handſom Women,
My Mother's dead indeed, and ſome few Couſins
That are now ſhooting up, we ſhall ſee ſhortly.
Fred. No, 'tis *Evanthe.*
Sor. I have ſent my Man to her
Upon ſome Buſineſs to come (1) preſently,
Hither ſhe ſhall come; your Grace dare ſpeak unto her?

(1) ——— *preſently*
Hither, *ſhe ſhall come;*——] *Hither, i. e.* into your Apartments. But *Sorano* could not ſay that he had *ſent for her* to come *thither.* The *Comma* therefore ſhould be, as I have put it, after *preſently.*

Large

Large golden Promiſes, and ſweet Language, Sir,
You know what they work; ſhe's a compleat Courtier:
Beſides I'll ſet in.
Fred. She waits on my Queen.
What Jealouſy and Anger may ariſe,
Incenſing her?
Sor. You have a good ſweet Lady,
A Woman of ſo ev'n and ſtill a Temper,
She knows not Anger; ſay ſhe were a Fury,
I'd thought you had been abſolute, the great King,
(2) The Fountain of all Honours, Plays and Pleaſures,
Your Will and your Commands unbounded alſo;
Go get a Pair of Beads and learn to pray, Sir.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord, your Servant ſtays.
Sor. Bid him come hither,
And bring the Lady with him. *Fred.* I will woo her.
And either loſe myſelf, or win her Favour.
Sor. She's coming in.
Fred. Thy Eyes ſhoot through the Door,
They are ſo piercing, that the Beams they dart
Give new Light to the Room.

Enter Podramo *and* Evanthe.

Evan. Whither doſt thou go?
This is the King's ſide, and his private Lodgings,
What Buſineſs have I here?
Pod. My Lord ſent for ye.

(2) *The Fountain of all Honours,* Plays *and Pleaſures,*
Your Will and your Commands unbounded alſo;] The Cenſure this Paſſage is liable to I would endeavour to wipe off, by reading,
——— Pains *and Pleaſures,*
Or throwing a Word in at the beginning of the ſecond Line, and altering the Pointing in the firſt;
The Fountain of all Honours; Pains *and Pleaſures*
Waiting *your Will, and your Commands unbounded.*
i. e. I took you to be a great King that could puniſh or reward by arbitrary Will, and with an unbounded Authority. But the true Reading, as well as the moſt obvious, is this,
The Fountain of all Honours, Place *and Pleaſures.*
So in the laſt Act of this Play *Urbino* (*Valerio* diſguis'd) ſays,
I love my Friend, not meaſur'd out by Time,
Nor bir'd by Circumſtance of Place *and* Honour.

Evan.

Evan. His Lodgings are below, you are miſtaken,
We left them at the Stair-foot.
Pod. Good ſweet Madam.
Evan. I am no Couns'llor, nor important Sutor,
Nor have no private Buſineſs through theſe Chambers,
To ſeek him this way; o' my Life thou'rt drunk,
Or worſe than drunk, hir'd to convey me hither
To ſome baſe End; now I look on thee better,
Thou haſt a bawdy Face, and I abhor thee,
A beaſtly bawdy Face, I'll go no further.
Sor. Nay ſhrink not back, indeed you ſhall, good Siſter.
Why do you bluſh? the good King will not hurt ye,
He honours ye, and loves ye.
Evan. Is this the Buſineſs?
Sor. Yes, and the beſt you ever will arrive at,
If you be wiſe. *Evan.* My Father was no Bawd, Sir,
Nor of that worſhipful Stock, as I remember.
Sor. You are a Fool.
Evan. You're that I ſhame to tell ye.
Fred. Gentle *Evanthe!*
Evan. The gracious Queen, Sir,
Is well and merry, Heav'n be thanked for it,
And as I think ſhe waits you in the Garden.
Fred. Let her wait there, I talk not of her Garden,
I talk of thee, ſweet Flower.
Evan. Your Grace is pleaſant,
Thus to miſtake a Nettle for a Roſe.
Fred. No Roſe, nor Lily, nor no glorious Hyacinth,
Are of that ſweetneſs, whiteneſs, tenderneſs,
Softneſs, and ſatisfying Bleſſedneſs,
As my *Evanthe.*
Evan. Your Grace ſpeaks very feelingly;
I would not be a handſom Wench in your Way, Sir,
For a new Gown.
Fred. Thou art all Handſomneſs;
Nature will be aſham'd to frame another
Now thou art made, thou'ſt robb'd her of her Cunning:
Each ſeveral part about thee is a Beauty.
Sor. D' you hear this, Siſter?
Evan. Yes, unworthy Brother,

But

But all this will not do. *Fred.* But love *Evanthe.*
Thou ſhalt have more than Words, Wealth, Eaſe, and Honours,
My tender Wench.
Evan. Be tender of my Credit,
And I ſhall love you, Sir, and I ſhall honour ye.
Fred. I love thee to enjoy thee, my *Evanthe,*
To give thee the Content of Love.
Evan. Hold, hold, Sir,
Ye are too fleet; I have ſome Buſineſs this way,
Your Grace can ne'er content. *Sor.* You ſtubborn Toy.
Evan. Good my Lord *Bawd* I thank ye.
Fred. Thou ſhalt not go, believe me, ſweet *Evanthe,*
So high I will advance thee for this Favour,
So rich and potent I will raiſe thy Fortune,
And thy Friends mighty.
Evan. Good your Grace be patient,
I ſhall make the
Worſt honourable Wench that ever was,
Shame your Diſcretion, and your Choice.
Fred. Thou ſhalt not.
Evan. Shall I be rich do you ſay, and glorious,
And ſhine above the reſt, and ſcorn all Beauties,
And mighty in Command?
Fred. Thou ſhalt be any thing.
Evan. Let me be honeſt too, and then I'll thank ye.
Have you not ſuch a Title to beſtow too?
If I prove otherwiſe, I'd know but this, Sir;
Can all the Pow'r you have, or all the Riches,
But tye Mens Tongues up from diſcourſing of me,
Their Eyes from gazing at my glorious Folly,
Time that ſhall come, from wond'ring at my Impudence,
And they that read my wanton Life, from Curſes?
Can you do this? Have ye this Magick in ye?
This is not in your Power, though you be a Prince, Sir,
No more than Evil is in holy Angels,
Nor I, I hope. Get Wantonneſs confirm'd
By Act of Parliament an Honeſty,
And ſo receiv'd by all, I'll hearken to ye.
Heav'n guide your Grace.

Fred. *Evanthe*, ſtay a little,
I'll no more Wantonneſs, I'll marry thee.
Evan. What ſhall the Queen do?
Fred. I'll be divorc'd from her.
Evan. Can you tell why? What has ſhe done againſt ye?
Has ſhe contriv'd a Treaſon 'gainſt your Perſon?
Abus'd your Bed? Does Diſobedience urge ye?
Fred. That's all one, 'tis my Will.
Evan. 'Tis a moſt wicked one,
A moſt abſurd one, and will ſhow a Monſter.
I'd rather be a Whore, and with leſs Sin,
T' your preſent Luſt, than Queen to your Injuſtice.
Yours is no Love, Faith and Religion fly it,
Nor has no Taſte of fair Affection in it.
Some helliſh Flame abuſes your fair Body,
And helliſh Furies blow it; look behind ye,
Divorce you from a Woman of her Beauty,
Of her Integrity, her Piety?
Her Love to you, to all that honours ye;
Her chaſte and virtuous Love, are theſe fit Cauſes?
What will you do to me, when I have cloy'd ye?
You may find Time out in Eternity,
Deceit and Violence in heav'nly Juſtice,
Life in the Grave, and Death among the Bleſſed,
Ere Stain or Brack in her ſweet Reputation.
Sor. You've fool'd enough, be wiſe now, and a Woman;
You've ſhew'd a Modeſty ſufficient,
If not too much for Court.
Evan. You've ſhew'd an Impudence,
A more experienc'd Bawd would bluſh and ſhake at;
You'll make my Kindred mighty?
Fred. Prithee hear me.
Evan. I do Sir, and I count it a great Offer.
Fred. Any of thine.
Evan. 'Tis like enough you may clap Honour on them,
But how 'twill ſit, and how Men will adore it,
Is ſtill the Queſtion. I'll tell you what they'll ſay, Sir,
What the Report will be, and 'twill be true too,

And

(3) And it muſt needs be Comfort to your Maſter,
Theſe are the Iſſues of her Impudence.
I'll tell your Grace, ſo dear I hold the Queen,
So dear that Honour that ſhe nurs'd me up in,
I'd firſt take to me, for my Luſt, a Moor,
One of your Gally-ſlaves, that Cold and Hunger,
Decrepit Miſery, had made a mock-Man,
Than be your Queen.

Fred. You're bravely reſolute.

Evan. I'd rather be a Leper, and be ſhun'd,
And die by Pieces, rot into my Grave,
Leaving no Memory behind to know me,
Than be a high Whore to Eternity.

Fred. You have another Gameſter I perceive by ye,
You durſt not ſlight me elſe.

Sor. I'll find him out,
Though he lye next thy Heart hid, I'll diſcover him,
(4) And ye proud Peat, I'll make you curſe your Inſolence.

Val. Tongue of an Angel, and the Truth of Heav'n,
How am I bleſt! [*Exit* Val.

Sor. *Podramo* go in haſte
To my Siſter's Gentlewoman, you know her well,
And bid her ſend her Miſtreſs preſently
The leſſer Cabinet ſhe keeps her Letters in,
And ſuch like Toys, and bring it to me inſtantly. Away.

Pod. I am gone. [*Exit.*

Enter the Queen with two Ladies.

Sor. The Queen.

Fred. Let's quit the Place, ſhe may grow jealous.
[*Exeunt* Fred. *and* Sorano.

Queen. So ſuddenly departed! what's the Reaſon?

(3) *And it muſt needs be comfort to your* Maſter] Who was *Frederick*'s Maſter? Preferment had been promis'd to her Kindred, by whom her Brother *Sorano* is chiefly intended, who was Pandar and *Miniſter* of *Frederick*'s Luſts. I read therefore,

And it muſt needs be Comfort to your Miniſter.

Mr. *Seward.*

(4) *And ye* pound Peat,——] This Reading is peculiar to the Copy of 1711.

Does my Approach diſpleaſe his Grace? are my Eyes
So hateful to him? or my Converſation
Infected, that he flies me? Fair *Evanthe*,
Are you there? then I ſee his Shame.
Evan. 'Tis true, Madam,
'T has pleas'd his Goodneſs to be pleaſant with me.
Queen. 'Tis ſtrange to find thy Modeſty in this Place.
Does the King offer fair? Does thy Face take him?
Ne'er bluſh, *Evanthe*, 'tis a very ſweet one.
Does he rain Gold, and precious Promiſes
Into thy Lap? Will he advance thy Fortunes?
Shalt thou be mighty, Wench?
Evan. Never mock, Madam;
'Tis rather on your part to be lamented,
At leaſt reveng'd; I can be mighty, Lady,
And glorious too, glorious and great as you are.
Queen. He'll marry thee?
Evan. Who would not be a Queen, Madam?
Queen. 'Tis true, *Evanthe*, 'tis a brave Ambition,
A golden Dream, that may delude a good Mind;
What ſhall become of me?
Evan. You muſt learn to pray,
Your Age and Honour will become a Nunnery.
Queen. Wilt thou remember me? [*Weeps.*
Evan. She weeps. Sweet Lady,
Upon my Knees I ask your ſacred Pardon,
For my rude Boldneſs; and know, my ſweet Miſtreſs,
If e'er there were Ambition in *Evanthe*,
It was and is to do you faithful Duties:
'Tis true I have been tempted by the King,
And with no few and potent Charms, to wrong ye,
To violate the chaſte Joys of your Bed;
And thoſe not taking hold, t' uſurp your State;
But ſhe that has been bred up under ye,
And daily fed upon your virtuous Precepts,
Still growing ſtrong b' Example of your Goodneſs,
Having no errant Motion from Obedience,
Flies from theſe Vanities, as meer Illuſions;
And arm'd with Honeſty, defies all Promiſes.
In token of this Truth, I lay my Life down

Under your ſacred Foot, to do you Service.
Queen. Riſe my true Friend, thou virtuous Bud of Beauty,
Thou Virgins Honour, ſweetly blow and flouriſh;
And that rude nipping Wind, that ſeeks to blaſt thee,
Or taint thy Root, be curſt to all Poſterity;
To my Protection from this Hour I take ye,
Yes, and the King ſhall know——
Evan. Give his Heat way, Madam,
And 'twill go out again, he may forget all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menallo.

Cam. What have we to
Do with the Times? we cannot cure 'em.
Let 'em go on, when they are ſwoln with Surfeits
They'll burſt and ſtink, then all the World ſhall ſmell 'em.
Cle. A Man
May live a Bawd, and be an honeſt Man.
Men. Yes, and
A wiſe Man too, it is a virtuous Calling.
Cam. To his own Wife eſpecially, or his Siſter,
The nearer to his own Blood, ſtill the honeſter:
There want ſuch honeſt Men, would we had more of 'em.
Men. To be a Villain is no ſuch rude Matter.
Cam. No, if he be a neat one, and a perfect,
Art makes all excellent: What is it, Gentlemen,
In a good Cauſe to kill a Dozen Coxcombs,
That blunt rude Fellows call good Patriots?
Nothing, nor ne'er look'd after. *Men.* 'Tis e'en as much,
As eaſy too, as honeſt, and as clear,
To raviſh Matrons, and deflow'r coy Wenches;
But here they are ſo willing, 'tis a Complement.
Cle. To pull down Churches with pretenſion
To build 'em fairer, may be done with Honour,
And all this time believe no Gods. *Cam.* I think ſo,
'Tis faith enough if they name 'em in their Angers,
(5) Or on their rotten Tombs engrave an Angel;

(5) *Or* on their rotten Tombs *engrave an Angel*;] But why *rotten Tombs?* A Commentator perhaps would anſwer, *Becauſe they contain rotten Carcaſes*; and ſo the Buſineſs is done. But I ſhould rather prefer,
Or o'er their rotten Bones *engrave an Angel.*

Well, brave *Alphonſo*, how happy had we been,
If thou had'ſt reign'd!
Men. Would I had his Diſeaſe,
Ty'd like a Leproſy to my Poſterity,
So he were right again.
Cle. What is his Malady?
Cam. Nothing but ſad and ſilent Melancholy,
Laden with Griefs and Thoughts, no Man knows why neither;
The good *Brandino* (6) Father to the Princes
Uſed all the Art and Induſtry that might be,
To free *Alphonſo* from this dull Calamity,
And ſeat him in his Rule; he was his eldeſt
And nobleſt too, had not fair Nature ſtopt in him,
For which Cauſe this was choſen to inherit,
Frederick the younger.
Cle. Does he uſe his Brother
With that Reſpect and Honour that befits him?
Cam. He is kept privately, as they pretend,
To give more eaſe and comfort to his Sickneſs;
But he has honeſt Servants, the grave *Rugio*,
And Friar *Marco*, that wait on his Perſon,
And in a Monaſtery he lives.
Men. 'Tis full of Sadneſs,
To ſee him when he comes t' his Father's Tomb,
(As once a Day that is his Pilgrimage,
Whilſt in Devotion, the Quire ſings an Anthem;)
How piouſly he kneels, and like a Virgin
That ſome croſs Fate had cozen'd of her Love,
Weeps 'till the ſtubborn Marble ſweats with Pity,
And to his Groans the whole Quire bears a *Chorus*.

Enter Frederick, Sorano *with the Cabinet, and* Podramo.

Cam. So do I too. The King with his Contrivers,
This is no Place for us. [*Exeunt. Lords.*
Fred. This is a Jewel,

(6) —— *Father to the* Princeſs] The true Lection is,
——— *Father to the* Princes.
This, Mr. *Theobald* had obſerved in his Margin, and Mr. *Seward* herein concurred with us both.

Lay

Lay it aſide; what Paper's that?
Pod. A Letter,
But 'tis a Woman's, Sir, I know by th' Hand,
And th' falſe Orthography, they write old *Saxon*.
Fred. May be her ghoſtly Mother's that inſtructs her.
Sor. No, 'tis a Couſin's, and came up with a great Cake.
Fred. What's that?
Sor. A Pair of Gloves the Ducheſs gave her,
For ſo the outſide ſays?
Fred. That other Paper?
Sor. A Charm for the Tooth-ach, here's nothing but Saints and Croſſes.
Fred. Look in that Box, methinks that ſhould hold Secrets.
Pod. 'Tis Paint, and Curls of Hair, ſhe 'gins to exerciſe.
A Glaſs of Water too, I would fain taſte it,
But I am wickedly afraid 'twill ſilence me;
Never a Conduit-Pipe to convey this Water?
Sor. Theſe are all Rings, Deaths-heads, and ſuch *Memento's*.
Her Grandmother, and Worm-eaten Aunts left to her,
To tell her what her Beauty muſt arrive at.
Fred. That, that.
Pod. They're written Songs, Sir, to provoke young Ladies;
Lord here's a Prayer-book, how theſe agree!
Here's a ſtrange Union. *Sor.* Ever by a Surfeit
You have a Julep ſet, to cool the Patient.
Fred. Thoſe, thoſe.
Sor. They're Verſes to the bleſt *Evanthe*.
Fred. Thoſe may diſcover,
Read them out, *Sorano*.

To the bleſt Evanthe.

Let thoſe complain that feel Loves Cruelty,
And in ſad Legends write their Woes,
With Roſes gently h'as corrected me,
My War is without Rage or Blows:
My Miſtreſs Eyes ſhine fair on my Deſires,
And hope ſprings up inflam'd with her new Fires.

No more an Exile will I dwell,
With folded Arms, and Sighs all Day,
Reck'ning the Torments of my Hell,
And flinging my ſweet Joys away:
I am call'd home again to quiet Peace,
My Miſtreſs ſmiles, and all my Sorrows ceaſe.
Yet what is living in her Eye?
Or being bleſt with her ſweet Tongue,
If theſe no other Joys imply?
A golden Gyve, a pleaſing wrong:
To be your own but one poor Month I'd give
My Youth, my Fortune, and then leave to live.

Fred. This is my Rival, that I knew the Hand now.
Sor. I know it, I have ſeen it, 'tis *Valerio*'s,
That hopeful Gentleman's, that was brought up
With ye, and by your Charge, nouriſh'd and fed
At the ſame Table, with the ſame Allowance.
Fred. And all this Courteſie to ruin me?
Croſs my deſires? h'ad better have fed humblier,
And ſtood at greater Diſtance from my Fury:
Go for him quickly, find him inſtantly,
Whilſt my impatient Heart ſwells high with choler:
Better have lov'd Deſpair, and ſafer kiſs'd her. [*Ex. Lords.*

Enter Evanthe, *and* Caſſandra.

Evan. Thou old weak Fool, doſt thou know to what end,
To what betraying end he got this Casket?
Durſt thou deliver him without my Ring,
Or a Command from mine own Mouth, that Cabinet
That holds my Heart? you unconſid'rate Aſs,
You brainleſs Idiot.
Caſ. I ſaw you go with him,
At the firſt Word commit your Perſon to him,
And make no ſcruple; he's your Brother's Gentleman,
And for any thing I know, an honeſt Man;
And might not I upon the ſame Security
Deliver him a Box? *Evan.* A Bottle-head.
Fred. You ſhall have Cauſe to chafe, as I will handle it.

Evan.

Evan. I'd rather thou'dſt deliver'd me to Pirates,
Betray'd me to uncurable Diſeaſes,
Hung up my Picture in a Market-place,
(7) And ſold me to wild Bawds.
Caſ. As I take it, Madam,
Your Maid'n-head lies not in that Cabinet,
You have a cloſer, and you keep the Key too,
Why are you vex'd thus?
Evan. I could curſe thee wickedly,
And wiſh thee more deformed than Age can make thee;
(8) Perpetual Hunger, and no Teeth to ſatisfy't,
Wait on thee ſtill, nor ſleep be found to eaſe it;
Thoſe Hands that gave the Casket, may the Palſie
For ever make unuſeful, ev'n to feed thee.
Long Winters, that thy Bones may turn to Iſicles,
No Hell can thaw again, inhabit by thee.
Is thy Care like thy Body, all one crookedneſs?
How ſcurvily thou cryeſt now! like a Drunkard,
I'll have as pure Tears from a dirty Spout;
Do, ſwear thou didſt this ignorantly, ſwear it,
Swear and be damn'd, thou half Witch.
Caſ. Theſe are fine Words,
Well, Madam, Madam. *Evan.* 'Tis not well, thou Mummy,
'Tis impudently, baſely done, thou dirty——
Fred. Has your young Sanctity done railing, Madam,
Againſt your innocent 'Squire? Do you ſee this Sonnet,
This loving Script? D'you know from whence it came too?
Evan. I do, and dare avouch it pure, and honeſt.
Fred. You've private Viſitants, my noble Lady,
That in ſweet Numbers court your goodly Virtues,
And to the height of Adoration.

(7) *And ſold me to* wild *Bawds.*] This may poſſibly be right, but had any of the Copies run thus, *to wild* Bands, I ſhould have made no ſcruple to prefer it as better.

(8) *Perpetual Hunger, and no* Teeth *to ſatisfie it,*] That a Perſon may be *perpetually hungry* whether he has *Teeth* or no is very evident; may we not then wiſh that, inſtead of *Teeth*, the Poets had wrote
——No *Meat* to ſatisfie it.

Evan.

Evan. Well, Sir,
There's neither Hereſie nor Treaſon in it.
Fred. A Prince may beg at th' Door, whilſt theſe feaſt with ye;
(9) A Favour or a Grace, from ſuch as I am,

Enter Valerio, *and* Podramo.

Courſe common Things—You're welcome; pray come near, Sir,
D'you know this Paper?
Val. I'm betray'd; I do Sir,
'Tis mine, my Hand and Heart, if I die for her,
I am thy Martyr, Love, and Time ſhall honour me.
Caſ. You ſaucy Sir, that came in my Lady's Name
For her gilt Cabinet, you cheating Sir too,
You ſcurvy Uſher, with as ſcurvy Legs,
And a worſe Face, thou poor baſe hanging-holder,
How durſt thou come to me with a Lye in thy Mouth?
An impudent Lye?
Pod. Hollow, good *Gill*, you hobble.
Caſ. A ſtinking Lye, more ſtinking than the Teller,
To play the pilfering Knave? there have been Raſcals
Brought up to fetch and carry, like your Worſhip,
That have been hang'd for leſs, whipt they are daily,
And if the Law will do me right——
Pod. What then, old Maggot?
Caſ. Thy Mother was carted younger; I'll have thy Hide,
Thy mangy Hide, embroider'd with a Dog-whip,
And it is now with potent Pox, and thicker.
Fred. Peace good Antiquity, I'll have your Bones elſe
Ground into Gunpowder to ſhoot at Cats with;
One Word more, and I'll blanch thee like an Almond,

(9) *A Favour or a Grace from ſuch as I am,*
Courſe common Things] The Senſe here is eaſy enough, but the Expreſſion labours. I would read,
A Favour or a Grace, for *ſuch as I am*
Courſe common things——You're welcome, &c.
i. e. ſuch courſe common things as I am are not worthy of a Grace, *&c.*

There's

There's no ſuch Cure for the ſhe-falling Sickneſs
As th' Powder of a dry'd Baw'd's Skin; be ſilent.
You're very prodigal of your Service here, Sir,
Of your Life more, it ſeems.
Val. I repent neither,
Becauſe your Grace ſhall underſtand it comes
From the beſt part of Love, my pure Affection,
And kindled with chaſte flame, I will not fly from't;
If it be Error to deſire to marry,
And marry her that Sanctity would dote on,
I've done amiſs; if it be a Treaſon
To graft my Soul to Virtue, and to grow there,
To love the Tree that bears ſuch happineſs,
(Conceive me, Sir, this Fruit was ne'er forbidden;)
Nay, to deſire to taſte too, I'm Traytor;
Had you but Plants enough of this bleſt Tree, Sir,
Set round about your Court, to beautifie it,
Deaths twice ſo many, to diſmay the Approachers,
The Ground would ſcarce yield Grayes to noble Lovers.
Fred. 'Tis well maintain'd, you wiſh and pray to Fortune,
Here in your Sonnet, and ſhe's heard your Prayers;
So much you dote upon your own undoing,
But one Month to enjoy her as your Wife,
Though at the expiring of that time you die for't.
Val. I could wiſh many, many Ages, Sir,
To grow as old as Time in her Embraces,
If Heav'n would grant it, and you ſmile upon it;
But if my Choice were two Hours, and then periſh,
I would not pull my Heart back.
Fred. You've your wiſh,
To morrow I will ſee you nobly married,
Your Month take out in all Content and Pleaſure;
The firſt Day of the following Month you die for't;
Kneel not, not all your Prayers can divert me.
Now mark your Sentence, mark it, ſcornful Lady,
If when *Valerio*'s dead, within twelve Hours,
For that's your lateſt time, you find not out
Another Husband on the ſame Condition
To marry you again, you die yourſelf too.
Evan. Now you are merciful, I thank your Grace.

Fred.

Fred. If when you're married, you but ſeek to 'ſcape
Out of the Kingdom, you, or ſhe, or both,
Or to infect Mens Minds with hot Commotions,
You die both inſtantly; Will you love me now, Lady?
My Tale will now be heard, but now I ſcorn ye. [*Exit.*

[*Manent* Valerio *and* Evanthe.

Evan. Is our fair Love, our honeſt, our entire,
Come to this hazard? *Val.* 'Tis a noble one,
And I am much in love with Malice for it,
Envy could not have ſtudied me a way,
Nor Fortune pointed out a Path to Honour,
Straighter and nobler, if ſhe had her Eyes;
When I have once enjoy'd my ſweet *Evanthe*,
And bleſt my Youth with her moſt dear Embraces,
I've done my Journey here, my Day is out;
All that the World has elſe is foolery,
Labour, and loſs of Time; what ſhould I live for?
Think but Man's Life a Month, and we are happy.
I would not have my Joys grow old for any thing;
A Paradiſe as thou art, my *Evanthe*,
Is only made to wonder at a little,
Enough for human Eyes, and then to wander from:
Come, do not weep, Sweet, you diſhonour me,
Your Tears and Griefs but queſtion my Ability,
Whether I dare die; Do you love intirely?

Evan. You know I do.

Val. Then grudge not my Felicity.

Evan. I'll to the Queen.

Val. Do any thing that's honeſt,
But if you ſue to him, in Death I hate you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menallo.

Cam. WAS there ever heard of ſuch a Marriage?

Men. Marriage and Hanging go by deſtiny,
'Tis the old Proverb, now they come together.

Cle. But a Month married, then to loſe his Life for't?

I'd

I'd have a long Month ſure, that pays the Soldiers.

Enter Tony *with an Urinal.*

Cam. Or get all th' Almanacks burnt, that were a rare trick,
And have no Month remembred. How now, *Tony?*
Whoſe Water are you caſting?

Tony. A ſick Gentleman's,
Is very ſick, much troubled with the Stone,
He ſhould not live above a Month, by's Urine,
(10) About St. *David*'s Day it will go hard with him,
He'll then be troubled with a Pain in's Neck too.

Men. A peſtilent Fool; when wilt thou marry, *Tony?*

Tony. When I mean to be hang'd, and 'tis the ſurer Contract.

Cle. What think you of this Marriage of *Valerio*'s?

Tony. They have given him a hot Cuſtard,
And mean to burn his Mouth with't; had I known
He had been given to die honourably,
I would have help'd him to a Wench, a rare one,
Should have kill'd him in three Weeks, and ſav'd the Sentence. [too.

Cam. There be them would have ſpared ten Days of that

Tony. It may be ſo, you've Women of all Virtues:
There be ſome Guns that I could bring him to,
Some Mortar-pieces that are plac'd i' th' Suburbs,
Would tear him into Quarters in two Hours;
There be alſo of the Race of the old Cockatrices,
That would diſpatch him with once looking on him.

Men. What Month wouldſt thou chuſe, *Tony*, if thou had'ſt the
Like Fortune? *Tony.* I would chuſe a mull'd Sack Month
To comfort my Belly, for ſure my Back would ake
For it, and at the Month's end I'd be moſt
Diſmally drunk, and ſcorn the Gallows. *Men.* I would
Chuſe *March*, for I would come in like a Lion.

Tony. But you'd go out like a Lamb when you went to hanging.

(10) This Play acted about the latter End of *January*. Mr. *Theobald*.

Cam.

Cam. I would take *April*, take the ſweet o'th' Year,
And kiſs my Wench upon the tender Flowrets,
Tumble on every Green, and as the Birds ſung,
Embrace, and melt away my Soul in Pleaſure.
Tony. You'd go a *Maying* gayly to the Gallows.
Cle. Prithee tell's ſome News.
Tony. I'll tell ye all I know;
You may be honeſt, and poor Fools, as I am,
And blow your Fingers ends.
Cam. That's no News, Fool.
Tony. You may be Knaves then when you pleaſe, ſtark Knaves,
And build fair Houſes, but your Heirs ſhall have
None of 'em.
Men. Theſe are undoubted.
Tony. Truth's not worth the hearing.
I'll tell you News then; there was a drunken Sailor,
That got a Mermaid with Child as ſhe went a Milking,
And now ſhe ſues him in the Bawdy-Court for't;
The Infant Monſter is brought up in *Fiſh-ſtreet.*
Cam. Ay, this is ſomething.
Tony. I'll tell you more, there was a Fiſh taken,
A monſtrous Fiſh, with a Sword by's Side, a long Sword,
A Pike in's Neck, and a Gun in's Noſe, a huge Gun,
And Letters of Mart in's Mouth, from the Duke of *Florence*.
Cle. This is a monſtrous Lye.
Tony. I do confeſs it:
D'you think I'd tell you Truths, that dare not hear 'em?
You're honeſt things, we Courtiers ſcorn to converſe with.
[*Exit.*
Cam. A plaguy Fool: But let's conſider, Gentlemen,
Why the Queen ſtrives not to oppoſe this Sentence,
The Kingdom's Honour ſuffers in this cruelty
Men. No doubt the Queen, though ſhe be virtuous,
Winks at the Marriage, for by that only means
The King's Flame leſſens to the youthful Lady,
If not goes out; within this Month, I doubt not,
She hopes to rock aſleep his Anger alſo;
Shall we go ſee the Preparation?
'Tis time, for Strangers come to view the Wonder.

Cam.

Cam. Come, let's away, ſend my Friends happier Weddings. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Queen and Evanthe.

Queen. You ſhall be merry, come, I'll have it ſo:
Can there be any Nature ſo unnoble,
Or Anger ſo inhuman, to purſue this?
Evan. I fear there is.
Queen. Your Fears are poor and fooliſh.
Though he be haſty, and his Anger Death,
His Will like Torrents not to be reſiſted,
Yet Law and Juſtice go along to guide him;
And what Law, or what Juſtice can he find
(11) To juſtify his Will? what Act or Statute,
By Human or Divine Eſtabliſhment
Left to direct us, that makes Marriage Death?
Honeſt fair Wedlock? 'twas giv'n for increaſe,
For preſervation of Mankind, I take it;
He muſt be more than Man then that dare break it.
Come, dreſs ye handſomly, you ſhall have my Jewels,
And put a Face on that contemns baſe Fortune,
'Twill make him more inſult to ſee you fearful,
Outlook his Anger.
Evan. O my *Valerio!*
Be witneſs my pure mind, 'tis thee I grieve for.
Queen. But ſhew it not; I would ſo crucifie him
With an innocent neglect of what he can do,
A brave ſtrong pious ſcorn, that I would ſhake him;
Put all the wanton *Cupids* in thine Eyes,
And all the Graces on that Nature gave thee;
Make up thy Beauty to that height of Excellence,
(I'll help thee, and forgive thee,) as if *Venus*
Were now again to catch the God of War,

(11) *To juſtify* his Will? ——] Read
To Juſtify this with?] viz. *this arbitrary Sentence.* So the good Queen a little before;
Can there be any Nature ſo unnoble,
Or Anger ſo inhuman, to purſue this?
But if the Reader is of opinion, that *Will* ought at all Events to retain its place, yet I wou'd ſuppoſe the poets to expreſs the Sentiment more properly wrote, —*To juſtify* this Will?

In his moſt rugged Anger; when thou haſt him
(As 'tis impoſſible he ſhould reſiſt thee)
And kneeling at thy conquering Feet for Mercy,
Then ſhew thy Virtue, then again deſpiſe him,
And all his Power; then with a look of Honour
Mingled with noble Chaſtity, ſtrike him dead.

Evan. Good Madam dreſs me,
You arm me bravely.

Queen. Make him know his Cruelty
Begins with him firſt, he muſt ſuffer for it;
And that thy Sentence is ſo welcome to thee,
And to thy noble Lord, you long to meet it.
Stamp ſuch a deep impreſſion of thy Beauty
Into his Soul, and of thy Worthineſs,
That when *Valerio* and *Evanthe* ſleep
In one rich Earth, hung round about with Bleſſings,
He may run mad, and curſe his Act; be luſty,
I'll teach thee how to die too, if thou fear'ſt it.

Evan. I thank your Grace, you have prepar'd me ſtrongly,
And my weak Mind ———

Queen. Death is unwelcome never,
Unleſs it be to tortur'd Minds and ſick Souls,
That make their own Hells; it is ſuch a benefit
When it comes crown'd with Honour, ſhews ſo ſweet too!
Though they paint it ugly, that's but to reſtrain us,
For every living thing would love it elſe,
Fly boldly to their Peace ere Nature call'd 'em;
The Reſt we have from labour and from trouble
Is ſome Inticement; every thing alike,
(12) The poor Slave that lies private has his liberty,
As amply as his Maſter, in that Tomb,

(12) *The poor Slave that lies private has his Liberty,*
As amply as his Maſter, in that Tomb,
The Earth as light upon him ——] *Private* in its common Acceptation would be flat here, but in its original Senſe *privatus* deprived of Life and Motion, it gives the proper Idea. But why in *that* Tomb? No particular Tomb had been ſpecified; I read *the Tomb* and add a Verb to the next Sentence.

As amply as his Maſter, in the Tomb
The Earth's as light upon him. Mr. *Seward.*

The

The Earth as light upon him, and the Flowers
That grow about him, ſmell as ſweet, and flouriſh.
But when we love with Honour to our ends,
When Memory and Virtues are our Mourners,
What pleaſure's there! they're infinite, *Evanthe*;
Only, my virtuous Wench, we want our Senſes,
That benefit we're barr'd, 'twould make us proud elſe,
And lazy to look up to happier life,
The Bleſſings of the People would ſo ſwell us.
Evan. Good Madam, dreſs me, you have dreſt my Soul,
The merrieſt Bride, I'll be for all this miſery,
The proudeſt to ſome Eyes too.
Queen. 'Twill do better,
Come, ſhrink no more. *Evan.* I am too confident.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Frederick *and* Sorano.

Sor. You're too remiſs and wanton in your Angers,
You mould things handſomly, and then neglect 'em;
A pow'rful Prince ſhould be conſtant to his Power ſtill,
And hold up what he builds, then People fear him:
When he lets looſe his Hand it ſhews a weakneſs,
And Men examine or contemn his Greatneſs:
A Scorn of this high kind ſhould have call'd up
A Revenge equal, not a Pity in you.
Fred. She is thy Siſter.
Sor. And ſhe were my Mother,
Whilſt I conceive 'tis you ſh'as wrong'd, I hate her,
And ſhake her nearneſs off; I ſtudy, Sir,
To ſatisfy your Angers that are juſt,
Before your Pleaſures.
Fred. I've done that already,
I fear has pull'd too many Curſes on me.
Sor. Curſes or Envies, on *Valerio*'s Head:
Would you take my counſel, Sir, they ſhould all light,
And with the weight not only crack his Scull,
But his fair credit; th' exquiſite vexation
I have devis'd, ſo pleaſe you give way in't,
And let it work, ſhall more afflict his Soul,
And trench upon that Honour that he brags of,
Than fear of Death in all the frights he carries;

If you ſit down here they will both abuſe ye,
Laugh at your poor relenting power, and ſcorn ye.
What ſatisfaction can their Deaths bring to you,
That are prepar'd, and proud to die, and willingly,
And at their ends will thank you for that honour?
How are you nearer the Deſire you aim at?
Or if it be Revenge your Anger covets,
How can their ſingle Deaths give you content, Sir?
Petty revenges end in Blood, ſlight angers;
A Prince's Rage ſhould find out new Diſeaſes,
Death were a pleaſure too, to pay proud Fools with.

Fred. What ſhould I do?

Sor. Add but your Power unto me,
Make me but ſtrong by your Protection,
And you ſhall ſee what joy, and what delight,
What infinite pleaſure this poor Month ſhall yield him.
I'll make him wiſh he were dead on's Marriage-day,
Or Bed-rid with old Age; I'll make him curſe,
And cry and curſe, give me but Power.

Fred. You have it,
Here, take my Ring, I am content he pay for't.

Sor. It ſhall be now Revenge, as I will handle it,
He ſhall live after this to beg his Life too:
Twenty to one by this Thread, as I'll weave it,
Evanthe ſhall be yours. *Fred.* Take all Authority,
And be moſt happy. *Sor.* Good Sir, no more Pity.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, *three Citizens, and three Wives.*

1 *Wife.* Good Maſter *Tony* put me in.

Tony. Where do you dwell?

1 *Wife.* Forſooth, at the Sign of the great Shoulder of Mutton.

Tony. A hungry Man would hunt your Houſe out inſtantly, Keep the Dogs from your Doors; Is this Lettice Ruff your Husband? a fine ſharp Sallet to your Sign.

2 *Wife.* Will you put me in too?

3 *Wife.* And me, good Maſter *Tony.*

Tony. Put ye all in?
You had beſt come twenty more; you think 'tis eaſie,
A Trick of Legerdemain, to put ye all in,
'Twould

'Twould poſe a Fellow that had twice my Body,
Though it were all made into Chines and Fillets. [that.
2 *Wife.* Put's into the Wedding, Sir, we would fain ſee
1 *Wife.* And the brave Maſque too.
Tony. You two are pretty Women,
Are you their Husbands? 2 *Cit.* Yes, for want of better.
Tony. I think ſo too, you would not be ſo mad elſe
To turn 'em looſe t' a company of young Courtiers,
That ſwarm like Bees in *May*, when they ſee young Wenches;
You muſt not ſqueak.
3 *Wife.* No, Sir, we're better tutor'd.
Tony. Nor if a young Lord offer you the courteſie——
2 *Wife.* We know what 'tis, Sir.
Tony. Nor you muſt not grumble,
If you be thruſt up hard, we thruſt moſt furiouſly.
1 *Wife.* We know the worſt.
Tony. Get you two in then quietly,
And ſhift for yourſelves; we muſt have no old Women,
They're out of uſe, unleſs they have Petitions,
Beſides they cough ſo loud, they drown the Muſick.
You would go in too? but there's no Place for ye;
I'm ſorry for't, go and forget your Wives,
Or pray they may be able to ſuffer patiently.
You may have Heirs may prove wiſe Aldermen,
Go, or I'll call the Guard. 3. *Cit.* We will get in,
We'll venture broken Pates elſe. *Tony.* 'Tis impoſſible,
[*Ex. Cit. and Women.*
You're too ſecurely arm'd; how they flock hither,
And with what joy the Women run by Heaps
To ſee this Marriage! They tickle to think of it,
They hope for every Month a Husband too;
Still how they run, and how the Wittals follow 'em,
The weak things that are worn between the Legs,
That bruſhing, dreſſing, nor new Naps can mend,
How do they poſt to ſee their own Confuſion:
This is a merry World.

Enter Frederick.

Fred. Look to the Door Sirrah,

Thou art a Fool, and mayſt do Miſchief lawfully.
Tony. Give me your Hand, you are my Brother Fool,
You may both make the Law, and mar it preſently.
D' you love a Wench?
Fred. Who does not, Fool? *Tony.* Not I
Unleſs you'll give m' a longer Leaſe to marry her.
Fred. What are all theſe that come, what Buſineſs have they?
Tony. Some come to gape, thoſe are my fellow Fools;
Some to get home their Wives, thoſe be their own Fools;
Some to rejoice with thee, thoſe be the times Fools;
And ſome I fear to curſe thee, thoſe are poor Fools,

Enter Caſſander, *an old Lady paſſing over.*

(13) A ſet People call them honeſt. Look, look King, look,
A weather-beaten Lady new Careen'd.
Fred. An old one.
Tony. The Glaſſes of her Eyes are new rub'd over,
And the worm-eaten Records in her Face
Are daub'd up neatly;
She lays her Breaſts out too, (14) like two poch'd Eggs
That had the Yolks ſuckt out; they get new Heads alſo,
New Teeth, new Tongues, for the old are all worn out,
And as 'tis hop'd, new Tails. *Fred.* For what?
Tony. For old Courtiers,
The young ones are too ſtirring for their Travels.
Fred. Go leave your Knav'ry, and help
To keep the Door well, I'll have no ſuch preſs.
Tony. Lay thy Hand o'thy Heart, King.
Fred. I'll have ye whipt.
Tony. The Fool and thou art parted. [*Exit.*

(13) A ſet *People call 'em honeſt*—] Mr. *Seward* propoſes correcting this Place thus,

Yet *People call 'em honeſt.*

I had put in my Margin

And yet *People*, &c.

The Preference is left to the Reader's Judgment.

(14) ——*Like* to *poch'd Eggs*] Mr. *Seward* concurr'd with me in altering the Text.

Fred.

Fred. *Sarano* work, and free me from this Spell,
'Twixt Love and Scorn there's nothing felt but Hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, *and Servants.*

Val. Tie on my Scarf, you are ſo long about me—
Good my Lords help, give me my other Cloak,
That Hat and Feather, Lord what a Taylor's this,
To make me up thus ſtraight! One Sigh would burſt me,
I have not room to breath, come, button, button,
Button, apace.

Cam. I'm glad to ſee you merry, Sir.

Val. 'Twould make you merry had you ſuch a Wife,
And ſuch an Age t' enjoy her in.

Men. An Age, Sir?

Val. A Month's an Age to him that is contented,
What ſhould I ſeek for more? Give me my Sword.
Ha my good Lords, that every one of you now
Had but a Lady of that Youth and Beauty
To bleſs yourſelves this Night with, would ye not?
Pray ye ſpeak uprightly.

Cle. We confeſs ye happy,
And we could well wiſh ſuch another Banquet,
But on that price, my Lord——

Val. 'Twere nothing elſe;
No Man can ever come to aim at Heav'n,
But by the knowledge of a Hell. Theſe Shoes are heavy,
And if I ſhould be call'd to Dance they'll clog me,
Get me ſome Pumps; I'll tell ye brave *Camillo*,
And you dear Friends, the King has honour'd me,
Out of his gracious Favour has much honour'd me,
To limit me my time, for who would live long?
Who would be old? 'tis ſuch a wearineſs,
Such a diſeaſe, that hangs like Lead upon us.
As it increaſes, ſo Vexations,
Griefs of the Mind, Pains of the feeble Body,
Rheums, Coughs, Catarrhs; we're but our living Coffins;

Beſides, (15) the fair Soul's old too, it grows covetous,
Which ſhews all Honour is departed from us,
And we are Earth again.
Cle. You make fair uſe, Sir.
Val. I would not live to learn to lye, *Cleanthes*,
For all the World; old Men are prone to that too;
Thou that haſt been a Soldier, *Menallo*,
A noble Soldier, and defied all Danger,
Adopted thy brave Arm the Heir to Victory, [thee?
Would'ſt thou live ſo long (16) till thy Strength forſook
Till thou grew'ſt only a long tedious Story
Of what thou hadſt been? till thy Sword hang by,
And lazy Spiders fill'd the Hilt with Cobwebs?
Men. No ſure, I would not.
Val. 'Tis not fit ye ſhould,
To die a young Man is to be an Angel;
Our (17) great good Parts put Wings unto our Souls:
We'll have a rouſe before we go to Bed, Friends,
Pray ye tell me, is't a handſome Mask we have?
Cam. We underſtand ſo.
Val. And the young Gentlemen dance?
Cle. They do Sir, and ſome dance well.
Val. They muſt before the Ladies.
We'll have a rouſe before we go to Bed, Friends,
A luſty one, 'twill make my Blood dance too. [*Muſick.*
Cam. Ten, if you pleaſe.
Val. And we'll be wondrous merry.

(15) —— *the fair Soul's old too, it grows covetous,*] The Sentence ſeems to labour under the want of a Verb which I would ſupply thus.
——*the fair Soul grows old too, grows covetous* &c.
(16)——*till Strength forſook thee*] Thus no Copy but that of 1711.

(17) ——*great good Parts*——] One ſhould not quarrel with a Word meerly becauſe it appears a little ſtiff: Words become ſo in one Age that Uſe made not ſo in the former: *Great Parts* is yet a common Phraſe, but we ſhould not now chooſe to join *great* and *good* to them, which when joined to *Parts* give much the ſame Idea; only *good Parts* ſignifies a leſs degree of bright Parts than *great*, and ſo make an *Anti-Climax*. If the Reader therefore ſhould think any Change neceſſary, I propoſe
Our yet *good Parts*.——
which perfectly ſuits the Context. Mr. *Seward.*

They

They ſtay ſure, come, I hear the Muſick; forward,
You ſhall have all Gloves preſently. [*Exit.*] *Men.* We attend, Sir,
But firſt we muſt look to th' Doors, [*Knocking within.*
The King has charged us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants.

1 *Ser.* What a Noiſe
Do you keep there? call my Fellows o' the Guard;
You muſt ceaſe now until the King be enter'd;
He's gone to th' Temple now.
2 *Ser.* Look to that back Door,
And keep it faſt; they ſwarm like Bees about it.

Enter Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, Tony *following.*

Cam. Keep back thoſe Citizens, and let their Wives in,
Their handſome Wives.
Tony. They've crowded me to Verjuice,
I ſweat like a Butter-Box.
1 *Ser.* Stand further off there.
Men. Take the Women aſide, and talk with 'em in private;
Give 'em that they came for.
Tony. The whole Court cannot do it;
Beſides, the next Mask, if we uſe 'em ſo,
They'll come by Millions to expect our largeſs:
We've broke a hundred Heads.
Cle. Are they ſo tender?
Tony. But 'twas behind, before they have all Murrions.
Cam. Let in thoſe Ladies, make 'em room for ſhame there.
Tony. They are no Ladies, there's one bald before 'em,
A Gent. bald, they 're curtail'd Queans in hired Clothes;
They come out of *Spain* I think, they're very ſultry.
Men. Keep 'em in Breath for an Ambaſſador.
[*Knocks within.*
Methinks my Noſe ſhakes at their Memories.
What bouncing's that?
Within. I'm one o' th' Muſick, Sir.
Within. I've Sweet-meats for the Banquet.

Cam. Let 'em in.

Tony. They lye, my Lord, they come to ſeek their Wives, Two broken Citizens.

Cam. Break 'em more, they are but bruſled yet. Bold Raſcals, offer to diſturb your Wives?

Cle. Lock the Doors faſt, the Muſick, hark the King comes.

A Curtain drawn.

The King, *Queen*, Valerio, Evanthe, *Ladies*, *Attendants*, Camillo, Cleanthes, Sorano, Menallo.

A MASK.

Cupid *deſcends*, *the Graces ſitting by him*, Cupid *being bound the Graces unbind him*, *he ſpeaks.*

Cupid. Unbind me, my Delight, this Night is mine;
Now let me look upon what Stars here ſhine,
Let me behold the Beauties, then clap high.
My colour'd Wings, proud of my Deity;
I'm ſatisfy'd, bind me again, and faſt,
My angry Bow will make too great a waſte
Of Beauty elſe; (18) now call my Maskers in,
Call with a Song, and let the Sports begin;
Call all my Servants the Effects of Love,
And to a Meaſure let them nobly move.

One of the *Graces* ſings.

Come you Servants of proud Love,
Come away:
Fairly, nobly, gently move.
Too long, too long you make us ſtay;
Fancy, Deſire, Delight, Hope, Fear,
Diſtruſt and Jealouſie, be you too here;

(17) ——*Now call my Maskers in*
Call with a Song,——] *Cupid* bids ſome of his Attendants call in the Maskers with a Song, but it ſeems it was to little purpoſe, ſince by the preſent Diſpoſition of the Scene, he ſings the Song himſelf: To make the god's command of any ſignification or avail, we ought to inſert ſome Speaker before, *Come you Servants*, &c. And who can be more proper than one of the *Graces* who deſcended with him, and waited at his Side?

Conſuming

Conſuming Care, and raging Ire,
And Poverty in poor Attire,
March fairly in, and laſt Deſpair;
Now full Muſick ſtrike the Air.

(19) *Enter the Maskers, Fancy, Deſire, Delight, Hope, Fear, Diſtruſt, Jealouſy, Care, Ire, Poverty, Deſpair; they dance, after which* Cupid *ſpeaks.*

Cupid. Away, I've done, the Day begins to light,
Lovers, you know your Fate, good Night, good Night.
[Cupid *and the Graces aſcend in the Chariot.*
King. Come to the Banquet, when that's ended, Sir,
I'll ſee y' i'bed, and ſo good Night; be merry;
You've a ſweet Bed-fellow.
Val. I thank your Grace,
And ever ſhall be bound unto your Nobleneſs.
King. I pray I may deſerve your Thanks, ſet forward.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter divers Monks, Alphonſo *going to the Tomb,* Rugio *and Frier* Marco *diſcover the Tomb and a Chair.*

Mar. THE Night grows on, lead ſoftly to the Tomb,
And ſing not 'till I bid ye; let the Muſick
Play gently as he paſſes.
Rug. O fair Picture,
That wert the living Hope of all our Honours;
How are we baniſht from the Joy we dreamt of?
Will he ne'er ſpeak more?
Mar. 'Tis full three Months, Lord *Rugio,*

(19) *Enter the Maskers,*—Care, Ire, Deſpair,] The Stage Direction here is faulty, as it does not ſet down the ſeveral Names of the *Maskers* in the foregoing Song; for upon Compariſon we ſhall find, that out of Eleven there are but Ten reckon'd up, *Poverty* being dropt betwixt *Ire* and *Deſpair*. This Obſervation I am not ſingular in, Mr. *Theobald* having before made the ſame in his Margin.

Since

Since any artic'late Sound came from his Tongue.
Set him down gently. [*Sits in a Chair.*
Rug. What ſhould th' Reaſon be, Sir?
Mar. As 'tis in Nature with thoſe loving Husbands,
That ſympathiſe their Wives Pains, and their Throes
When they are breeding, and 'tis uſual too,
We have it by Experience; (20) ſo in him, Sir,
In this moſt noble Spirit that now ſuffers;
For when his honour'd Father good *Brandino*
Fell ſick, he felt the Griefs, and labour'd with them,
His Fits, and his Diſeaſe he ſtill inherited,
Grew the ſame thing, and had not Nature check'd him,
Strength and Ability, h'ad dy'd that Hour too.
Rug. Emblem of noble Love!
Mar. That very Minute
His Father's Breath forſook him, that ſame Inſtant,
A rare Example of his Piety,
And Love paternal, th' Organ of his Tongue
Was never heard to ſound again; ſo near Death
He ſeeks to wait upon his worthy Father,
But that we force his Meat, he were one Body.
Rug. He points to th' Tomb.
Mar. That is the Place he honours,
An Houſe I fear he will not be long out of.
He will to th' Tomb, good my Lord lend your Hand;
Now ſing the fun'ral Song, and let him kneel,
For then he's pleas'd. [*A Song.*
Rug. Heav'n lend thy pow'rful Hand,
And eaſe this Prince.
Mar. He will paſs back again. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio.

Val. They drink abundantly, I'm hot with Wine too,
Luſtily warm, I'll ſteal now to my Happineſs,
'Tis Midnight, and the ſilent Hour invites me,
But ſhe is up ſtill, and attends the Queen;
Thou Dew of Wine and Sleep hang on their Eye-Lids,

(20) —*ſo in him*, Sir,] The Elliptis of the Verb makes this Paſſage a good deal obſcure.

Steep

Steep their dull Senſes in the Healths they drink,
That I may quickly find my lov'd *Evanthe*.
The King is merry too, and drank unto me,
Sign of fair Peace. O this Night's Bleſſedneſs!
If I had forty Heads I would give all for't.
Is not the end of our Ambitions,
Of all our human Studies, and our Travels,
Of our Deſires, th' obtaining of our Wiſhes?
Certain it is, and there Man makes his Centre:
I have obtain'd *Evanthe*, I have married her,
Can any Fortune keep me from enjoying her?

Enter Soranzo.

I have my Wiſh, what's left me to accuſe now?
I'm Friends with all the World, but thy baſe Malice;
Go glory in thy Miſchiefs thou proud Man,
And cry it to the World (21) thou haſt ruin'd Virtue;
How I contemn thee, and thy petty Malice!
And with what Scorn I look down on thy Practice!

Sor. You'll ſing me a new Song anon *Valerio*,
And wiſh theſe hot Words———

Val. I deſpiſe thee, Fellow,
Thy Threats, or Flatt'ries, all I fling behind me;
I have my end, I have thy noble Siſter,
A Name too worthy of thy Blood; I've married her,
And will enjoy her too.

Sor. 'Tis very likely.

Val. And that ſhort Month I have to bleſs me with her
I'll make an Age, I'll reckon each Embrace
A Year of Pleaſure, and each Night a Jubile,
Ev'ry quick Kiſs a Spring; and when I mean
To loſe myſelf in all Delightfulneſs,
Twenty ſweet Summers I will tie together;
In ſpight of thee, and thy malignant Maſter,
I will die old in Love, though young in Pleaſure.

Sor. But that I hate thee deadly, I could pity thee,
Thou art the pooreſt miſerable thing
This Day on Earth; I'll tell thee why, *Valerio*,

(21) —— *thou haſt* run'd *Virtue*;] Thus only the Copy of 1711.

All

All thou eſteem'ſt, and build'ſt upon for Happineſs,
For Joy, for Pleaſure, for Delight, is paſt thee,
And like a wanton Dream already vaniſh'd.
Val. Is my Love falſe?
Sor. No, ſhe is conſtant to thee,
Conſtant to all thy Miſery ſhe ſhall be,
And curſe thee too.
Val. Is my ſtrong Body weaken'd,
Charm'd or abus'd with ſubtle Drink? Speak, Villain.
Sor. Neither; I dare ſpeak, thou art ſtill as luſty
As when thou lov'dſt her firſt, as ſtrong and hopeful;
The Month thou'ſt given thee is a Month of Miſery,
And where thou think'ſt each Hour ſhall yield a Pleaſure,
Look for a killing Pain, for thou ſhalt find it
Before thou dieſt, each Minute ſhall prepare it,
And ring ſo many Knells to ſad Afflictions;
The King has giv'n thee a long Month to die in,
And miſerably die.
Val. Undo thy Riddle,
I am prepar'd whatever Fate ſhall follow.
Sor. Doſt thou ſee this Ring?
Val. I know it too.
Sor. Then mark me:
By virtue of this Ring, this I pronounce to thee,
It is the King's will———
Val. Let me know it ſuddenly.
Sor. If thou doſt offer to touch *Evanthe*'s Body
Beyond a Kiſs, though thou art marry'd to her,
And lawfully as thou think'ſt may'ſt enjoy her,
That Minute ſhe ſhall die. *Val.* O Devil——
Sor. If thou
Diſcover this Command unto her, or to
A Friend that ſhall importune thee, and why thou
Abſtain'ſt, and from whoſe Will, ye periſh; all
Upon the ſelf-ſame Forfeit: Are ye fitted, Sir?
Now if ye love her, ye may preſerve her Life ſtill,
If not, you know the worſt: How falls your Month out?
Val. This Tyranny could never be invented
But in the School of Hell, Earth is too innocent;
Not to enjoy her when ſhe is my Wife?

When

When ſhe is willing too,
Sor. She is moſt willing,
And will run mad to miſs; but if you hit her,
Be ſure you hit her home, and kill her with it,
(There are ſuch Women that will die with Pleaſure:)
The Ax will follow elſe, that will not fail
To fetch her Maidenhead, and diſpatch her quickly;
Then ſhall the World know you're the Cauſe of Murder,
And as 'tis requiſite your Life ſhall pay for't.
Val. Thou doſt but jeſt, thou canſt not be ſo monſtrous
As thou proclaim'ſt thyſelf; thou art her Brother,
And there muſt be a feeling Heart within thee
Of her Afflictions; wert thou a Stranger to us,
And bred amongſt wild Rocks, thy Nature wild too,
Affection in thee as thy Breeding, cold,
And unrelenting as the Rocks that nouriſh'd thee,
Yet thou muſt ſhake to tell me this; they tremble
When the rude Sea threatens Divorce among'ſt 'em,
They that are ſenſeleſs Things ſhake at a Tempeſt;
Thou art a Man——
Sor. Be thou too then, 'twill try thee,
And Patience now will beſt become thy Nobleneſs.
Val. Invent ſome other Torment to afflict me,
All, if thou pleaſe, put all Afflictions on me,
Study thy Brains out for 'em, ſo this be none
I care not of what Nature, nor what Cruelty,
Nor of what length.
Sor. This is enough to vex ye.
Val. The Tale of *Tantalus* is now prov'd true,
And from me ſhall be regiſtred Authentick;
To have my Joys within my Arms, and lawful,
Mine own Delights, yet dare not touch. Even as
Thou hat'ſt me Brother, let no young Man know this,
As thou ſhalt hope for Peace when thou moſt need'ſt it,
Peace in thy Soul; deſire the King to kill me,
Make me a Traitor, any thing, I'll yield to it,
And give thee cauſe, ſo I may die immediately;
Lock me in Priſon where no Sun may ſee me,
In Walls ſo thick no hope may e'er come at me,

Keep

Keep me from Meat, and Drink, and Sleep, I'll bleſs thee;
Give me ſome damned Potion (22) to deliver me,
That I may never know myſelf again, forget
My Country, Kindred, Name and Fortune; laſt,
That my chaſte Love may ne'er appear before me,
This were ſome Comfort.

Sor. All I have I've brought ye,
And much good may it do ye, my dear Brother,
See ye obſerve it well; you'll find about ye
Many Eyes ſet, that ſhall o'er-look your Actions,
If you tranſgreſs, ye know, and ſo I leave ye. [*Exit.*

(22) *Val.* Heav'n be not angry, and I've ſome hope yet,
And when you pleaſe, and how allay my Miſeries.
[*Enter* Frederick.
To whom I kneel be merciful unto me,
Look on my harmleſs Youth Angels of Pity,
And from my bleeding Heart wipe off my Sorrows,
The Power, the Pride, the Malice and Injuſtice
Of cruel Men, are bent againſt my Innocence.
You that controul the mighty Wills of Princes,
And bow their ſtubborn Armes, look on my Weakneſs,
And when you pleaſe, and how, allay my Miſeries. [*Exit.*

Enter

(22) — *to* deliver *me,*] *i. e.* Deliver me from myſelf. I've thought that the Paſſage ought to run thus,

— *to* delire *me,*

i. e. make me *delirious*; and I am not certain yet that it ought not to be ſo read.

(23) Val. *Heav'n be not angry, and I've ſome hope yet,*
And when you pleaſe, and how, allay my Miſeries.
Enter Frederick.
To whom I kneel be merciful unto me,
Look on my harmleſs Youth Angels of Pity,
And from my bleeding Heart wipe off my Sorrows,
The Power, the Pride, the Malice and Injuſtice
Of cruel Men are bent againſt my Innocence.
You that controul the mighty Wills of Princes
And bow their ſtubborn Armes, look on my Weakneſs,
And when you pleaſe, and how, allay my Miſeries. [Exit.] This fine Speech I have recovered from the *Folio* of 1647, which why it ſhould have been dropp'd, all but the firſt Line, by the two later Editors, I am at a loſs to underſtand. I have given it in the Text, expreſly as I found it, tho' I think it not ſo correct as to preclude all

Attempts

Enter Frederick, *and* Sorano.

Fred. Haſt thou been with him?

Sor. Yes, and given him that, Sir,
Will make him curſe his Birth; I told ye which way.
Did you but ſee him, Sir, but look upon him,
With what a troubled and dejected Nature
He walks now in a Miſt, with what a Silence,
As if he were the Shroud he wrapt himſelf in,
And no more of *Valerio* but his Shadow,
He ſeeks Obſcurity to hide his Thoughts in,
You'd wonder and admire for all you know it;
His Jollity is down, vaild to the Ground, Sir,
And his high Hopes of full Delights and Pleaſures
Are turn'd Tormentors to him, ſtrong Diſeaſes.

Fred. But is there hope of her?

Sor. It muſt fall neceſſary
She muſt diſlike him, quarrel with his Perſon,
For Women once deluded are next Devils?
And in the height of that Opinion, Sir,
You ſhall put on again, and ſhe muſt meet ye.

Fred. I'm glad of this.

Sor. I'll tell ye all the Circumſtance
Within this Hour; but ſure I heard your Grace,
To day as I attended, make ſome Stops,
Some broken Speeches, and ſome Sighs between,
And then your Brother's Name I heard diſtinctly,
And ſome ſad Wiſhes after.

Attempts toward its Melioration and Amendment. The ſecond Line I would ſtrike out as ſupernumerary and tautological, as well as the Stage Direction, *Enter* Frederick: *Armes* too, in the laſt but one, is plainly corrupted; in ſhort, I would propoſe to read and point the whole thus,

Val. *Heav'n be not angry, and I've ſome hope yet,*
To whom I kneel; be merciful unto me,
Look on my harmleſs Youth, Angels of Pity,
And from my bleeding Heart wipe off my Sorrows;
The Power, the Pride, the Malice and Injuſtice
Of cruel Men are bent againſt my Innocence.
You that controul the mighty Wills of Princes,
And bow their ſtubborn Arms, *look on my Weakneſs,*
And when you pleaſe, and how, allay my Miſeries.

Fred.

Fred. Ye're i' th' right, Sir,
I would he were as ſad as I could wiſh him,
Sad as the Earth.
Sor. Would ye have it ſo?
Fred. Thou hear'ſt me.
Though he be ſick with ſmall hope of Recovery,
That hope ſtill lives, and Mens Eyes live upon it,
And in their Eyes their Wiſhes; my *Serana*,
Were he but cold once in the Tomb he dotes on,
(As 'tis the fitteſt Place for Melancholy,)
My Court ſhould be another Paradiſe,
And flow with all Delights. *Sor.* Go to your Pleaſures,
Let me alone with this, Hope ſhall not trouble ye,
Nor he three Days. *Fred.* I ſhall be bound unto thee.

Enter Valerio, Camillo, Cleanthes, *and* Menallo.

Sor. I'll do it neatly too, no Doubt ſhall catch me.
Fred. Be gone, they're going to Bed, I'll bid good Night to 'em.
Sor. And mark the Man, you'll ſcarce know 'tis *Valerio*. [*Exit.*
Cam. Chear up my noble Lord, the Minute's come,
You ſhall enjoy the Abſtract of all Sweetneſs;
We did you wrong, you need no Wine to warm ye,
Deſire ſhoots through your Eyes like ſudden Wildfires.
Val. Beſhrew me Lords, the Wine has made me dull,
I am I know not what.
Fred. Good Pleaſure to ye,
Good Night and long too, as you find your Appetite
You may fall to.
Val. I do beſeech your Grace, [*Aſide to* Frederick.
For which of all my Loves and Services
Have I deſerv'd this?
Fred. I'm not bound to anſwer ye.
Val. Nor I bound to obey in unjuſt Actions.
Fred. Do as you pleaſe, you know the Penalty,
And as I have a Soul it ſhall be executed;
Nay look not pale, I am not us'd to fear, Sir,
If you reſpect your Lady, good Night to ye. [*Exit.*
Val. But for Reſpect to her, and to my Duty,

That

That reverend Duty that I owe my Sovereign,
Which Anger has no Power to ſnatch me from,
The good Night ſhould be thine; good Night for ever.
The King is wanton, Lords, he would needs know of me
How many nick Chaces I would make to Night.

Men. My Lord, no doubt you'll prove a perfect Gameſter.

Val. Faith no, I'm unacquainted with the Pleaſure,
Bungle a Set I may: How my Heart trembles,
And beats my Breaſt as it would break his way out!
Good Night, my noble Friends.

Cle. Nay we muſt ſee you
Toward your Bed, my Lord.

Val. Good faith it needs not,
'Tis late, and I ſhall trouble you. *Cam.* No, no,
Till the Bride come, Sir— *Val.* I beſeech you leave me,
You'll make me baſhful elſe, I am ſo fooliſh;——
Beſides, I have ſome few Devotions, Lords,
And he that can pray with ſuch a Book in's Arms——

Cam. We'll leave ye then, and a ſweet Night wait on ye.

Men. And a ſweet Iſſue of this ſweet Night crown ye.

Cle. All Nights and Days be ſuch till you grow old, Sir.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Val. I thank ye, 'tis a Curſe ſufficient for me,
A labour'd one too, though you mean a Bleſſing.
What ſhall I do? I'm like a wretched Debtor,
That has a Sum to tender on the Forfeit
Of all he's worth, yet dare not offer it.
Other Men ſee the Sun, yet I muſt wink at it,
And though I know 'tis perfect Day, deny it:
My Veins are all on Fire, and burn like *Ætna*,
Youth and Deſire beat 'Larums to my Blood,
And add freſh Fuel to my warm Affections.
I muſt enjoy her, yet when I conſider,
When I collect myſelf, and weigh her Danger,
The Tyrant's Will, and his Pow'r taught to Murder,
My tender Care controlls my Blood within me,
And like a cold Fit of a peeviſh Ague
Creeps to my Soul, and flings an Ice upon me.

Enter Queen, Evanthe, *Ladies and Fool.*

That locks all Pow'rs of Youth up: But Prevention——
O what a Bleſſedneſs 'twere to be old now,
To be unable, Bed-rid with Diſeaſes,
Or halt on Crutches to meet holy *Hymen*;
What a rare Benefit! But I am curſt,
That that ſpeaks other Men moſt freely happy,
And makes all Eyes hang on their Expectations,
Muſt prove the bane of me, Youth, and Ability.
She comes to Bed, how ſhall I entertain her?

Tony. Nay I come after too, take the Fool with ye,
For lightly he is ever one at Weddings.

Queen. Evanthe,
Make y' unready, your Lord ſtays for ye,
And prithee be merry.

Tony. Be very merry, Chicken,
Thy Lord will Pipe to thee anon, and make thee Dance too.

Lady. Will he ſo, good-man Aſs?

Tony. Yes, good Filly,
And you had ſuch a Pipe, that pip'd ſo ſweetly,
You'd dance to Death, you've learnt your Sinque apace.

Evan. Your Grace deſires that, that's too free in me;
I'm merry at the Heart.

Tony. Thou'lt be anon,
The young ſmug Boy will give thee a ſweet Cordial.

Evan. I am ſo taken up in all my Thoughts,
So poſſeſt, Madam, with the lawful Sweets
I ſhall this Night partake of with my Lord,
So far tranſported (pardon my Immodeſty.)——

Val. Alas poor Wench, how ſhall I recompence thee?

Evan. That though they muſt be ſhort, and ſnatcht away too
E'er they grow ripe, yet I ſhall far prefer 'em
Before a tedious Pleaſure with Repentance.

Val. O how my Heart akes!

Evan. Take off my Jewels, Ladies,
And let my Ruff looſe, I ſhall bid good Night t' ye,
My Lord ſtays here.

Queen. My Wench, I thank thee heartily,

For learning how to uſe thy few Hours handſomly,
They will be Years I hope; off with your Gown now,
Lay down the Bed there. *Tony.* Shall I get into it
And warm it for thee? a Fool's Fire's a fine thing,
And I'll ſo buſs thee.

Queen. I'll have ye whipt, ye Raſcal.

Tony. That will provoke me more; I'll talk with thy Husband.
He's a wiſe Man I hope.

Evan. Good night dear Madam,
Ladies, no further Service, I am well,
I do beſeech your Grace to give us this leave;
My Lord and I to one another freely,
And privately, may do all other Ceremonies;
Woman and Page we'll be to one another,
And trouble you no farther.

Tony. Art thou a wiſe Man?

Val. I cannot tell thee, *Tony*, aſk my Neighbours.

Tony. If thou beeſt ſo, go lye with me to Night,
Th' old Fool will lye quieter than the young one,
And give thee more Sleep, thou wilt look to morrow elſe
Worſe than the prodigal Fool the Ballad ſpeaks of,
That was ſqueez'd through a Horn.

Val. (24) I ſhall take thy Counſel.

Queen. Why then good night, good night, my beſt *Evanthe*,
My worthy Maid, and as that Name ſhall vaniſh,
(25) A worthy Wife, a long and happy; follow Sirrah.

Evan. That ſhall be my care,
Goodneſs reſt with your Grace.

Queen.

(24) Val. *I ſhall take thy Counſel.*] This is *aſide* if the Words are right; but perhaps they would be better join'd, with ſome little Change, to the End of the *Fool*'s Speech:

That was ſqueez'd through a Horn. Wilt *take my Counſel?*

(25) *A worthy Wife, a long and happy*; follow Sirrah.
Evan. That *ſhall be my care,*
Goodneſs reſt with *your Grace.*] Inſtead of, *follow Sirrah*, I could wiſh to connect the Verb with the preceding Words. The Relative *that* too in the ſecond Line, can only refer to, *a worthy Wife*, for all *Evanthe*'s Care and Prudence could not poſſibly make her *a long and happy* one. *With* likewiſe in the laſt ſeems to have little

Queen. Be lusty, Lord, and take your Lady to ye,
And that Power that shall part ye be unhappy.
Val. Sweet rest unto ye, to ye all, sweet Ladies;
Tony, good night.
Tony. Shall not the Fool stay with thee?
Queen. Come away, Sirrah. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*
Tony. How the Fool is sought for!
Sweet Malt is made of easy Fire,
A hasty Horse will quickly tire,
A sudden Leaper sticks i'th' Mire,
" *Phlebotomy and th' Ward lye nigher,*
" *Take heed of Friend, I thee require;*
This from an Almanack I stole,
And learn this Lesson from a Fool.
Good night my Bird. [*Exit* Tony.
Evan. Good night wife master *Tony*;
Will ye to Bed, my Lord? Come, let me help ye.
Val. To Bed, *Evanthe*, art thou sleepy? *Evan.* No,
I shall be worse if you look sad upon me;
Pray ye let's to Bed.
Val. I am not well, my Love.
Evan. I'll make ye well, there's no such Physick for ye
As your warm Mistress's Arms.
Val. Art thou so cunning?
Evan. I speak not by Experience, 'pray ye mistake not,
But if you love me——
Val. I do love so dearly,
So much above the base bent of Desire,
I know not how to answer thee.
Evan. To Bed then,
There I shall better credit ye; fie my Lord,

Business there. In a word, I would propose reading the whole in this manner:

A worthy Wife, a long and happy follow it.
Evan. *That shall be my Care*; these——
Goodness rest your Grace.—That shall——

i. e. to be a worthy Wife shall be my Study and Endeavour; but *these*, *i. e.* long and happy, must be left to the Gods (or something to that Effect) and so, *Goodness rest*, &c. *i. e.* May the Gods give your Grace good Rest to night.

Will

Will ye put a Maid to't, to teach ye what to do?
An innocent Maid? Are ye ſo cold a Lover?
In truth you make me bluſh, 'tis Midnight too,
And 'tis no ſtol'n Love, but authoriſed openly,
No Sin we covet; pray let me undreſs ye,
You ſhall help me too; prithee, ſweet *Valerio*,
Be not ſo ſad, the King will be more merciful.
Val. May not I love thy Mind?
Evan. And I yours too,
'Tis a moſt noble one, adorn'd with Virtue;
But if we love not one another really,
And put our Bodies and our Mind together,
And ſo make up the Concord of Affection,
Our Love will prove but a blind Superſtition:
This is no School to argue in, my Lord,
Nor have we time to talk away allow'd us,
Pray let's diſpatch, if any one ſhould come
And find us at this diſtance, what would they think?
Come, kiſs me, and to Bed. *Val.* That I dare do,
And kiſs again. *Evan.* Spare not, they are your own, Sir.
Val. But to enjoy thee is to be luxurious;
Too ſenſual in my Love, and too ambitious;
O how I burn! to pluck thee from the Stalk,
Where now thou grow'ſt a ſweet Bud and a beauteous,
And bear'ſt the prime and honour of the Garden,
Is but to violate thy Spring, and ſpoil thee.
Evan. To let me blow, and fall alone, would anger ye.
Val. Let's ſit together thus, and as we ſit
Feed on the Sweets of one another's Souls.
The Happineſs of Love is Contemplation,
The Bleſſedneſs of Love is pure Affection,
Where no Allay of actual dull Deſires,
Of Pleaſure that partakes with Wantonneſs,
Of human Fire that burns out as it kindles,
(26) And leaves the Body but a poor Repentance,
Can ever mix; let's fix on that, *Evanthe*,

(26) *And leaves* the Body *but a poor Repentance,*] Our Authors, as the Reader will obſerve, are a little unphiloſophical in expreſſing the Sentiment, ſince not the Body but the Soul is the proper Subject of Repentance.

That's Everlaſting, th' other Caſual;
Eternity breeds one, the other Fortune,
Blind as herſelf, and full of all Afflictions:
Shall we love virtuouſly?

Evan. I ever loved ſo.

Val. (27) And only think our Love? the rareſt Pleaſure,
(And that we moſt deſire, let it be human,)
If once enjoy'd grows ſtale, and cloys our Appetites;
I would not leſſen in my Love for any thing,
(28) Nor find thee but the ſame in my ſhort Journey,
For my Love's ſafety.

Evan. Now I ſee I'm old, Sir,
Old and ill-favour'd too, poor and deſpis'd,
And am not worth your noble Fellowſhip,
Your Fellowſhip in Love, you would not elſe
Thus cunningly ſeek to betray a Maid,
A Maid that honours you thus piouſly;
Strive to abuſe the pious Love ſhe brings ye.
Farewel my Lord, ſince ye've a better Miſtreſs,
(For it muſt ſeem ſo, or ye are no Man,)
A younger, happier, I ſhall give her room,
So much I love ye ſtill.

Val. Stay my *Evanthe*,
Heav'n bear me Witneſs, thou art all I love,
All I deſire, and now (29) have Pity on me.
I never lyed before, forgive me, Juſtice;

(27) *And only think our Love;*—] The Pointing requir'd is that in the Text.

(28) *Nor find thee but the ſame in my ſhort Journey,*
For my Love's *ſafety.*] *Valerio* would not ſuffer the leaſt Abatement of her Affection if he might ſave, —— What by it? his Love? his *Life* to be ſure he deſign'd to ſay, and the true Reading is,
For my Life's *ſafety.*

(29) —— *have Pity on me,*
I never lyed before, forgive me, Juſtice;
Youth and Affection ſtop your Ears *unto me.*] *Valerio* going to pretend Impotency, prays, *aſide*, that Heaven may forgive the Lie, and (as the Text at preſent runs) *Evanthe not believe*, but *ſtop her Ears againſt it.* But is not this a Contradiction glaring enough? 'Tis, I think, not only poſſible but very probable the Authors Manuſcript ran,
Youth and Affection ope *your Ears unto me.*
i. e. to hear and believe what he was going to diſcover.

Youth

Youth and Affection ſtop your Ears unto me.
Evan. Why do you weep? If I have ſpoke too harſhly,
And unbeſeeming, my beloved Lord,
My Care and Duty, pardon me.
Val. O hear me,
Hear me, *Evanthe*; I am all on Torture,
And this Lie tears my Conſcience as I vent it; [*Aſide.*
I am no Man.
Evan. How, Sir? *Val.* No Man for Pleaſure,
No Woman's Man.
Evan. Goodneſs forbid my Lord,
Sure you abuſe yourſelf. *Val.* 'Tis true, *Evanthe*,
I ſhame to ſay you'll find it. [*Weeps.*
Evan. He weeps bitterly;
'Tis my hard Fortune, bleſs all young Maids from it;
Is there no help, my Lord, in Art will comfort ye?
Val. I hope there is.
Evan. How long have you been deſtitute?
Val. Since I was young.
Evan. 'Tis hard to die for nothing:
Now you ſhall know 'tis not the Pleaſure, Sir,
(For I'm compell'd to love you ſpiritually)
That Women aim at, I affect ye for,
'Tis for your Worth; and kiſs me, be at Peace,
Becauſe I ever lov'd ye, I ſtill honour ye,
And with all Duty to my Husband follow ye;
Will ye to Bed now? y' are aſham'd it ſeems;
Pygmalion pray'd, and his cold Stone took Life;
You do not know with what Zeal I ſhall ask, Sir,
And what rare Mir'cle that may work upon ye;
Still bluſh? preſcribe your Law.
Val. I prithee pardon me,
To Bed, and I'll ſit by thee, and mourn with thee,
Mourn both our Fortunes, our unhappy ones:
Do not deſpiſe me, make me not more wretched.
I pray to Heav'n, when I am gone, *Evanthe*,
As my poor Date is but a Span of time now,
To recompence thy noble Patience,
Thy Love and Virtue with a fruitful Husband,
Honeſt and honourable.

Evan. Come, you have made me weep now,
All fond Deſire die here, and welcome Chaſtity,
Honour and Chaſtity; do what you pleaſe, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter at one Door Rugio *and Friar* Marco, *at the other Door* Sorano, *with a little Gleſs-Viol.*

Rug. WHAT ails this Piece of Miſchief to look ſad?
He ſeems to weep too.
Mar. Something is a hatching,
And of ſome bloody Nature too, Lord *Rugio*,
This Crocodile mourns thus cunningly.
Sor. Hail holy Father,
And good Day to the good Lord *Rugio*;
How fares the ſad Prince, I beſeech ye, Sir?
Rug. 'Tis like you know, you need not ask that Queſtion,
You have your Eyes and Watches on his Miſeries
As near as ours, I would they were as tender.
Mar. Can you do him good? as the King and you appointed him,
So he is ſtill, as you deſir'd I think too,
For every Day he's worſe: Heav'n pardon all!
Put off your Sorrow, you may laugh now, Lord,
He cannot laſt long to diſturb your Maſter,
You have done worthy Service to his Brother,
And he moſt memorable Love.
Sor. You do not know, Sir,
With what Remorſe I ask, nor with what Wearineſs
I groan and bow under this Load of Honour,
And how my Soul ſighs for the beaſtly Services
I've done his Pleaſures, theſe be witneſs with me;
And from your Piety believe me, Father,
I would as willingly uncloath myſelf
Of Title, that becomes me not, I know,
(Good Men and great Names beſt agree together;)
Caſt off the glorious Favours, and the Trappings

Of

Of Sound and Honour, Wealth and Promiſes,
His wanton Pleaſures have flung on my Weakneſs,
And chuſe to ſerve my Country's Cauſe and Virtue's,
Poorly and honeſtly, and redeem my Ruins,
As I would hope Remiſſion of my Miſchiefs.
Rug. Old and experienc'd Men, my Lord *Soranzo*,
Are not ſo quickly caught with gilt Hypocriſie;
You pull your Claws in now and fawn upon us,
As Lions do t' entice poor fooliſh Beaſts;
And Beaſts we ſhould be too if we believ'd ye;
Go exerciſe your Art,
Sor. For Heav'n's ſake ſcorn me not,
Nor add more Hell to my afflicted Soul
Than I feel here; as you are honourable,
As you are charitable, look gently on me:
I will no more to Court, be no more Devil,
I know I muſt be hated even of him
That has my Love now, and the more he loves me
For his foul Ends, when they ſhall once appear to him,
Muſter before his Conſcience and accuſe him,
The fouler and the more falls his Diſpleaſure;
Princes are fading things, ſo are their Favours.
Mar. He weeps again,
His Heart is toucht ſure with Remorſe. *Sor.* See this,
And give me fair Attention, good my Lord,
And worthy Father ſee, within this Viol
The Remedy and Cure of all my Honour,
And of the ſad Prince, lyes.
Rug. What new Trick's this?
Sor. 'Tis true, I have done Offices abundantly
Ill and prodigious to the Prince *Alphonſo*,
And whilſt I was a Knave I ſought his Death too.
Rug. You are too late convicted to be good yet.
Sor. But Father, when I felt this part afflict me,
This inward part, and call'd me to an audit
Of my Miſdeeds and Miſchiefs——
Mar. Well, go on Sir.
Sor. O then, then, then, what was my Glory then, Father?
The Favour of the King, what did that eaſe me?

What

What was it to be bow'd to by all Creatures
Worſhip, and courted? what did this avail me?
I was a Wretch, a poor loſt Wretch.
Mar. Still better.
Sor. 'Till in the midſt of all my Grief I found
Repentance, and a learn'd man to gi' th' Means to it.
A Jew, an honeſt and a rare Phyſician;
Of him I had this Jewel; 'tis a Jewel,
And at the Price of all my Wealth I bought it:
If the King knew it I muſt loſe my Head,
And willingly, moſt willingly I'd ſuffer;
A Child may take it, 'tis ſo ſweet in working.
Mar. To whom would you apply it?
Sor. To the ſick Prince,
It will in half a Day diſſolve his Melancholy.
Rug. I do believe, and give him ſleep for ever.
What Impudence is this, and what baſe Malice,
To make us Inſtruments of thy Abuſes?
Are we ſet here to poiſon him? *Sor.* Miſtake not;
Yet I muſt needs ſay, 'tis a noble Care,
And worthy virtuous Servants; if you'll ſee
A flouriſhing Eſtate again in *Naples*,
And great *Alphonſo* reign that's truly good,
And like himſelf able to make all excellent,
Give him his Drink; and this good Health unto him.
[*Drinks.*
I'm not ſo deſp'rate yet to kill myſelf;
Never look on me as a guilty Man,
Nor on the Water as a ſpeedy Poiſon:
I am not mad, nor laid out all my Treaſure,
My Conſcience and my Credit, to abuſe ye:
How nimbly and how chearfully it works now
Upon my Heart and Head! Sure I'm a new Man,
There is no Sadneſs that I feel within me,
But as it meets it, like a lazy Vapour
How it flies off. Here, give it him with Speed,
You are more guilty than I ever was,
And worthier of the Name of evil Subjects,
If but an Hour you hold this from his Health.

Rug.

Rug. (30) 'Tis ſome rare virtuous thing ſure; he's a good Man!
It muſt be ſo, come, let's apply it preſently,
And may it ſweetly work. *Sor.* Pray let me hear on't,
And carry't cloſe, my Lords. *Mar.* Yes, good *Sorano.*
[*Exeunt* Rugio *and* Marco.

Sor. Do my good Fools, my honeſt pious Coxcombs,
My wary Fools too: Have I caught your Wiſdoms?
You never dreamt I knew an Antidote,
Nor how to take it to ſecure mine own Life;
I am an Aſs; go, give him the fine Cordial,
And when you've done go dig his Grave, good Frier;
Some two Hours hence we ſhall have ſuch a Bawling,
And roaring up and down for *Aqua vitæ*,
Such rubbing, and ſuch 'nointing, and ſuch cooling;
I've ſent him that will make a Bonfire in's Belly;
If he recover't, there is no Heat in Hell ſure. [*Exit.*

Enter Frederick, *and* Podramo.

Fred. Podramo? *Pod. Sir.* *Fred.* Call hither Lord *Valerio*,
And let none trouble us. *Pod.* It ſhall be done, Sir. [*Exit.*
Fred. I know he wants n' Additions to his Tortures,
He has enough for human Blood to carry,
(Yet I muſt vex him further;)
So many, that I wonder his hot Youth
And high-bred Spirit breaks not into Fury;
I muſt yet torture him a little further,
And make myſelf Sport with his Miſeries,
My Anger is too poor elſe. Here he comes.

Enter Valerio.

Now my young marry'd Lord, how do you feel yourſelf;
You have the Happineſs you ever aim'd at,
The Joy and Pleaſure.
Val. Would you had the like, Sir.
Fred. You tumble in Delights with your ſweet Lady,

(30) *'Tis ſome rare virtuous thing*——] So *Milton* in his *Il penſeroſo* uſes the Word,
And of the Virtuous *Ring and Glaſs*, &c.

And

And draw the Minutes out in dear Embraces,
You live a right Lord's Life.
Val. Would you had tried it,
That you might know the Virtue but to ſuffer:
Your Anger, though it be unjuſt and inſolent,
Sits handſomer upon you than your Scorn;
To do a willful Ill, and glory in it,
Is to do't double, double to be damn'd too.
Fred. Haſt thou not found a loving and free Prince,
High in his favours too; that has conferr'd
Such hearts eaſe, and ſuch heaps of comfort on thee,
All thou could'ſt ask?
Val. You're grown a Tyrant too
Upon ſo ſuffering, and ſo ſtill a Subject;
You've put upon me ſuch a Puniſhment,
That if your Youth were honeſt it would bluſh at:
But you're a ſhame to Nature, as to Virtue.
Pull not my Rage upon ye, 'tis ſo juſt,
It will give way to no reſpect; my Life,
My innocent Life, I dare maintain it, Sir,
Like a wanton Prodigal you've flung away;
Had I a thouſand more I would allow 'em,
And be as careleſs of 'em as your will is;
But to deny thoſe rights the Law hath giv'n me,
The holy Law, and make her Life the Penance,
Is ſuch a ſtudied and unheard of Malice,
No Heart that is not hired from Hell dare think of;
To do it then too, when my Hopes were high,
High as my Blood, all my Deſires upon me,
My free Affections ready to embrace her,

Enter Caſſandra.

And ſhe mine own. D'you ſmile at this? Is't done well?
Is there not Heav'n above you, that ſees all? [*Exit* Val.
Fred. Come hither, Time, how does your noble Miſtreſs?
Caſ. As a Gentlewoman may
Do in her caſe that's newly married, Sir:
(31) Sickly ſometimes and fond on't, like your Majeſty.

(31) *Sickly ſometimes and fond* on't, like your *Majeſty.*] This Place I would read ſo,

Sickly ſometimes and fond, an't *like your Majeſty.*

Fred.

Fred. She's breeding then?
Caſ. She wants much of her Colour,
And has her qualms as Ladies uſe to have, Sir,
And her diſguſts.
Fred. And keeps her Chamber?
Caſ. Yes, Sir.
Fred. And eats good Broths and Jellies.
Caſ. I am ſure ſhe ſighs, Sir, and weeps, good Lady.
Fred. Alas, good Lady, for it,
She ſhould have one could comfort her, *Caſſandra*,
Could turn thoſe Tears to Joys, a luſty Comforter.
Caſ. A comfortable Man does well at all Hours,
For he brings comfortable things. *Fred.* Come hither,
And hold your Fan between, you've eaten Onions;
Her Breath ſtinks like a Fox, her Teeth are contagious;
Theſe old Women are all Elder-pipes; do ye mark me?
[*Gives a Purſe.*
Caſ. Yes, Sir, but does your Grace think I am fit,
That am both old and virtuous?
Fred. Therefore the fitter, th' older ſtill the better,
I know thou art as holy as an old Cope,
Yet upon neceſſary uſe——
Caſ. 'Tis true, Sir.
Fred. Her feeling ſenſe is fierce ſtill, ſpeak unto her,
You are familiar; ſpeak, I ſay, unto her,
Speak to the purpoſe; tell her this, and this.
Caſ. Alas, ſhe's honeſt, Sir, ſhe's very honeſt,
And would you have my Gravity—— *Fred.* I, I,
Your Gravity will become the Cauſe the better;
I'll look thee out a Knight ſhall make thee a Lady too,
A luſty Knight, and one that ſhall be ruled by thee,
And add to theſe, I'll make 'em good, no mincing,
Nor ducking out of nicety, good Lady,
But do it home; we'll all be Friends too, tell her,
And ſuch a Joy——
Caſ. That's it that ſtirs me up, Sir,
I would not for the World attempt her Chaſtity,
But that they may live lovingly hereafter.
Fred. For that I urge it too. *Caſ.* A little Evil
May well be ſuffered for a general good, Sir,

I'll

I'll take my leave of your Majeſty. [*Exit.*

Enter Valerio.

Fred. Go fortunately,
Be ſpeedy too: Here comes *Valerio*,
If his Affliction have allay'd his Spirit
My work has end. Come hither, Lord *Valerio*,
How do you now?

Val. Your Majeſty may gueſs,
Not ſo well, nor ſo fortunate as you are,
That can tie up (32) Mens honeſt Wills and Actions.

Fred. You clearly ſee now, brave *Valerio*,
What 'tis to be the Rival to a Prince,
To interpoſe againſt a raging Lion;
I know you've ſuffer'd, infinitely ſuffer'd,
And with a kind of Pity I behold it,
And if you dare be worthy of my Mercy,
I can yet heal you, yield up your *Evanthe*,
Take off my Sentence alſo.

Val. I fall thus low, Sir,
My poor ſad Heart under your Feet I lay,
And all the Service of my Life. *Fred.* Do this then,
For without this 'twill be impoſſible,
Part with her for a while.

Val. You've parted us,
What ſhould I do with that I cannot uſe, Sir?

Fred. 'Tis well conſider'd, let me have the Lady,
And thou ſhalt ſee how nobly I'll befriend thee,
How all this difference———

(32) ——*Mens honeſt Wills and Actions.*] After this Speech, there follows in the Copy of 1647, a fooliſh as well as maimed and corrupted Repetition of the following ones,

Fred. *You have the Happineſs you never aim'd at,*
The Joy and Pleaſure.
Val. *Wou'd you had the like, Sir.*
Fred. *You tumble in Delights with your ſweet Lady,*
And drew the Minutes out in dear Embraces;
You lead a right Lord's Life.
Val, *Wou'd you had try'd it,*
That you might know the Virtue but to ſuffer;
If *Anger, tho' it be unjuſt and inſolent*
Sits handſomer upon you than your Scorn.
Fred. *You clearly ſee,* &c.

Val.

Val. Will ſhe come, d'you think, Sir?
Fred. She muſt be wrought, I know ſhe is too modeſt,
And gently wrought, and cunningly.
Val. 'Tis fit, Sir.
Fred. And ſecretly it muſt be done.
Val. As thought.
Fred. I'll warrant ye her Honour ſhall be fair ſtill,
No ſoil nor ſtain ſhall appear on that, *Valerio*;
You ſee a thouſand that bear ſober Faces,
And ſhew off, as inimitable Modeſties,
You would be ſworn too that they were pure Matrons,
And moſt chaſte Maids; and yet t'augment their Fortunes,
And get them noble Friends——
Val. They are content, Sir,
In private to beſtow their Beauties on 'em.
Fred. They are ſo, and they're wiſe, they know no want for't,
Nor no Eye ſees they want their Honeſties.
Val. If't might be carried thus.
Fred. It ſhall be, Sir.
Val. I'll ſee you dead firſt; with this Caution, [*Aſide.*
Why, ſure I think it might be done.
Fred. Yes, eaſily.
Val. For what time would your Grace deſire her Body?
Fred. A Month or two; it ſhall be carried ſtill
As if ſhe kept with you, and were a Stranger,
Rather a hater of the Grace I offer;
And then I will return her with ſuch Honour——
Val. 'Tis very like; I dote much on your Honour.
Fred. And load her with ſuch Favour too, *Valerio*——
Val. She never ſhall claw off: I humbly thank ye.
Fred. I'll make ye both the happieſt, and the richeſt,
And th' mightieſt too——
Val. But who ſhall work her, Sir?
For on my Conſcience ſhe is very honeſt,
And will be hard to cut as a rough Diamond.
Fred. Why, you muſt work her, any thing from your Tongue,
Set off with golden and perſuaſive Language,
Urging your Dangers too——

Val.

Val. But all this time
Have you the Conſcience, Sir, to leave me nothing,
Nothing to play withal? *Fred.* There be a thouſand,
Take where thou wilt.
Val. May I make bold with your Queen?
She's uſeleſs to your Grace, as it appears, Sir,
And but a loyal Wife that may be loſt too;
I have a mind to her, and then 'tis equal.
Fred. How, Sir?
Val. 'Tis ſo, Sir: thou moſt glorious Impotence,
Have I not wrongs enow to ſuffer under,
But thou muſt pick me out to make a Monſter?
A hated wonder to the World? D' you ſtart
At my intrenching on your private Liberty,
And would you force a High-way through mine Honour,
And make me pave it too? But that thy Queen
(33) Is of that excellence in Honeſty,
And guarded with Divinity about her,
No looſe thought can come near, nor flame unhallowed,
I would ſo right myſelf.
Fred. Why, take her to ye;
I am not vex'd at this, thou ſhalt enjoy her,
I'll be thy Friend, if that may win thy Courteſie.
Val. I will not be your Bawd, though for your Royalty.
Was I brought up, and nouriſh'd in the Court,
With thy moſt Royal Brother, and thyſelf,
Upon thy Father's charge, thy happy Father's,
And ſuck'd the ſweetneſs of all human Arts,
Learn'd Arms and Honour, to become a Raſcal?
Was this the expectation of my Youth,
My growth of Honour? Do you ſpeak this truly,
Or do you try me, Sir? for I believe not,
At leaſt I would not, and methinks 'tis impoſſible
There ſhould be ſuch a Devil in a King's Shape,
Such a malignant Friend.

(33) *Is of that* excellent Honeſty] The Edition of 1679. from whence that of 1711 is but a Tranſcript, has happily preſerv'd the Senſe of our Authors, but the Expreſſion is his own, for thus runs the Folio 1647.

Is of that excellence in Honeſty.

Fred.

Fred. I thank ye, Sir,
To morrow is your laſt Day, and look to it——
Get from my ſight, away. *Val.* Ye are——Oh, my
Heart is too high and full to think upon ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Evanthe, *and* Caſſandra.

Evan. You think it fit then, mortified *Caſſandra*,
That I ſhould be a Whore?
Caſ. Why a Whore, Madam?
If ev'ry Woman that upon neceſſity
Did a good turn, (for there's the main point, mark it,)
Were term'd a Whore, who would be honeſt, Madam?
Your Lord's Life, and your own, are now in hazard,
Two precious Lives may be redeem'd with nothing,
Little or nothing; ſay an Hour's or Day's Sport,
Or ſuch a Toy, (34) the end to't is not Wantonneſs,
That we call Luſt, that Maidens loſe their Fame for
But a compell'd neceſſity of Honour,
Fair as the Day, and clear as Innocence,
Upon my Life and Conſcience, a direct way——
Evan. To be a Raſcal.
Caſ. 'Tis a kind of Rape too,
That keeps you clear; for where your Will's compell'd,
Though you yield up your Body, you are ſafe ſtill.
Evan. Thou'art grown a learned Bawd, I ever look'd
Thy great ſufficiency would break out.
Caſ. You may,
You that are young and fair, ſcorn us old Creatures,
But you muſt know my Years, e'er you be wiſe, Lady,
And my Experience too; ſay the King loved ye?
Say it were nothing elſe? *Evan.* I, marry Wench,
Now thou comeſt to me.
Caſ. Do you think Princes Favours are ſuch ſlight Things,
To fling away when you pleaſe? There be young Ladies,

(34) ——*the end to it is Wantonneſs,*] For want of a negative Particle here, the old Procureſs is made to contradict all ſhe was contending for; the Place ought to run ſo,
——*the end to it is* not *Wantonneſs,*
Mr. *Seward* likewiſe made the ſame Obſervation.

Both fair and honourable, that would leap to reach 'em,
And leap aloft too.

Evan. Such are light enough;
I am no Vaulter, Wench; but canſt thou tell me,
Though he be a King whether he be ſound or no?
I would not give my youth up to Infection.

Caſ. As ſound as Honour ought to be, I think, Lady;
Go to, be wiſe, I do not bid you try him;
But if he love you well, and you neglect him,
Your Lord's Life hanging on the Hazard of it——
If you be ſo wilful proud.

Evan. Thou ſpeak'ſt to the Point ſtill;
But when I've lain with him, what am I then, Gentlewoman?

Caſ. What are you? why, the ſame you're now, a Woman,
A virtuous Woman, and a noble Woman;
Touching at what is noble, you become ſo.
Had *Lucrece* e'er been thought of but for *Tarquin?*
She was before a ſimple unknown Woman,
When ſhe was raviſh'd, ſhe was a reverend Saint;
And do you think ſhe yielded not a little,
And had a kind of Will t' have been re-raviſh'd?
Believe it, yes: There are a thouſand Stories
Of wondrous loyal Women, that have ſlipt,
But it has been o'th' Ice of tender Honour,
That keep them cool ſtill to the World. I think
You're bleſt, that have ſuch an Occaſion in your Hands
To beget a Chronicle, a faithful one.

Evan. It muſt needs be much Honour.

Caſ. As you may make it, infinite, and ſafe too;
And when 'tis done, your Lord and you may live
So quietly, and peaceably together,
And be what you pleaſe.

Evan. But ſuppoſe this, Wench,
The King ſhould ſo delight me with his Company,
I ſhould forget my Lord, and no more look on him.

Caſ. That's the main Hazard, for I tell you truly,
I've heard report ſpeak he's an infinite Pleaſure,
Almoſt above Belief; there be ſome Ladies,

And

And modeſt to the World too, wondrous modeſt,
That have had th' Bleſſedneſs to try his Body,
That I have heard proclaim him a new *Hercules*.
Evan. So ſtrongly able?
Caſ. There will be the Danger,
(You being but a young and tender Lady,
Although your Mind be good, yet your weak Body,
At firſt encounter too,) to meet with one
Of his unconquer'd Strength.
Evan. Peace thou rude Bawd,
Thou ſtudied (35) old Corruptneſs, tie thy Tongue up,
Your hir'd baſe Tongue; is this your timely Counſel?
Doſt thou ſeek to make me doat on Wickedneſs,
Becauſe 'tis ten times worſe than thou deliver'ſt it'?
To be a Whore, becauſe he has ſufficiency
To make a hundred? O thou Impudence!
Have I reliev'd thy Age to mine own Ruin?
And worn thee in my Boſom, to betray me?
Can Years and Impotence win nothing on thee
That's good and honeſt, but thou muſt go on ſtill?
And where thy Blood wants Heat to ſin thyſelf,
Force thy decrepit Will to make me wicked?
Caſ. I did but tell ye.
Evan. What the damnedſt Woman,
The cunning'ſt and the skilful'ſt Bawd comes ſhort of;
If thou hadſt liv'd ten Ages to be damn'd in,
And exercis'd this Art the Devil taught thee,
Thou couldſt not have expreſs'd it more exactly.
Caſ. I did not bid you ſin.
Evan. Thou wood'ſt me to it;
Thou that art fit for Prayer and the Grave,
Thy Body Earth already, and Corruption,
Thou taught'ſt the way; go follow your fine Function,
There are Houſes of Delight, that want good Matrons,
Such grave Inſtructors, get thee thither, Monſter,
And read variety of Sins to Wantons,
And when they roar with Pains, learn to make Plaiſters.

(35) —— *old Corruptneſs*] This in *Martial*'s Words is, *non Vitioſa ſed Vitium.*

Caſ. This we've for our good Wills.
Evan. If e'er I ſee thee more,
Or any thing that's like thee, to affright me,
By this fair Light I'll ſpoil thy Bawdery,
I'll leave thee neither Eyes nor Noſe to grace thee.
When thou want'ſt Bread, and common Pity towards thee,

Enter Frederick.

And art a ſtarving in a Ditch, think of me,
Then die, and let the wandering Bawds lament thee;
Be gone, I charge thee leave me.
Caſ. You'll repent this. [*Exit.*
Fred. She's angry, and t'other crying too, my ſuit's cold;
I'll make your Heart ake, ſtubborn Wench, for this.
Turn not ſo angry from me, I will ſpeak to you,
Are you grown ſo proud with your Delight, good Lady,
So pamper'd with your Sport, you ſcorn to know me?
Evan. I ſcorn ye not, I would you ſcorn'd not me, Sir,
And forc'd me to be weary of my Duty;
I know your Grace, would I had never ſeen ye.
Fred. Becauſe I love you, 'cauſe I dote upon ye.
Becauſe I am a Man that ſeek to pleaſe ye.
Evan. I've Man enough already to content me,
As much, as noble, and as worthy of me,
As all the World can yield.
Fred. That's but your Modeſty.
You have no Man — nay never look upon me,
I know it, Lady, no man to content ye,
No Man that can, or at the leaſt, that dares,
Which is a poorer Man, and nearer nothing.
Evan. Be nobler, Sir, inform'd.
Fred. I'll tell thee, Wench,
The poor Condition of this poorer Fellow,
And make thee bluſh for ſhame at thine own Error;
He never tender'd yet a Husband's Duty
To thy warm longing Bed.
Evan. How ſhould he know that? [*Aſide.*
Fred. I'm ſure he did not, for I charg'd him no,
Upon his Life I charg'd him, but to try him;

Could

Could any brave or noble Spirit ſtop here;
Was Life to be preferr'd before Affection?
Lawful and long'd for too?
Evan. Did you command him?
Fred. I did in Policy to try his Spirit.
Evan. And could he be ſo dead cold to obſerve it?
Brought I no Beauty, nor no Love along with me?
Fred. Why, that is it that makes me ſcorn to name him.
I ſhould have lov'd him if he'd ventur'd for't,
Nay, doted on his Brav'ry.
Evan. Only charg'd?
And with that ſpell ſit down? dare Men fight bravely
For poor ſlight things, for Drink, or Oſtentation;
And there indanger both their Lives and Fortunes?
And for their lawful Loves fly off with fear?
Fred. 'Tis true,
And with a cunning baſe fear too t' abuſe thee,
Made thee believe, poor innocent *Evanthe*,
Wretched young Girl, it was his Impotency;
Was it not ſo? deny it. *Evan.* O my Anger!
At my Years to be cozen'd with a young Man!
Fred. A ſtrong Man too, certain he lov'd ye dearly.
Evan. To have my Shame and Love mingled together,
And both flung on me like a Weight to ſink me:
I would have dy'd a thouſand times.
Fred. So would any,
Any that had the Spirit of a Man;
I would have been kill'd in your Arms.
Evan. I would he'd been,
And buried in mine Arms, that had been noble;
And what a Monument would I have made him?
Upon this Breaſt he ſhould have ſlept in Peace,
Honour and everlaſting Love his Mourners;
And I ſtill weeping 'till old Time had turn'd me,
And pitying Powers above, into pure Cryſtal.
Fred. Hadſt thou lov'd me, and had my way been ſtuck
With Death, as thick as froſty Nights with Stars,
I would have ventur'd. *Evan.* Sure there is ſome Trick in't:
Valerio ne'er was Coward. *Fred.* Worſe than this too,

Tamer, and ſeaſoning of a baſer Nature,
He ſet your Woman on ye to betray ye,
Your bawdy Women, or your ſin Sollicitor;
(I pray but think what this Man may deſerve now,)
I know he did, and did it to pleaſe me too.
Evan. Good Sir afflict me not too faſt, I feel
I am a Woman, and a wrong'd one too,
And ſenſible I am of my Abuſes.
Sir, you have loved me. *Fred.* And I love thee ſtill,
Pity thy Wrongs, and doat upon thy Perſon.
Evan. To ſet my Woman on me—'twas too baſe, Sir.
Fred. Abominable vile.
Evan. But I ſhall fit him.
Fred. All Reaſon and all Law allows it to ye,
And y' are a Fool, a tame Fool, if ye ſpare him.
Evan. You may ſpeak now, and happily prevail too,
And I beſeech your Grace be angry with me.
Fred. I am at Heart. She ſtaggers in her Faith,
And will fall off I hope, I'll ply her ſtill.
Thou abus'd Innocence, I ſuffer with thee,
If I ſhould give him Life, he'd ſtill betray thee;
That Fool that fears to die for ſuch a Beauty,
Would for the ſame Fear ſell thee unto Miſery.
I don't ſay he would have been Bawd himſelf too.
Evan. Follow'd thus far? nay then I ſmell the Malice,
It taſtes too hot of practis'd Wickedneſs,
There can be no ſuch Man, I'm ſure no Gentleman;
Shall my Anger make me Whore, and not my Pleaſure?
My ſudden inconſiderate Rage abuſe me?
Come home again, my frighted Faith, my Virrtue,
Home to my Heart again; he be a Bawd too?
Fred. I will not ſay he offer'd fair, *Evanthe.*
Evan. Nor do not dare, 'twill be an Impudence,
And not an Honour for a Prince to lie;
Fye, Sir, a Perſon of your Rank to trifle,
I know you do lie. *Fred.* How? *Evan.* Lie ſhamefully,
And I could wiſh myſelf a Man but one Day,
To tell you openly, you lie too baſely.
Fred. Take heed, wild Fool.
Evan. Take thou heed, thou tame Devil,

Thou

Thou all *Pandora*'s Box in a King's Figure,
Thou'ſt almoſt whor'd my weak Belief already,
And like an Engineer blown up mine Honour;
But I ſhall countermine, and catch your Miſchief.
This little Fort you ſeek, I ſhall man nobly,
And ſtrongly too, with chaſte Obedience
To my dear Lord, with virtuous Thoughts that ſcorn ye.
Victorious *Thomyris* ne'er won more Honour
In cutting off the Royal Head of *Cyrus*,
Than I ſhall do in conqu'ring thee; farewel,
And if thou canſt be wiſe, learn to be good too.
'Twill give thee nobler Lights than both thine Eyes do;
My poor Lord and myſelf are bound to ſuffer,
And when I ſee him faint under your Sentence,
I'll tell ye more, it may be then I'll yield too.

Fred. Fool unexampl'd, ſhall my Anger follow thee?
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Rugio, *and Fryar* Marco, *amaz'd.*

(36) *Rug.* Curſe on our Sights, our fond Credulities,
A thouſand Curſes on the Slave that cheated us,
The damned Slave.

Mar. We have e'en ſham'd our Service,
Brought our beſt Care and Loyalties to nothing;
'Tis the moſt fearful Poiſon, the moſt potent——
Heav'n give him Patience: Oh it works moſt ſtrongly,
And tears him, Lord!

Rug. That we ſhould be ſo ſtupid
To truſt the arrant'ſt Villain that e'er flatter'd,
The bloodieſt too, to believe a few ſoft Words from him,
And give way to his prepar'd Tears.

Alphonſo. [*within.*] Oh! Oh! Oh!

Rug. Hark, Fryar *Marco*,
Hark, the poor Prince: That we ſhould be ſuch Block-heads,
As to be taken with his drinking firſt!

(36) *Curſt on our* Sights——] Every Body ſees this is not Senſe: to make it ſo, I would read curſe on our *Light* (or *Slight*) our fond, *&c.* Light *i. e.* our eaſineſs in Believing.

And never think what Antidotes are made for!
Two Wooden Sculls we have, and we deſerve
To be hang'd for't;
For certainly it will be laid to our Charge;
As certain too, it will diſpatch him ſpeedily,
Which way to turn or what to ——*Mar.* Let us pray,
Heav'n's Hand is ſtrong.

Rug. The Poiſon's ſtrong, you'd ſay.

Enter Alphonſo, *carried on a Couch by two Fryars.*

Would any thing——He comes, let's give him Comfort.

Alph. Give me more Air, Air, more Air, blow, blow,
Open thou Eaſtern Gate and blow upon me, [blow,
Diſtil thy cold Dews, O thou Icy Moon,
And Rivers run thro' my afflicted Spirit.
I am all Fire, Fire, Fire, to the raging Dog-Star
Reigns in my Blood; O which way ſhall I turn me?
Ætna, and all his Flames burn in my Head.
Fling me into the Ocean, or I periſh;
Dig, dig, dig, until the Springs fly up,
The cold, cold Springs, that I may leap into 'em,
And bathe my ſcorch'd Limbs in their purling Pleaſures.
Or ſhoot me up into the higher Region,
Where Treaſures of delicious Snow are nouriſh'd,
And Banquets of ſweet Hail. *Rug.* Hold him faſt, Fryar,
O how he burns! *Alph.* What, will ye ſacrifice me?
Upon the Altar lay my willing Body,
And pile your Wood up, fling your holy Incenſe;
And as I turn me you ſhall ſee all Flame,
Conſuming Flame; ſtand off me, or you're Aſhes.

Both. Moſt miſerable Wretches.

Alph. Bring hither Charity
And let me hug her, Fry'r, they ſay ſhe's cold,
Infinite cold, Devotion cannot warm her;
Draw me a River of falſe Lovers Tears
Clean thro' my Breaſt, they're dull, cold, and forgetful,
And will give Eaſe; let Virgins ſigh upon me,
Forſaken Souls, (37) their Sighs are precious,

(37) ——the *Sighs are precious*] So all the Copies.

Let

Let them all ſigh: Oh Hell, Hell, Hell, O Horror!
Mar. To Bed, good Sir.
Alph. My Bed will burn about me;
Like *Phaeton*, in all conſuming Flaſhes
I am incloſed, let me fly, let me fly, give room;
Betwixt the cold Bear and the raging Lion
Lies my ſafe way; O for a Cake of Ice now,
To clap unto my Heart to comfort me;
Decrepit Winter hang upon my Shoulders,
And let me wear thy frozen Iſicles
Like Jewels round about my Head, to cool me;
My Eyes burn out, and ſink into their Sockets,
And my infected Brain like Brimſtone boils,
I live in Hell, and ſeveral Furies vex me;
O carry me where no Sun ever ſhew'd yet
A Face of Comfort, where the Earth is Cryſtal,
Never to be diſſolv'd, where nought inhabits
But Night and Cold, and nipping Froſts, and Winds
That cut the ſtubborn Rocks and make them ſhiver;
Set me there, Friends. *Rug.* Hold faſt, he muſt to Bed, Friar,
What ſcalding ſweats he has? *Mar.* He'll ſcald in Hell for't,
That was the Cauſe. *Alph.* Drink, Drink, a world of Drink,
Fill all the Cups and all the antique Veſſels,
And borrow Pots, let me have Drink enough;
Bring all the worthy Drunkards of the Time,
Th' experienc'd Drunkards, let me have them all,
And let them drink their worſt, I'll make them Idiots,
I'll lie upon my Back and ſwallow Veſſels;
Have Rivers made of cooling Wine run through me,
Not ſtay for this Man's Health, or this great Prince's,
But take an Ocean, and begin to all; oh, oh.
Mar. He cools a little, now away with him,
And to his warm Bed preſently. *Alph.* No Drink?
No Wind? no cooling Air? *Rug.* You ſhall have any thing.
His hot Fit leſſens, Heav'n put in a Hand now,
And ſave his Life; there's Drink, Sir, in your Chamber,

And

And all cool things.

Alph. Away, away, let's fly to 'em. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio *and* Evanthe.

Evan. To ſay you were impotent, I'm aſham'd on't;
To make yourſelf no Man to a freſh Maid too,
A longing Maid; upon her wedding Night alſo,
To give her ſuch a *Dor.*

Val. I prithee pardon me.

Evan. Had you been drunk, 't had been excuſable,
Or like a Gentleman under th' Surgeon's Hands,
And ſo not able, there had been ſome Colour;
But wretchedly to take a Weakneſs to ye,
A fearful Weakneſs to abuſe your Body,
And let a Lie work like a Spell upon ye,
A Lie to ſave your Life———

Val. Will you give me Leave, Sweet?

Evan. You've taken too much Leave, and too baſe Leave too,
To wrong your Love; haſt thou a noble Spirit?
And canſt thou look up to the Peoples Loves,
That call thee worthy, and not bluſh, *Valerio?*
Canſt thou behold me that thou haſt betray'd thus,
And no Shame touch thee? *Val.* Shame attend the ſinful,
I know my Innocence.

Evan. Ne'er think to face it, that's a double Weakneſs,
And ſhews thee falſer ſtill: The King himſelf,
Though he be wicked, and our Enemy,
But juſter than thou art, in pity of my Injuries,
Told me the Truth.

Val. (38) What did he tell, *Evanthe?*

Evan. That but to gain thy Life a Fortnight longer,
Thy lov'd poor Life, thou gav'ſt up all my Duties.

Val. I ſwear 'tis falſe; my Life and Death are equal,
I've weigh'd 'em both, and find 'em but one Fortune;
But Kings are Men, and live as Men, and die too,
Have the Affections Men have, and their Falſehoods;

(38) *What did he tell* thee, *Evanthe?*] The Text is from the Copy of 1647.

Indeed

Indeed they have more Power to make 'em good;
The King's to blame, it was to ſave thy Life, Wench,
Thy innocent Life, that I forbore thy Bed,
For if I'd toucht thee thou hadſt dy'd, he ſwore it.
Evan. And was not I as worthy to die nobly,
To make a Story for the time that follows,
As he that married me? What Weakneſs, Sir,
Or Diſability, do you ſee in me,
Either in Mind or Body, to defraud me
Of ſuch an Opportunity? D' you think I marry'd you
Only for Pleaſure, or Content in Luſt?
To lull you in my Arms, and kiſs you hourly?
Was this my End? I might have been a Queen, Sir,
If that had caught me, and have known all Delicates;
There's few that would have ſhun'd ſo fair an Offer.
O thou unfaithful fearful Man, thou'ſt kill'd me;
In ſaving me this way, thou haſt deſtroy'd me,
Robb'd me of that thy Love can never give more;
To be unable, to ſave me? O Miſery!
Had I been my *Valerio*, thou *Evanthe*,
I would have lain with thee under a Gallows,
Tho' the
Hangman had been my *Hymen*, and the Furies
With Iron Whips and Forks, ready to torture me.
I would have hug'd thee too, tho' Hell had gap'd at me;
Save my Life! that expected to die bravely,
That would have woo'd it too? (39) Would I had married
An *Eunuch*, that had truly no Ability,
Than ſuch a fearful Lyar; thou haſt done me
A ſcurvy Courteſy, that has undone me.
Val. I'll do no more; ſince you're ſo nobly faſhion'd,
Made up ſo ſtrongly, I'll take my Share with ye,
Nay, Dear, I'll learn of you.
Evan. He weeps too tenderly;
My Anger's gone, good my Lord pardon me;

(39) ——— *Would I had married*
An Eunuch, *that had truly no Ability,*
Than ſuch a —— ———] The want of *rather* before *than ſuch, &c.* has a fine Effect, and the Hurry of her Paſſion fully juſtifies ſuch a wilful Omiſſion in the Poet.

And

And if I have offended, be more angry;
It was a Woman's Flaſh, a ſudden Valour,
That could not lie conceal'd. *Val.* I honour ye,
By all the Rites of holy Marriage,
And Pleaſures of chaſte Love, I wonder at ye;
Y' appear the Viſion of a Heav'n unto me
Stuck all with Stars of Honour ſhining clearly,
And all the Motions of your Mind Celeſtial;
Man is a lump of Earth, the beſt Man's ſpiritleſs,
To ſuch a Woman; all our Lives and Actions
But Counterfeits in *Arras* to this Virtue;
Chide me again, you have ſo brave an Anger,
And flows ſo nobly from you, thus deliver'd,
That I could ſuffer like a Child to hear ye,
Nay, make myſelf guilty of ſome Faults to honour ye.
Evan. I'll chide no more, you've robb'd me of my Courage,
And with a cunning Patience check'd my Impudence;
Once more Forgiveneſs. [*She kneels.*
Val. Will this ſerve, *Evanthe?* [*Kiſſes her.*
And this, my Love? Heav'n's Mercy be upon us;
But did he tell no more? *Evan.* Only this Trifle:
You ſet my Woman on me, to betray me;
'Tis true, ſhe did her beſt, a bad old Woman,
It ſtirr'd me, Sir.
Val. I cannot blame thee, Jewel.
Evan. And methought when your Name was founded that way ——
Val. He that will ſpare no Fame, will ſpare no Name, Sweet;
Tho' as I am a Man, I'm full of Weakneſs,
And may ſlip happily into ſome Ignorance,
Yet at my Years to be a Bawd, and cozen
Mine own Hopes with my Doctrine—— *Evan.* I believe not,
Nor ever ſhall; our Time is out to Morrow.
Val. Let's be to Night then full of Fruitfulneſs,
Now we are both of one Mind, let's be happy,
I am no more a wanting Man, *Evanthe*,
Thy warm Embraces ſhall diſſolve that Impotence,

And

And my cold Lye ſhall vaniſh with thy Kiſſes:
You Hours of Night be long, (as when *Alcmena*
Lay by the luſty Side of *Jupiter*;)
Keep back the Day, and hide his golden Beams,
Where the chaſte watchful Morning may not find 'em;
Old doating *Tython*, hold *Aurora* faſt,
And tho' ſhe bluſh the Day-break from her Cheeks,
Conceal her ſtill; thou, heavy Wain, ſtand firm,
And ſtop the quicker Revolutions;
Or if the Day muſt come, to ſpoil our Happineſs,
Thou envious Sun peep not upon our Pleaſure,
Thou that all Lovers curſe, be far off from us.

Enter Caſtruchio *with Guard.*

Evan. Then let's to Bed, and this Night in all Joys
And chaſte Delights———
Caſt. Stay, I muſt part ye both;
It is the King's Command, who bids me tell ye,
To Morrow is your laſt Hour.
Val. I obey, Sir;
In Heav'n we ſhall meet, Captain, where King *Frederick*
Dare not appear to part us. *Caſt.* Miſtake me not,
Though I am rough in doing of my Office,
You ſhall find, Sir, you have a Friend to honour ye.
Val. I thank ye, Sir.
(40) *Evan.* Pray, Captain, tell the King,
They that are ſad on Earth, in Heaven ſhall ſing.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Rugio, *and Fryar* Marco.

Rug. HAve you writ to the Captain of the Caſtle?
Mar. Yes, and charged him,
Upon his Soul's health, that he be not cruel;

(40) Evan. *Pray Captain*, &c.] This concluding Speech of *Evan-the* is wanting only in the Copy of 1711.

Told

Told him *Valerio*'s worth among the People,
And how it muſt be puniſh'd in Poſterity,
Though he ſcape now.
Rug. But will not he, Fryar *Marco*,
Betray this to the King? *Mar.* Though he be ſtubborn,
And of a rugged Nature, yet he's honeſt,
And honours much *Valerio*.
Rug. How does *Alphonſo?*
For now methinks my Heart is light again,
And pale Fear fled.
Mar. He is as well as I am;
The Rogue againſt his will has ſav'd his Life,
A deſp'rate Poiſon has re-cur'd the Prince.
Rug. To me 'tis moſt miraculous. *Mar.* To me too,
Till I conſider why it ſhould do ſo,
And now I've found it a moſt exc'llent Phyſick,
It wrought upon the dull cold miſty Parts,
That clog'd his Soul, which was another Poiſon,
A deſperate too, and found ſuch matter there,
And ſuch Abundance alſo to reſiſt it,
And wear away the dang'rous Heat it brought with't,
That the pure Blood and th' Spirits ſcap'd untainted.
Rug. 'Twas Heav'n's high Hand, none of *Sorano*'s Pity.
Mar. Moſt certain 'twas; had the malicious Villain

Enter Caſtruchio.

Given him a cooling Poiſon, he had paid him.
Rug. The Captain of the Caſtle.
Mar. O y'are welcome,
How does your Priſoner? *Caſ.* He muſt go for dead;
But when I do a Deed of ſo much Villany,
I'll have my Skin pull'd o'er mine Ears, my Lord,

Enter Alphonſo, *and Fryars.*

Though I'm the King's, I'm none of his Abuſes;
How does your Royal Charge? That I might ſee once.
Mar. I pray ſee now, you're a truſty Gentleman.
Alph. Good Fathers, I thank Heav'n, I feel no Sickneſs.
Caſ. He ſpeaks again.
Alph. Nothing that bars the free uſe of my Spirit;
Methinks

Methinks the Air is ſweet to me, and Company
A thing I covet now: *Caſtruchio.* *Caſ.* Sir;
He ſpeaks, and knows; for Heav'n's ſake break my Pate, Lord,
That I may be ſure I ſleep not.
Alph. Thou wert honeſt,
Even among the Rank of good Men counted;
I have been abſent, long out of the World,
A Dream I've lived; how does it look, *Caſtruchio?*
What Wonders are abroad?
Caſ. I fling off Duty
To your dead Brother, for he's dead in Goodneſs,
And to the living Hope of brave *Alphonſo*,
The noble Heir of Nature, and of Honour,
I faſten my Allegiance. *Mar.* Softly, Captain,
We dare not truſt the Air with this bleſt Secret.
Good Sir, be cloſe again, Heav'n has reſtor'd ye,
And by miraculous Means, to your fair Health,
(And made the Inſtrument, your Enemies Malice,)
Which does prognoſticate your noble Fortune;
Let not our careleſs Joy loſe you again, Sir,
Help to deliv'r ye to a further Danger:
I pray you paſs in, and reſt a while forgotten,
For if your Brother come to know you're well again,
And ready to inherit as your Right,
Before we've ſtrength enough t' aſſure your Life,
What will become of you? and what ſhall we
Deſerve in all Opinions that are honeſt,
For our Loſs of Judgment, Care, and Loyalty?
Rug. Dear Sir, paſs in: Heav'n has begun the Work,
And bleſt us all, let our Endeavours follow,
To preſerve this bleſſing to our timely Uſes,
And bring it to the noble End we aim at;
Let our Cares work now, and our Eyes pick out
An Hour to ſhew ye ſafely to your Subjects,
A ſecure Hour.
Alph. I'm counſel'd; ye are faithful.
Caſ. Which Hour ſhall not be long, as we ſhall handle it.
Once more the tender of my Duty.
Alph. Thank ye.

Caſ.

Caſ. Keep you the Monaſt'ry.
Rug. Strong enough I'll warrant ye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Fool, and Podrano.

Pod. Who are all theſe that crowd about the Court, Fool?
Thoſe ſtrange new Faces?
Fool. They are Suitors, Coxcomb,
Dainty fine Suitors to the Widow-Lady,
Thou hadſt beſt
Make one of 'em, thou wilt be hanged as handſomly
At the Month's end, (41) and with as much Joy follow'd,
And 'twere to morrow; as many mourning Bawds for thee,
And holy Nuns, whoſe veſtal Fire ne'er vaniſhes,
In ſackcloth Smocks, as if thou wert Heir apparent
To all the impious Suburbs, and the Sink-holes.
Pod. Out you baſe Rogue.
Fool. Why doſt abuſe thyſelf?
Thou art to blame, I take thee for a Gentleman;
But why does not thy Lord and Maſter marry her?
Pod. Why, ſhe's his Siſter.
Fool. 'Tis the better, Fool,
He may make bold with his own Fleſh and Blood,
For o' my Conſcience there's none elſe will truſt him;
Then he may pleaſure th' King at a dead Pinch too,
Without a (42) *Mephoſtophilus*, ſuch as thou art,
And ingroſs the Royal Diſeaſe like a true Subject.
Pod. Thou wilt be whipt.
Fool. I'm ſure thou wilt be hang'd,
I've loſt a Ducket elſe, which I'd be loath to venture
Without Certainty. (43) They appear. [*Suitors paſs by.*
Pod. Why, theſe are Raſcals.
Fool. They were meant to be ſo,
Does thy Maſter deſerve better Kindred?

(41) —— *and as much Joy follow'd,*] So all the Copies but that of the earlieſt Date.
(42) *Mephoſtophilus,*] A familiar Spirit attending upon Dr. *Fauſtus.*
(43) — *They appear.*] This ſeems to have been a Stage-Direction, and not the original Text.

Pod.

Pod. There's an old Lawyer,
'rim'd up like a Gally Foiſt, what would he do with her?

Fool. As Uſurers do with their Gold, he would look on her,
And read her over once a Day, like a hard Report,
'eed his dull Eye, and keep his Fingers itching;
'or any thing elſe, ſhe may appeal to Parliament,
44) *Sub Pœna's* and *Poſteas* have ſpoil'd his Codpiece;
45) There's a Phyſician too older than he,
And *Gallen Gallinaceus*, but he has loſt his Spurs,
He would be nibling too. *Pod.* I mark'd the Man,
f he be a Man. *Fool.* H'as much ado to be ſo,
earcloths and Sirrups glew him cloſe together,
He'd fall a pieces elſe; mending of ſhe Patients,
And then trying whether they be right or no
n his own Perſon, (there's the honeſt care on't,)
Has mollify'd the Man; if he do marry her,
And come but to warm him well at *Cupid's* Bonfire,
He'll bulge ſo ſubtilly and ſuddenly,
You may ſnatch him up by Parcels, like a Sea Wreck:
Will your Worſhip go, and look upon the reſt, Sir?
And hear what they can ſay for themſelves.

Pod. I'll follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Camillo, Menallo, Cleanthes, *and* Caſtruchio.

Cam. You tell us Wonders. *Caſ.* But I tell you Truths,

(44) *Sub Pœna's and* Poſt Kaes *have ſpoil'd*——] Thus run all the Copies: *Poſt Kaes* as join'd with *Subpœna's* ought to be a Term in Law, but this does not appear. As the Poet undoubtedly inſerted one here, we ought to endeavour after the recovery of the Fugitive, and this I think can't be better done, or more near the Trace of the Letters than by ſuppoſing the Author wrote originally thus,

Subpœna's and Poſteas *have*

The meaning of which any Law Dictionary will eaſily ſhew.

(45) *There's a Phyſician too older than he,*
And Gallen Gallinaceus, *but he has loſt his Spurs,*
He would be nibling too.]

Haply the Place ought to be printed thus,

There's a Phyſician too, older than he,
A Gallen Gallinaceus, *but he has loſt his Spurs;*
He would be nibling tho'——

They are both well. *Men.* Why are not we in Arms then?
(46) And all the Iſland given to know——*Caſ.* Diſcreetly
And privately it muſt be done, 'twill miſs elſe,
And prove our Ruins; moſt o' th' noble Citizens
Know it by me, and ſtay th' Hour to attend it,
Prepare your Hearts and Friends, let their be right too,
And keep about the King t' avoid Suſpicion;

Enter Frederick *and* Sorano.

When you ſhall hear the Caſtle Bell, take Courage,
And ſtand like Men; away, the King is coming.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

Fred. Now Captain,
What have you done with your Priſ'ner? *Caſ.* He's dead,
Sir, and his Body flung i' th' Sea,
To feed the Fiſhes; 'twas your Will, I take it,
I did it from a ſtrong Commiſſion,
And ſtood not to Capitulate.
Fred. 'Tis well done,
And I ſhall love you for your Faith. What Anger
Or Sorrow did he utter at his End?
Caſ. Faith little, Sir, that I gave any Ear to,
He would have ſpoke, but I had no Commiſſion
To argue with him, ſo I flung him off;
His Lady would have ſeen, but I lock'd her up,
For fear her Womans Tears ſhould hinder us.
Fred. 'Twas truſty ſtill. I wonder, my *Sorano*,
We hear not from the Monaſtery; I believe
They gave it not, or elſe it wrought not fully.
Caſ. Did you name th' Monaſt'ry?
Fred. Yes, I did, Captain.
Caſ. I ſaw the Fryar this Morning, and Lord *Regio*,
Bitterly weeping, and wringing of their Hands,
And all the holy Men hung down their Heads.
Sor. 'Tis done I'll warrant ye.
Caſ. I ask'd the Reaſon.
Fred. What Anſwer hadſt thou?

(46) *And all the* Iſland *given to know*] As the Scene is throughout at *Naples*, this Expreſſion, if not a Corruption, is a flagrant Overſight.

Caſ. This in few Words, Sir,
Your Brother's dead, this Morning he deceaſed;
I was your Servant, and I wept not, Sir,
I knew 'twas for your good.
Fred. 'T ſhall be for thine too
Captain, indeed it ſhall. O my *Sorano*,
Now we ſhall live.
Sor. Ay, now there's none to trouble ye.
Fred. Captain, bring out the Woman, and give way
To any Suitor that ſhall come to marry her,
Of what degree ſoe'er.
Caſ. It ſhall be done, Sir. [*Exit* Caſ.
Fred. O let me have a luſty Banquet after 't,

Enter Evanthe, Camillo, Cleanthes, Menallo, *and Fool.*

I will be high and merry.
Sor. There be ſome Lords
That I could counſel ye to fling from Court, Sir,
They pry into our Actions, they are ſuch
The fooliſh People call their Countries Honours,
Honeſt brave things; and ſtile them with ſuch Titles,
As if they were the Patterns of the Kingdom;
Which makes them proud, and prone to look into us,
And talk at random of our Actions.
They ſhould be lovers, Sir, of your Commands,
And followers of your Will; Bridles and Curbs
To the hard-headed Commons that malign us;
They come here to do Honour to my Siſter,
To laugh at your Severity, and fright us;
If they had Power, what would theſe Men do?
Do you hear, Sir, how privily they whiſper?
Fred. I ſhall ſilence 'em,
And to their Shames, within this Week *Sorano*;
In the mean time have Patience. *Sor.* How they jeer?
And look upon me as I were a Monſter,
And talk and jeer; How I ſhall pull your Plumes, Lords,
How I ſhall humble you within theſe two Days,
Your great Names, nor your Country cannot ſave ye.

Enter Evanthe, Lawyer, Phyſician, Captain, *and* Cut-purſe.

Fred. Let in the Suitors. Yet ſubmit, I'll pardon ye,
You're half undone already, do not wind
My Anger to that height, it may conſume ye,
And utterly deſtroy thee, fair *Evanthe:*
Yet I have Mercy. *Evan.* Uſe it to your Bawds,
To me uſe Cruelty, it beſt becomes ye,
And ſhews more Kingly: I contemn your Mercy,
It is a coz'ning, and a bawdy Mercy.
Can any thing be hop'd for, to relieve me?
Or is it fit I thank you for a Pity,
When you have kill'd my Lord?
Fred. Who will have her?
Evan. My Tears are gone,
My Tears of Love unto my dear *Valerio*,
But I have fill'd mine Eyes again with Anger;
O were it but ſo powerful to conſume ye!
My Tongue with Curſes I have arm'd againſt ye,
(With Maiden Curſes, that Heav'n crowns with Horrors,)
My Heart ſet round with hate againſt thy Tyranny;
O! would my Hands could hold the Fire of Heav'n,
Wrapt in the Thunder that the Gods revenge with,
That like ſtern Juſtice I might fling it on thee;
Thou art a King of Monſters, not of Men,
And ſhortly thou wilt turn this Land to Devils.
Fred. I'll make you one firſt, and a wretched Devil.
Come, who will have her?
Law. I, an't like your Majeſty, I am a Lawyer,
I can make her a Jointure of any Man's Land in *Naples*.
And ſhe ſhall keep it too, I have a Trick for it.
Fool. Canſt thou make her a Jointure of thine Honeſty,
Or thy Ability, thou lewd Abridgement?
Thoſe are Non-ſuited and flung o'er the Bar.
Phy. An't pleaſe your Majeſty to give me leave,
I dare accept her; and though old I ſeem, Lady,
Like *Æſon*, by my Art I can renew
Youth and Ability. *Fool.* In a powdering Tub
Stew thyſelf tender again, like a Cock Chicken;

The

The Broth may be good, but the Fleſh is not fit for Dogs ſure.

Capt. Lady, take me, and I'll maintain thine Honour,
I'm a poor Captain, as poor People call me,
Very poor People, for my Soldiers they
Are quarter'd in the outſide of the City,
Men of Ability to make good a high Way;
We have but two grand Enemies that oppoſe us,
The *Don Gout*, and the Gallows. *Fool.* I believe ye,
And both theſe you will bind her for a Jointure;
Now Signior *Firk*.

Cut-purſe. Madam, take me and be wiſe,
I'm rich and nimble, and thoſe are rare in one Man;
Every Man's Pocket is my Treaſury,
And no Man wears a Sute but fits me neatly;
Cloaths you ſhall have, and wear the pureſt Linen,
I have a Tribute out of every Shop, Lady,
Meat you ſhall eat, I have my Caters out too,
The beſt and luſtieſt, and drink good Wine, good Lady,
Good quickening Wine, Wine that will make you caper.
And at the worſt ———

Fool. It is but cap'ring ſhort, Sir.
You ſeldom ſtay for Agues or for Surfeits,
A ſhaking fit of a Whip ſometimes o'ertakes ye;
Marry you die moſt commonly of Choakings,
Obſtructions of the Halter are your Ends ever;
Pray leave your Horn and your Knife for her to live on.

Evan. Poor wretched People, why d' you wrong your-ſelves?
Though I fear'd Death, I ſhould fear you ten times more,
You're every one a new Death, and an odious;
The Earth will purify corrupted Bodies,
You'll make us worſe and ſtink eternally.
Go home, go home and get good Nurſes for you,
Dream not of Wives. *Fred.* You ſhall have one of 'em,
If they dare venture for ye. *Evan.* They're dead already,
Crawling Diſeaſes that muſt creep into
The next Grave they find open; are theſe fit Husbands
For her you've loved, Sir? Though you hate me now,
And hate me mortally, as I hate you,

Your Nobleneſs, (in that you have done otherwiſe,
And named *Evanthe* once as your poor Miſtreſs,)
Might offer worthier choice. *Fred.* Speak, who dare take her
For one Month, and then die? *Phy.* Die Sir? *Fred.* Ay, die Sir,
That's the Condition. *Phy.* One Month is too little
For me to repent in for my former Pleaſure,
To go ſtill on, 'leſs I were ſure ſhe'd kill me,
And kill me delicately before my Day;
Make't up a Year, for by that time I muſt die,
My Body will hold out no longer. *Fred.* No, Sir,
It muſt be but a Month. (47) *Law.* Then farewel, Madam,
This is like to be a great Year of Diſſenſion
Among good People, and I dare not loſe it,
There will be Money got. *Capt.* Bleſs your good Ladiſhip,
There's nothing in the Grave but Bones and Aſhes,
In Taverns there's good Wine, and exc'llent Wenches,
And Surgeons while we live.
Cut-purſe. Adieu ſweet Lady,
Lay me when I am dead near a rich Alderman,
I cannot pick his Purſe; no, I'll no Dying,
Though I ſteal Linnen, I'll not ſteal my Shrowd yet.
All. Send ye a happy Match. [*Exeunt.*
Fool. And you all Halters, you've deſerv'd 'em richly.
Theſe do all Villanies,
And Miſchiefs of all ſorts, yet thoſe they fear not:
To flinch where a fair Wench is at the Stake.——
Evan. Come, come your Sentence, let me Die: You ſee, Sir,
None of your valiant Men dare venture on me,
A Month's a dangerous thing.

(47) Law. *Then farewel, Madam,*] This *farewel Line* is moſt probably the *Phyſician's*. The three that follow I would give to the *Lawyer*, as they are mighty well adapted to a ſly quirking Practitioner, who would rather empty the Pockets of his Clients of their Money, for one whole Year longer, than fill a Grave for his Pleaſure, in a twelfth Part of the Time.

Enter

Enter Valerio *diſguis'd.*

Fred. Away with her,
Let her die inſtantly.

* * * * * * *

Evan. (48) Will you then be willing
To die at th' time prefixt? That I muſt know too,
And know it beyond doubt.
Fred. What if I did, Wench?
Evan. On that condition if I had it certain,
I'd be your any thing, and you ſhould injoy me,
However in my Nature I abhor ye,
Yet as I live I'd be obedient to you;
But when your Time came how I ſhould rejoice,
How then I ſhould beſtir myſelf to thank ye;
To ſee your Throat cut, how my Heart would leap, Sir!
I'd die with you, but firſt I would ſo torture ye,
And cow you in your End, ſo deſpiſe you, for
A weak and wretched Coward, you muſt end ſure;
Still make ye fear, and ſhake, (49) deſpiſed, ſtill laugh at ye.
Fred. Away with her, let her die inſtantly.
Cam. Stay, there's another, and a Gentleman,
His Habit ſhews no leſs, may be his Buſineſs
Is for this Lady's Love. *Fred.* Say why ye come, Sir,
And what you are. *Val.* I am deſcended nobly,
A Prince by Birth, and by my Trade a Soldier,
A Prince's Fellow, *Abydos* brought me forth,
My Parents Duke *Agenor* and fair *Egla*,
My Buſineſs hither, to renew my Love

(48) *Will you then be willing*, &c.] There certainly are ſome Speeches wanting between *Frederic*'s Order in the Line above, and *Evanthe*'s Queſtion in this that follows it; the Reader cannot but perceive a want of Connection here, and as ſuch I have marked an *Hiatus*, which I fear we ſhall never be able to fill up.

49 ——deſpiſed, ſtill *laugh at ye*] It may be thought Refinement to read this Paſſage otherwiſe than we do at preſent; but poſſibly once it might run ſo,

Evan. *Still make ye fear, and ſhake,*——
Fred. *Deſpiſed ſtill?*
Evan. *Laugh at ye.*

The preſſing Order to execute her immediately is by this means naturally introduced, and the whole goes off well.

With a young noble Spirit, call'd *Valerio*;
Our firſt Acquaintance was at Sea, in fight
Againſt a *Turkiſh* Man of War, a ſtout one,
Where Lion-like I ſaw him ſhew his Valour,
And as he had been made of compleat Virtue,
Spirit, and Fire, no dreggs of dull Earth in him——

Evan. 'Thou'rt a brave Gentleman, and bravely ſpeak'ſt him.

Val. The Veſſel dancing under him for Joy,
And the rough whiſtling Winds becalm'd to view him;
I ſaw the Child of Honour, for he was young,
(50) Deal ſuch an Alms amongſt the ſpightful Pagans,
His towring Sword flew like an eager Falcon,
And round about his Reach invade the *Turks*,
He had intrench'd himſelf in his dead Quarries;
The ſilver Creſcents on the Tops they carried
Shrunk in their Heads to ſee his Rage ſo bloody,
And from his Fury ſuffered ſad Eclipſes;
The game of Death was never plaid more nobly,
The meager Thief grew wanton in his Miſchiefs,
And his ſhrunk hollow Eyes ſmil'd on his Ruins.

Evan. Heav'n keep this Gentleman from being a Suitor,
For I ſhall ne'er deny him he's ſo Noble.

Val. But what can laſt long? Strength and Spirit waſted,
And freſh Supplies flew on upon this Gentleman,
Breathleſs and weary with Oppreſſion,
And almoſt kill'd with killing. 'Twas my Chance
In a tall Ship I had to view the Fight;
I ſet into him, entertain'd the *Turk*,
And for an Hour gave him ſo hot a Breakfaſt,

(50) *Deal ſuch an Alms amongſt the ſpightful Pagans,*
His towring Sword flew *like an eager Falcon,*
And round about his reach invade the Turks
He had intrench'd himſelf ——] The Conſtruction of the Verb in the ſecond Line is manifeſtly wrong, and an Addition to the fourth is as manifeſtly wanting. I read the whole ſo,

Deal ſuch an Alms amongſt the ſpightful Pagans,
His towring Sword fly like an eager Falcon,
And round about his reach invade the Turks,
Till he had intrench'd himſelf in his dead Quarries.

He

He clapt all Linnen up he had to ſave him,
And like a Lover's Thought he fled our Fury;
There firſt I ſaw the Man I lov'd. *Valerio*
There was acquainted, there my Soul grew to him,
And his to me, we were the Twins of Friendſhip.
Evan. Fortune protect this Man, or I ſhall ruin him.
Val. I made this Voyage to behold my Friend,
To warm my Love anew at his Affection;
But ſince I landed, I have heard his Fate:
My Father's had not been to me more cruel.
I have lamented too, and yet I keep
The treaſure of a few Tears for you, Lady,
For by Deſcription you were his *Evanthe.*
Evan. Can he weep that's a Stranger to my Story,
And I ſtand ſtill and look on? Sir, I thank ye;
If noble Spirits after their Departure
Can know, and wiſh, certain his Soul gives Thanks too;
There are your Tears again, and when yours fail, Sir,
Pray ye call to me, I've ſome ſtore to lend ye.
Your Name? *Val. Urbino.* *Evan.* That I may remember,
That little Time I have to live, your Friendſhips,
(51) My Tongue ſhall ſtudy both. *Fred.* Do you come hither
Only to tell this Story, Prince *Urbino?*
Val. My Buſineſs now is, Sir, to woo this Lady.
Evan. Bleſſing defend ye; do you know the Danger?
Val. Yes, and I fear it not, Danger's my Playfellow,
Since I was Man 't has been my beſt Companion;
I know your Doom, 'tis for a Month you give her,
And then his Life you take that marries her.
Fred. 'Tis true, nor can your being born a Prince,
If you accept the Offer, free you from it.
Val. I not deſire it, I have caſt the worſt,
And ev'n that worſt to me is many Bleſſings;
I lov'd my Friend, not meaſur'd out by Time,
Nor hir'd by circumſtance of Place and Honour,
But for his wealthy ſelf and worth I lov'd him,

(51) *My Tongue ſhall* ſtudy *both.*] *i. e.* Shall *talk* of both.

His

His Mind and noble Mold he ever mov'd in;
And woo his (52) Friend, 'cauſe ſhe was worthy of him,
The only Relick that he left behind, Sir,
To give his Aſhes Honour; Lady take me,
And in me keep *Valerio*'s Love alive ſtill;
When I am gone, take thoſe that ſhall ſucceed me,
Heav'n muſt want Light, before you want a Husband,
To raiſe up Heirs of Love and noble Memory,
To your unfortunate——*Evan.* Am I ſtill hated?
Haſt thou no End, O fate, of my Affliction?
Was I ordain'd to be a common Murdreſs?
And of the beſt Men too? Good Sir——

Val. Peace, Sweet, look on my Hand. [*Aſide.*

Evan. I do accept
The Gentleman, I faint with Joy. *Fred.* I ſtop it,
None ſhall have her, convey this Stranger hence.

Val. I am no Stranger——Hark to th' Bell that rings,
Hark, hark, proud *Fred'rick*, that was King of Miſchief,
Hark, thou abhorr'd Man, doſt thou hear thy Sentence?
Does not this Bell ring in thine Ears thy Ruin?

Fred. What Bell is this?

Cam. The Caſtle Bell: Stand ſure Sir,
And move not, if you do you periſh.

Men. It rings your Knell. *Alphonſo*, King *Alphonſo*.

All. Alphonſo, King *Alphonſo*. *Fred.* I'm betray'd,
Lock faſt the Palace.

Cam. We have all the Keys, Sir,
And no Door here ſhall ſhut without our Licence.

Cle. D' you ſhake now, Lord *Sorano?* no new Trick?
Nor ſpeedy Poiſon to prevent this Buſineſs?
No bawdy Meditation now to fly to?

Fred. Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon.

Cam. Yes, we hear ye,

Enter Alphonſo, Rugio, Marco, Caſtruchio, *and Queen, with Guard.*

And we have found the Traitor in your Shape, Sir,
We'll keep him faſt too.

(52) ——*Friend,*] *i. e.* Wife.

Fred.

Fred. Recover'd! then I'm gone,
The Sun of all my Pomp is ſet and vaniſh'd.
Alph. Have you not forgot this Face of mine, King *Frederick?*
Brother, I'm come to ſee you, and have brought
A Banquet to be merry with your Grace;
I pray ſit down, I do beſeech your Majeſty,
And eat, eat freely, Sir; why do you ſtart?
Have you no Stomach to the Meat I bring you?
Dare you not taſte? Have ye no Antidotes?
You need not fear; *Sorano*'s a good Apothecary?
Methinks you look not well, ſome freſh Wine for him,
Some of the ſame he ſent me by *Sorano*;
I thank you for't, it ſav'd my Life, I'm bound to ye,
But how 'twill work on you——I hope your Lordſhip
Will pledge him too, methinks you look but ſcurvily,
And would be put into a better Colour,
But I've a candy'd Toad (53) for your good Lordſhip.
Sor. Would I had any thing that would diſpatch me,
So it were down, and I out of this fear once.
Fred. Sir, thus low, as my Duty now compells me,
I do confeſs m' unbounded Sins, my Errors,
And feel within my Soul the ſmarts already;
Hide not the noble Nature of a Brother,
The Pity of a Friend, from my Afflictions;
Let me a while lament my Miſery,
And caſt the Load off of my Wantonneſs,
Before I find your Fury; then ſtrike home,
I do deſerve the deepeſt blow of Juſtice,
And then how willingly, O Death, I'll meet thee!
Alph. Riſe, Madam, thoſe ſweet Tears are potent ſpeakers;
And Brother live, but in the Monaſtery,
Where I liv'd, with the ſelf-ſame ſilence too;
I'll teach you to be good againſt your will, Brother,
Your Tongue has done much harm, that muſt be Dumb now;
The daily Pilgrimage to my Father's Tomb,

(53) ——*for your Lordſhip*] So all the Copies but that of 1647.

(Tears,

(Tears, Sighs, and Groans, you ſhall wear out your Days with,
And true ones too,) you ſhall perform dear Brother;
Your Diet ſhall be ſlender to enforce theſe;
Too light a Penance, Sir. *Fred.* I do confeſs it.
Alph. Sorano, you ſhall——
Sor. How he ſtudies for it!
Hanging's the leaſt part of my Penance certain.
[Evanthe *kneels.*
Alph. What Lady's that that kneels?
Caſ. The chaſte *Evanthe.*
Alph. Sweet, your Petition?
Evan. 'Tis for this bad Man, Sir,
Abominable bad, but yet my Brother.
Alph. The bad Man ſhall attend as bad a Maſter,
And both ſhall be confin'd within the Monaſtery;
His rank Fleſh ſhall be pull'd with daily Faſting,
But once a Week he ſhall ſmell Meat, he'll forfeit elſe,
And his immodeſt Mind compell'd to Prayer;
On the bare Boards he ſhall lye, to remember
The Wantonneſs he did commit in Beds;
And drink fair Water, that will ne'er inflame him;
He ſav'd my Life, though he purpos'd to deſtroy me,
For which I'll ſave his, though I make it miſerable:
Madam, at Court I ſhall deſire your Company,
You're Wiſe and Virtuous; when you pleaſe to viſit
My Brother *Frederick*, you ſhall have our Licence:
My dear beſt Friend, *Valerio!*
Val. Save *Alphonſo.*
Omn. Long live *Alphonſo*, King of us, and *Naples.*
Alph. Is this the Lady that the Wonder goes on?
Honour'd ſweet Maid! here take her, my *Valerio*,
The King now gives her, ſhe's thine own without fear.
Brother,
Have you ſo much Proviſion that is good,
Not ſeaſon'd by *Sorano* and his Cooks,
That we may venture on with honeſt Safety,
We and our Friends?
Fred. All that I have is yours, Sir.
Alph. Come then, let's in, and end this Nuptial,

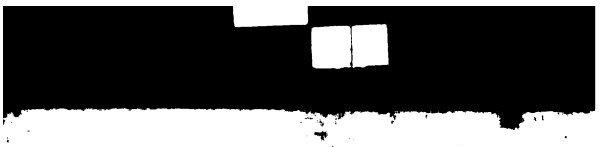
Then

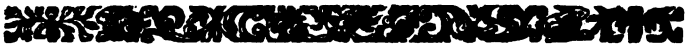
Then to our Coronation with all ſpeed:
My virtuous Maid, this Day I'll be your Bride-man,
And ſee you bedded to your own deſires too;
Beſhrew me, Lords, who is not merry hates me,
Only *Sorano* ſhall not bear my Cup:
Come, now forget old Pains and Injuries,
As I muſt do, and drown all in fair Healths;
That Kingdom's bleſſed, where the King begins
His true Love firſt, for there all Loves are Twins.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

WE have your Favours, Gentlemen, and you
Have our Endeavours, (dear Friends, grudge not now)
There's none of you, but when you pleaſe can ſell
Many a lame Horſe, and many a fair Tale tell;
Can put off many a Maid unto a Friend,
That was not ſo ſince th' Action at Mile-end;
Ours is a Virgin yet, and they that love
Untainted Fleſh, we hope our Friends will prove.





LOVERS PROGRESS.

A

TRAGEDY.

PROLOGUE.

A Story, and a known one, long ſince writ,
Truth muſt take Place, and by an able Wit;
Foul-mouth'd Detraction daring not deny
To give ſo much to Fletcher's *Memory;*
If ſo, ſome may object, why then do you
Preſent an old Piece to us for a new?
Or wherefore will your profeſt Writer be
(Not tax'd of Theft before) a Plagiary?
To this he anſwers in his juſt Defence,
And to maintain to all our Innocence,
Thus much; though he hath travell'd the ſame way,
Demanding, and receiving too the Pay
For a new Poem, you may find it due,
He having neither cheated us, nor you:
He vows, and deeply, that he did not ſpare
The utmoſt of his Strengths, and his beſt Care
In the reviving it, and though his Pow'rs
Could not as he deſir'd, in three ſhort Hours
Contract the Subject, and much leſs expreſs
The Changes, and the various Paſſages
That will be look'd for, you may hear this Day
Some Scenes that will confirm it is a Play,
(1) He being ambitious that it ſhould be known
What's good was Fletcher's, *and what Ill his own.*

(1) *He being ambitious that it ſhould be known*
What's good was Fletcher's, *and what Ill his own.*] This Paſſage is a flaming Contradiction to an Aſſertion of the Bookſeller, in his Preface to the Edition of 1647, which the Reader will ſee in the Introductory Note upon the *Coxcomb*, and thither I refer him for what I have ſaid upon that Occaſion.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E - N.

KING *of* France.
Cleander, *Husband to* Califta.
Lidian, *Brother to* Califta, } *Both in Love with*
Clarange, *Rival to* Lidian, } Olinda.
Dorilaus, *Father to* Lidian *and* Califta, *a merry old Man.*
Liſander, *a noble Gentleman in Love with* Califta.
Alcidon, *a Friend and Second to* Lidian.
Beronte, *Brother to* Cleander.
Lemure, *a noble Courtier.*
Leon, *a Villain, Lover of* Clarinda.
Malfort, *a fooliſh Steward of* Cleander.
Lancelot, *Servant to* Liſander.

W O M E N.

Califta, *a virtuous Lady, Wife to* Cleander.
Olinda, *a noble Maid, and rich Heir, Miſtreſs to* Lidian *and* Clarange.
Clarinda, *a luſtful Wench,* Califta's *Waiting-Woman.*
Friar, Hoſt's Ghoſt, Chamberlain, and Servants.

SCENE *FRANCE,*

THE

THE LOVERS PROGRESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Leon *and* Malfort.

MALFORT.

AND as I told you, Sir.

Leon. I underſtand you;
Clarinda's ſtill perverſe.

Mal. She's worſe, obdurate,
Flinty, relentleſs, my Love-Paſſions jeer'd at;
My Preſents ſcorn'd.

Leon. 'Tis ſtrange, a Waiting-Woman
In her Condition, apt to yield, ſhould hold out;
A Man of your Place, reverend Beard and Shape,
Beſieging her.

Mal. You might add too my Wealth,
Which ſhe contemns, five hundred Crowns *per Annum*;
For which I've ventur'd hard, my Conſcience knows it,
Not thought upon, though offer'd for a Jointure:
This Chain, which my Lord's Peaſants worſhip, flouted;
My ſolemn hums and ha's, the Servants quake at,
No Rhetorick with her; ev'ry hour ſhe hangs out

Some new Flag of Defiance to torment me:
Laſt *Lent* my Lady call'd me her poor *John*,
But now I'm grown a walking Skeleton,
You may ſee through and through me.
Leon. Indeed you are
Much fall'n away. *Mal.* I am a kind of nothing,
As ſhe hath made me: Love's a terrible Gliſter,
And if ſome Cordial of her Favours help not,
I ſhall, like an *Italian*, die backward,
And breath my laſt the wrong way. *Leon.* As I live
You have my Pity; but this is cold Comfort,
And in a Friend Lip-Phyſick; and now I think on't,
I ſhould do more, and will, ſo you deny not
Yourſelf the Means of Comfort. *Mal.* I'll be hang'd firſt:
One Dram of't, I beſeech you. *Leon.* You're not jealous
Of any Man's Acceſs to her? *Mal.* I would not
Receive the *Dor*, but as a Boſom Friend
You ſhall direct me, ſtill provided that
I underſtand who is the Man, and what
His Purpoſe that pleads for me.
Leon. By all Means.
Firſt, for the Undertaker I am he:
The Means that I will practiſe, thus——
Mal. Pray you forward.
Leon. You know your Lady chaſte *Caliſta* loves her.
Mal. Too well, that makes her proud.
Leon. Nay, give me Leave.
This beauteous Lady, I may ſtile her ſo,
Being the Paragon of *France* for Feature,
Is not alone contented in herſelf
To ſeem, and be good, but deſires to make
All ſuch as have Dependance on her like her;
For this *Clarinda*'s Liberty's reſtrain'd;
And though her Kinſman, the Gate's ſhut againſt me;
Now if you pleaſe to make yourſelf the Door,
For my Conveyance to her, though you run
The Hazard of a check for't, 'tis no matter
Mal. It being for mine own Ends.
Leon. I'll give't o'er,
If that you make the leaſt Doubt otherwiſe:

Studying

Studying upon't? good morrow.
Mal. Pray you ſtay, Sir;
You are my Friend; yet as the Proverb ſays,
When Love puts in, Friendſhip is gone: Suppoſe
You ſhould yourſelf affect her? *Leon.* Do you think
I'll commit Inceſt; for it is no leſs,
She being my Couſin German. Fare you well, Sir.
Mal. I had forgot that; for this once forgive me.
Only to eaſe the throbbing of my Heart,
For I do feel ſtrange Pangs, inſtruct me what
You will ſay for me.
Leon. Firſt, I'll tell her that
She hath ſo far beſotted you, that you have
Almoſt forgot to caſt Account.
Mal. Meer Truth, Sir.
Leon. That of a wiſe and provident Steward, you
Are turn'd ſtark Aſs. *Mal.* Urge that Point home, I am ſo.
Leon. That you adore the Ground ſhe treads upon,
And kiſs her Foot-ſteps.
Mal. As I do when I find their Print i' th' Snow.
Leon. A loving Fool, I know it,
By your bloodleſs froſty Lips. Then having related
How much you ſuffer for her, and how well
You do deſerve it——*Mal.* How! to ſuffer?
Leon. No, Sir,
To have your Love return'd. *Mal.* That's good, I thank you.
Leon. I will deliver her an Inventory
Of your good Parts; as this your precious Noſe,
Dropping Affection; your high Forehead, reaching
Almoſt to th' Crown of your Head; your ſlender Waſte,
And a Back not like a Threſhers, but a bending
And Court-like Back, and ſo forth, for your Body.
But when I touch your Mind, for that muſt take her,
(Since your Outſide promiſes little) I'll enlarge it,
Though ne'er ſo narrow, as your Arts to thrive,
Your Compoſition with the Cook, and Butler,
For Coney-Skins and Chippings; and half a Share
With all the under-Officers o' th' Houſe,
In Strangers Bounties; that ſhe ſhall have all,

Some new Flag of Defiance to to[illegible]
Laſt *Lent* my Lady call'd me her [illegible] Then your Qua-
But now I'm grown a walking [illegible]
You may ſee through and through [illegible] Trump.
Leon. Indeed you are
Much fall'n away. *Mal.* I am a [illegible]
As ſhe hath made me: Love's
And if ſome Cordial of her F[illegible] curious Catches
I ſhall, like an *Italian*, di[illegible] as I have heard,
And breath my laſt the [illegible]
You have my Pity; h[illegible] that way:
And in a Friend L[illegible] thrive; and the main Reaſon
I ſhould do mo[illegible] is, becauſe I am not
Yourſelf the M[illegible]
One Dram[illegible] very likely; fetch her,
Of any M[illegible] in the Vein. *Mal.* 'Tis an apt time,
Receive[illegible] at her Prayers. *Leon.* Let her pray on.
You [illegible] upon my Interceſſion
I un[illegible] not ſome Favour, I'll diſclaim her;
Hi[illegible] on't th' while. *Mal.* A hundred Crowns
Is your Reward. *Leon.* Without 'em——Nay, no
trifling. [*Ex.* Mal.
That this dull Clod of Ignorance ſhould know
How to get Money, yet want Eyes to ſee
How groſly he's abus'd, and wrought upon;
When he ſhould make his Will, the Rogue's turn'd ram-
pant,
As he'd renew'd his Youth: A handſome Wench
Love one a ſpittle Whore would run away from?
Well, Maſter Steward, I will plead for you
In ſuch a Method, as it ſhall appear
You are fit to be a Property.

(2) Mal. *As I will be.*

Leon. As *You ſhall, ſo I'll promiſe*] To reſtore loſt Puns has been an Office, that Critics have been laugh'd at, rather than praiſed for; but the Original, be it bad or good, ought to be reſtored; and therefore we ſhould not drop a *Conundrum* here intended. *Leon* ſhould anſwer.

Aſs *you ſhall, ſo I'll promiſe.*

i. e. I'll promiſe you ſhall be made an Aſs of. Mr. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Malfort *and* Clarinda.

Yonder he walks
s my Worth and Value, though you ſcorn it,
y Lady know not this———
ſwer it:
n, I hope your Couſin German
ou through a Grate, but you are none,
may come cloſer: Ne'er hang off,
u ſhall bill: You may ſalute as Strangers,
llows it. Now, now, come upon her
all your Oratory, tickle her to the quick,
a young Advocate ſhould, and leave no Virtue
Of mine unmention'd, I'll ſtand Centinel,
Nay keep the Door myſelf. [*Exit.*

Clari. How have you work'd
This Piece of motley to your Ends? *Leon.* Of that
At leiſure, Miſtreſs. [*Kiſſing.*

Clar. Lower, you're too loud,
Though th' Fool be deaf, ſome of the Houſe may hear you.

Leon. Suppoſe they ſhould, I am a Gentleman,
And held your Kinſman, under that I hope
I may be free.

Clari. I grant it, but with Caution;
But be not ſeen to talk with me familiarly,
But at fit diſtance, or not ſeen at all,
It were the better; you know my Lady's humour,
She is all Honour, and compos'd of Goodneſs,
As ſhe pretends; and you having no Buſineſs,
How jealous may ſhe grow?

Leon. I will be rul'd.
But you have promis'd, and I muſt enjoy you.

Clari. We ſhall find time for that; you are too haſty;
Make yourſelf fit, and I ſhall make Occaſion;
Deliberation makes beſt in that Buſineſs,
And contents every way.

Leon. But you muſt feed
This fooliſh Steward with ſome Shadow of
A future Favour, that we may preſerve him
To be our Inſtrument.

Clari. Hang him.
Leon. For my ſake, Sweet,
I undertook to ſpeak for him, any Bauble
Or ſlight Employment in the way of Service,
Will feed him fat.
Clari. Leave him to me.

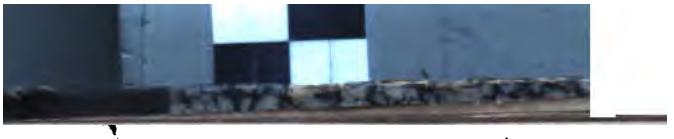
Enter Malfort.

Mal. She comes.
My Lady. *Clari.* I will ſatisfy her. *Mal.* How far
Have you prevail'd? *Leon.* Obſerve.
Clari. Monſieur *Malfort*,
I muſt be brief, my Couſin hath ſpoke much
In your behalf, and to give you ſome Proof,
I entertain you as my Servant, you
Shall have the Grace. *Leon.* Upon your Knee receive it.
Clari. And take it as a ſpecial Favour from me,
To tie my Shoe.
Mal. I am o'erjoy'd.
Leon. Good Reaſon.
Clari. You may come high'r in time.

Enter Caliſta.

Leon. No more, the Lady.
Mal. She frowns.
Clari. I thank you for this Viſit, Couſin,
But without Leave hereafter from my Lady,
I dare not change Diſcourſe with you.
Mal. Pray you take your Morning's Draught.
Leon. I thank you:
Happineſs attend your Honour. [*Exe.* Leon *and* Malfort.
Cal. Who gave warrant to this private Parley?
Clari. My Innocence; I hope.
My Conf'rence with a Kinſman cannot call
Your Anger on me.
Cal. Kinſman? Let me have no more of this, as you
deſire you may
Continue mine. *Clari.* Why Madam, under Pardon,
Suppoſe him otherwiſe; yet coming in
A lawful way it is excuſable,

Cal.



Cal. How's this?
Clari. I grant you're made of Pureneſs,
And that your Tenderneſs of Honour holds
The Soveraignty o'er your Paſſions. Yet you have
A noble Husband, with allow'd Embraces,
To quench laſcivious Fires, ſhould ſuch flame in you,
As I muſt ne'er believe. Were I the Wife
Of one that could but zany brave *Cleander*,
Ev'n in his leaſt Perfections, (excuſe
My o'er-bold Inference) I ſhould deſire
To meet no other Object. *Cal.* You grow ſaucy.
Do I look further? *Clari.* No, dear Madam; and
It is my Wonder or Aſtoniſhment rather,
You could deny the Service of *Liſander*;
A man without a Rival, one the King
And Kingdom gazes on with Admiration,
For all the Excellencies a Mother cou'd
Wiſh in her only Son.
Cal. Did not mine Honour
And Obligation to *Cleander*, force me
To be deaf to his Complaints?
Clari. 'Tis true; but yet
Your Rigour to command him from your Preſence,
Argu'd but ſmall Compaſſion; the Groves
Witneſs his grievous Sufferings; your fair Name
(3) Upon the Rind of every gentle Poplar,
And amorous Myrtle Trees, to *Venus* ſacred,

With

(3) *Upon the Rind of ev'ry gentle Poplar,*
And amorous Myrtle, Trees to Venus *ſacred,*] Our Poet has either committed an Overſight, in making the Poplar and the Myrtle both ſacred to *Venus*, or if he had any Authority for ſo doing, I don't know it at preſent: 'Tis true, as the Poplar delights in Moiſture, and grows upon the Banks of Rivers, and has Leaves with dark and white Sides, it may be a pretty Symbol of the unlimited Command of that powerful Goddeſs, throughout the three Allotments of *Jupiter*, *Neptune*, and *Pluto*. But notwithſtanding this, I am inclined to think, that the Reading and Pointing was originally thus,

————*of ev'ry gentle Poplar,*
And amorous Myrtle Tree, to Venus *ſacred.*

By changing the Number, and altering the *Comma*, we affix the Epithet *Sacred*, ſolely to the Myrtle, and take away the Confuſion, which before ſubſiſted, of appropriating two Trees to one Deity, when

in

With Adoration carv'd, and kneel'd unto.
This you unſeen of him, both ſaw and heard
Without Compaſſion; and what receiv'd he
For his true Sorrows, but the heavy Knowledge,
That 'twas your peremptory Will and Pleaſure,
How-e'er my Lord liv'd in him, he ſhould quit
Your Sight and Houſe for ever. *Cal.* I confeſs
I gave him a ſtrong Potion to work
Upon his hot Blood, and I hope 'twill cure him:
Yet I could wiſh the Cauſe had concern'd others,
I might have met his Sorrows with more Pity;
At leaſt have lent ſome Counſel to his Miſeries;
Though now for Honour ſake, I muſt forget him,
And never know the Name more of *Liſander:*
Yet in my Juſtice I am bound to grant him,
Laying his Love aſide, moſt truly noble.
But mention him no more, this inſtant Hour
My Brother *Lidian*, now return'd from Travel,
And his brave Friend *Clarange*, long ſince Rivals
For fair and rich *Olinda*, are to hear
Her abſolute Determination, whom
She pleaſes to elect. See all things ready
To entertain 'em, and on my Diſpleaſure
No more Words of *Liſander*. *Clari.* She endures
To hear him nam'd by no Tongue but her own:
How-e'er ſhe carries it, I know ſhe loves him. [*Exit.*
Cal. Hard Nature, hard Condition of poor Women!
That where we are moſt ſu'd to, we muſt fly moſt!
The Trees grow up, and mix together freely,
(4) The Oak's not envious of the ſailing Cedar:
The luſty Vine's not jealous of the Ivy,
Becauſe ſhe clips the Elm; the Flowers ſhoot up,
And wantonly kiſs one another hourly, This

in reality the Caſe was very far otherwiſe, as any one knows who is the leaſt vers'd in the *Claſſicks.*

(4) *The Oak's not envious of the* ſailing *Cedar:*] Our Author here, has (contrary to Claſſical Cuſtom) given the Epithet *ſailing* to the *Cedar*, which uſually belongs to another Tree; I once thought we ſhould tranſpoſe this Verſe and read thus,

The ſailing *Oak's not* envious *of the Cedar,*

which is agreeable enough to modern Practice, and of conſequence juſtifiable;

This Bloſſom glorying in the other's Beauty,
And yet they ſmell as ſweet, and look as lovely:
But we are ty'd to grow alone. O Honour,
Thou hard Law to our Lives, Chain to our Freedoms!
He that invented thee had many Curſes.
How is my Soul divided? O *Cleander*,
My beſt deſerving Husband! O *Liſander!*
The trueſt Lover that e'er ſacrific'd
To *Cupid* againſt *Hymen:* O mine Honour;
A Tyrant, yet to be obey'd, and 'tis
But Juſtice we ſhould thy ſtrict Laws endure,
Since our Obedience to thee keeps us pure. [*Exit.*

Enter Cleander, Lidian, *and* Clarange.

Cle. How inſupportable the difference
Of dear Friends is, the Sorrow that I feel
For my *Liſander*'s abſence, one that ſtamps
A reverend Print on Friendſhip, does aſſure me.
You're Rivals for a Lady, a fair Lady,
And in the acquiſition of her Favours,
Hazard the cutting of that Gordian Knot
From your firſt Childhood to this preſent Hour,
By all the Ties of Love and Amity faſten'd.
I am bleſt in a Wife, Heav'n make me thankful,
Inferior to none, *ſans* Pride I ſpeak it;
Yet if I were a Freeman, and could purchaſe
At any rate the certainty t' enjoy
Liſander's Converſation while I liv'd,
Forgive me, my *Caliſta*, and the Sex,
I never wou'd ſeek change.

Lid. My Lord and Brother,
I dare not blame your choice, *Liſander*'s Worth
Being a Miſtreſs to be ever courted;

juſtifiable; but I am now perſuaded the Poet wrote the Line juſt as it ſtands; he having in *Valentinian* Act 2d. *ſub finem*, put this Expreſſion in the Mouth of *Lucina*, who ſpeaking, of her Husband *Maximus*, to the Emperor *Valentinian*, ſays,

His Fame and Family have grown together,
And ſpread together, like two ſailing Cedars
Over the Roman *Diadem.* ———

Nor

Nor ſhall our equal Suit to fair *Olinda*
Weaken, but add ſtrength to our true Affection,
With Zeal ſo long continued.
Clara. When we know
Whom ſhe prefers, as ſhe can chuſe but one,
By our ſo long-try'd Friendſhip we have vow'd
The other ſhall deſiſt.
Cle. 'Tis yet your Purpoſe,
But how this Reſolution will hold
In him that is refus'd, is not alone
Doubtful, but dang'rous.

Enter Malfort.

Mal. The rich Heir is come, Sir.
Cle. Madam *Olinda?*
Mal. Yes, Sir, and makes choice,
After ſome little Conference with my Lady,
Of this Room to give Anſwer to her Suitors.
Cle. Already both look pale, between your hopes
To win the Prize, and your deſpair to loſe
What you contend for.
Lid. No, Sir, I am arm'd.
Clara. I confident of my Int'reſt. *Cle.* I'll believe ye
When you've endur'd the Teſt.

Enter Caliſta, Olinda, *and* Clarinda.

Mal. Is not your Garter
Unty'd? You promis'd that I ſhould grow higher
In doing you Service.
Clari. Fall off, or you loſe me. [*Exit* Mal.
Cle. Nay take your place, no *Paris* now ſits Judge
On the contending Goddeſſes. You are
The Deity that muſt make curſt or happy,
One of your languiſhing Servants. *Olin.* I thus look
With equal Eyes on both; either deſerves
A fairer Fortune than they can in reaſon
Hope for from me; from *Lidian* I expect
When I have made him mine, all pleaſures that
The ſweetneſs of his Manners, Youth, and Virtues
Can give aſſurance of: But turning this way

To

To brave *Clarange*, in his Face appears
A kind of Majeſty which ſhou'd command,
Not ſue for Favour. If the faireſt Lady
Of *France*, ſet forth with Nature's beſt Endowments,
Nay ſhould I add a Princeſs of the Blood,
Did now lay claim to either for a Husband,
So veh'ment my Affection is to both,
My envy at her Happineſs would kill me.
Cle. The ſtrangeſt Love I ever heard. *Cal.* You can
Enjoy but one. *Clari.* The more, I ſay, the merrier.
Olin. Witneſs theſe Tears I love both, as I know
You burn with equal Flames, and ſo affect me;
Abundance makes me poor; ſuch is the hard
Condition of my Fortune, be your own Judges;
If I ſhould favour both, 'twill taint my Honour,
And that before my Life I muſt prefer:
If one I lean to, th'other is diſvalued;
You're fiery both, and Love will make you warmer.
Clari. The warmer ſtill the fitter. You're a Fool, Lady.
Olin. To what may Love, and th'Devil Jealouſy, ſpur you,
Is too apparent; my Name's call'd in queſtion;
Your Swords fly out, your Angers range at large:
Then what a Murther of my Modeſty follows?
Clari. Take heed of that by any means. O innocent
That will deny a Bleſſing when 'tis offer'd,
Wou'd I were murther'd ſo, I'd thank my Modeſty.
Cle. What pauſe you on? *Oli.* It is at length reſolv'd.
Clara. We're on the Rack, uncertain Expectation's
The greateſt Torture.
Lid. Command what you pleaſe,
And you ſhall ſee how willingly we'll execute.
Olin. Then hear what for your Satisfaction,
And to preſerve your Friendſhip, I reſolve
Againſt myſelf, and 'tis not to be alter'd:
You're both brave Gentlemen, I'll ſtill profeſs it,
Both noble Servants, for whoſe gentle offers
The undeſerving and the poor *Olinda*
Is ever bound; you love both, fair, and virtuouſly;
Would I could be ſo happy to content both;
Which ſince I cannot, take this reſ'lute Anſwer;

Go

Go from me both contentedly, and he
That laſt makes his return, and comes to viſit,
Comes to my Bed. You know my Will, farewel:
My Heart's too big to utter more: Come, Friend.
Cal. I'll wait on you t' your Coach.
[*Exeunt* Olin. Cal. *and* Clari.
Cle. You both look blank,
I cannot blame you. *Lid.* We have our Diſpatches.
Clara. I'll home.
Lid. And I'll abroad again, Farewel.
Clara. Farewel to ye. [*Exeunt* Clara. *and* Lid.
Cle. Their blunt Departure troubles me: I fear
A ſudden and a dangerous Diviſion
Of their long Love will follow: Have you took
Your leave of fair *Olinda?*

Enter Caliſta *with a Purſe.*

Cal. She is gone, Sir.
Cle. Had you brought News *Liſander* were return'd too,
I were moſt happy.
Cal. Still upon *Liſander?*
Cle. I know he loves me, as he loves his Health;
And Heav'n knows I love him.
Cal. I find it ſo;
For me you have forgot, and what I am to you.
Cle. O think not ſo. If you had loſt a Siſter,
You lock'd all your Delights in, it would grieve you:
A little you would wander from the fondneſs
You ow'd your Husband: I have loſt a Friend,
A noble Friend; all that was excellent
In Man, or Mankind, was contain'd within him.
That loſs, my Wife———

Enter Malfort.

Mal. Madam, your noble Father——
A Fee for my good News.
Cal. Why, what of him, Sir?
Mal. Is lighted at the Door, and longs to ſee you.
Cal. Attend him hither.
Cle. O my dear *Liſander.*

But I'll be merry: Let's meet him, my *Caliſta.*
Cal. I hope *Liſander*'s Love will now be buried;
My Father will bring Joy enough for one Month,
To put him out of's Memory.

Enter Dorilaus, *his Arm in a Scarf.*

Dor. How do you, Son?
Bleſs my fair Child, I'm come to viſit ye,
To ſee what Houſe you keep, they ſay you're bountiful,
I like the Noiſe well, and I come to try it.
Ne'er a great Belly yet? How have you triſl'd?
If I had done ſo, Son, I ſhou'd have heard on't
On both ſides, by Saint *Dennis.*
Cle. You are nobly welcome, Sir:
We've time enough for that.
Dor. See how ſhe bluſhes;
'Tis a good Sign, you'll mend your fault; how doſt thou,
My good *Caliſta?*
Cal. Well, now I ſee you, Sir;
I hope you bring a fruitfulneſs along with ye.
Dor. Good luck, I ne'er miſs, I was ever good at it:
Your Mother groan'd for't, Wench, ſo did ſome other,
But I durſt never tell.
Cal. How does your Arm, Sir?
Cle. Have you been let Blood of late?
Dor. Againſt my will, Sir.
Cal. A Fall, dear Father?
Dor. No, a Gun, dear Daughter;
Two or three Guns; I've one here in my Buttock,
'Twould trouble a Surgeon's Teeth to pull it out.
Cal. O me! O me!
Dor. Nay, if you fall to fainting,
'Tis time for me to trudge: Art ſuch a Coward,
At the mere Name of Hurt to change thy Colour?
I have been ſhot that Men might ſee clean through me,
And yet I fainted not: Beſides myſelf,
Here are an Hoſpital of hurt Men for ye.

Enter Servants wounded in ſeveral places.

Cle. What ſhould this wonder be?

Cal.

Cal. I'm amaz'd at it.
Dor. What think y' of theſe? they're every one hurt ſoundly,
Hurt to the proof, they're thro' and thro' I 'ſure ye;
And that's good Game, they ſcorn your puling Scratches.
Cal. Who did this, Sir?
Dor. Leave crying, and I'll tell you,
And get your Plaiſters, and your warm Stupes ready:
Have you ne'er a Shepherd that can Tar us over?
'Twill prove a buſineſs elſe, we are ſo many.
Coming to ſee you, I was ſet upon,
I and my Men, as we were ſinging frolickly,
Not dreaming of an Ambuſh of baſe Rogues,
Set on i' th' Foreſt, I've forgot the Name——
Cle. 'Twixt this and *Fountaine-Bleau.*
In the wild Foreſt?
Dor. The ſame, the ſame, in that accurſed Foreſt,
Set on by Villains, that make boot of all Men.
The Peers of *France* are Pillage there, they ſhot at us,
Hurt us, unhors'd us, came to th' Sword, there ply'd us,
Oppreſs'd us with freſh Multitudes, freſh Shot ſtill,
Rogues that would hang themſelves for a freſh Doublet,
And for a Scarlet Caſſock kill their Fathers.
Cle. Lighted you among theſe?
Dor. Among theſe Murderers,
Our poor Bloods were engag'd; yet we ſtruck bravely,
And more than once or twice we made them ſhun us,
And ſhrink their rugged Heads; but we were hurt all.
Cle. How came you off? For I ev'n long to hear that.
Dor. After our Prayers made to Heav'n to help us,
Or to be merciful unto our Souls,
So near we were——Alas, poor Wench, wipe, wipe.
See Heav'n ſends Remedy.
Cal. I'm glad 'tis come, Sir,
My Heart was ev'n a bleeding in my Body.
Dor. A Curl'd-Hair Gentleman ſtep'd in, a Stranger,
As he rode by, belike he heard our bickering,
Saw our Diſtreſſes, drew his Sword, and prov'd
He came to execute, and not to argue.
Lord what a Lightning methought flew about him,

Whe

When he once toſs'd his Blade; in Face *Adonis*,
While Peace inhabited between his Eye-brows:
But when his noble Anger ſtirr'd his Mettle,
And blew his fiery Parts into a Flame,
Like *Pallas*, when ſhe ſits between two Armies,
Viewing with horrid Brows their ſad Events,
Such then he look'd; and as her Shield had arm'd him.

Cal. This Man, Sir, were a Friend to give an Age for.
This Gentleman I muſt love nat'rally;
Nothing can keep me off. I pray you go on, Sir.

Dor. I will, for now you pleaſe me: This brave Youth,
This Bud of *Mars*, for yet he is no riper,
When once he had drawn Blood, and fleſh'd his Sword,
Fitted his manly Mettle to his Spirit,
How he beſtirr'd him? What a Lane he made?
And through their fiery Bullets thruſt ſecurely,
The hardned Villains wondring at his Confidence.
Lame as I was I follow'd, and admir'd too,
And ſtirr'd, and laid about me with new Spirit,
My Men too with new Hearts thruſt into Action,
And down the Rogues went.

Cle. I am ſtruck with wonder.

Dor. Remember but the Story of ſtrong *Hector*.
(5) When like to Lightning he broke through his Vanguard,
How the *Greeks* frighted ran away by Troops,
And trod down Troops to ſave their Lives: So this Man,
Diſpers'd theſe Slaves: Had they been more and mightier,
He had come off the greater, and more Wonder.

Cle. Where is the Man, good Sir, that we may honour him?

Cal. That we may fall in Superſtition to him.

(5) *When like to Lightning he broke through his Vanguard*] *To break through his own Vanguard*, is hardly Senſe; *to break* from *it*, is the true Image, and what is much nobler expreſſed in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*,

When I ſaw you charge firſt,
Methought I heard a dreadful Clap of Thunder
Break from the Troop.

But *from* in the Line in Queſtion would hurt the Meaſure, the Corruption therefore is probably in the Relative *his*, which ſhould be *the* or *their*, *i. e.* the *Grecian* Vanguard. Mr. *Seward*.

Dor. I know not that, from me he late departed,
But not without that pious Care to ſee ſafe
Me, and my weak Men lodg'd, and dreſs'd; I urg'd him
Firſt hither, that I might more freely thank him:
He told me he had Buſineſs, crav'd my Pardon,
Buſineſs of much import.
Cle. Know you his Name?
Dor. That he deny'd me too: a Vow had bar'd him.
Cal. In that he was not noble to be nameleſs.
Dor. Daughter, you muſt remember him when I am dead,
And in a noble ſort requite his Piety,
'Twas his Deſire to dedicate this Service
To your fair Thoughts. *Cal.* He knows me then?
Dor. I nam'd you,
And nam'd you mine: I think that's all his Knowledge.
Cle. No Name, no Being?
Cal. Now I'm mad to know him:
Saving mine Honour, any thing I had now
But to enjoy his ſight, but his bare Picture;
Make me his Saint, I muſt needs honour him.
Ser. I know his Name.
Cal. There's thy Reward for't; ſpeak it.
Ser. His Man told me, but he deſir'd my ſilence.
Cal. O *Jaſper* ſpeak, 'tis thy good Maſter's Cauſe too:
We all are bound in Gratitude to compel thee.
Ser. Liſander, yes, I'm ſure it was *Liſander*.
Cal. Liſander? 'Twas *Liſander*. *Cle.* 'Tis *Liſander*.
O my baſe Thoughts! my wicked! to make Queſtion
This Act could be another Man's: 'Tis *Liſander*,
A handſom timber'd Man.
Ser. Yes.
Cle. My *Liſander!*
Was this Friend's Abſence to be mourn'd?
Cal. I grant it:
I'll mourn his going now, and mourn it ſeriouſly:
When you weep for him, Sir, I'll bear you Company.
That ſo much Honour, ſo much Honeſty
Shou'd be in one Man, to do things thus bravely,
Make me his Saint, to me give this brave Service?

What

What may I do to recompence his Goodneſs?
I cannot tell. *Cle.* Come, Sir, I know you're ſickly,
So are your Men. *Dor.* I muſt confeſs I'm weak,
And fitter for a Bed, than long Diſcourſes.
Cle. You ſhall hear to Morrow, to Morrow provide Surgeons.
Dor. Liſander——
Cal. What new Fire is this? *Liſander*—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Liſander, *and* Lancelot.

Liſ. PRithee, good *Lancelot*, remember that
Thy Maſter's Life is in thy truſt, and therefore
Be very careful. *Lan.* I will loſe mine own,
Rather than hazard yours. *Liſ.* Take what Diſguiſe
You in your own Diſcretion ſhall think fitteſt,
To keep yourſelf unknown.
Lan. I warrant ye;
'Tis not the firſt time I have gone inviſible:
I am as fine a Fairy in a buſineſs
Concerning Night-work——
Liſ. Leave your Vanities:
With this Purſe (which deliver'd, you may ſpare
Your Oratory) convey this Letter to
Caliſta's Woman. *Lan.* 'Tis a handſom Girl,
Miſtreſs *Clarinda*. *Liſ.* I have made her mine.
You know your work. *Lan.* And if I ſweat not in it,
At my Return diſcard me. [*Exit.*
Liſ. O *Caliſta!*
The faireſt! cruelleſt!

Enter Clarange.

Clara. So early ſtirring?
A good Day to you. *Liſ.* I was viewing, Sir,
Th' Site of your Houſe, and th' handſomneſs about it:
Believe me it ſtands healthfully and ſweetly.
Clara. The Houſe and Maſter of it really

Are ever at your Service. *Liſ.* I return it:
Now if you pleaſe go forward in your Story
Of your dear Friend and Miſtreſs.
Clara. I will tell it,
And tell it ſhort, becauſe 'tis Breakfaſt time,
And (Love's a tedious thing to a quick Stomach)
You eat not Yeſter-night.
Liſ. I ſhall endure, Sir.
Clara. Myſelf and (as I then deliver'd to you)
A Gentleman of noble hope, one *Lidian*,
Both brought up from our Infancy together,
One Company, one Friendſhip, and one Exerciſe
Ever affecting, one Bed holding us,
One Grief, and one Joy parted ſtill between us,
More than Companions, Twins in all our Actions,
We grew up till we were Men, (6) held one Heart ſtill:
Time call'd us on to Arms, we were one Soldier,
Alike we fought our Dangers and our Honours,
Gloried alike one in anothers Nobleneſs:
When Arms had made us fit we were one Lover,
We lov'd one Woman, lov'd without Diviſion,
And woo'd a long time with one fair Affection;
And ſhe, as it appears, loves us alike too.
At length conſidering what our Love muſt grow to
And covet in the end, this one was parted;
Rivals and Honours make Men ſtand at diſtance.
We then woo'd with Advantage, but were Friends ſtill,
Saluted fairly, kept the Peace of Love;
We could not both enjoy the Lady's Favour,
Without ſome Scandal to her Reputation,
We put it to her Choice, this was her Sentence,
To part both from her, and the laſt returning
Shou'd be her Lord; w' obey'd, and now you know it;
And for my part, (ſo truly I am touch'd with't)
I will go far enough, and be the laſt too,
Or ne'er return.
Liſ. A Sentence of much Cruelty,
But mild, compar'd with what's pronounc'd on me.

(6) — *held* our *Heart ſtill:*] Thus all the Copies but that of 1647.

Our

Our loving Youth is born to many Miſeries.
What is that *Lidian* pray ye? *Clara. Caliſta*'s Brother,
If ever you have heard of that fair Lady.
Liſ. I've ſeen her, Sir.
Clara. Then you have ſeen a Wonder.
Liſ. I do confeſs: Of what Years is this *Lidian?*
Clara. About my Years: There is not much between us.
Liſ. I long to know him.
Clara. 'Tis a virtuous longing;
As many Hopes hang on his noble Head,
As Bloſſoms on a Bough in *May*, and ſweet ones,
Liſ. Ye're a fair Story of your Friend,
Clara. Of Truth, Sir.
Now, what's the matter?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. There's a Gentleman
At Door would ſpeak with you on private Buſineſs.
Clara. With me?
Ser. He ſays ſo, and brings haſte about him.
Clara. Wait on him in. [*Exit Servant.*
Liſ. I will retire the while, to the next Room.
Clara. We ſhall not long diſturb you.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Save ye, Sir.
Clara. The like to you, fair Sir: Pray you come near.
Alc. Pray you inſtruct me, for I know you not.
With Monſieur *Clarange* I would ſpeak.
Clara. I'm he, Sir:
Ye are nobly welcome: I wait your buſineſs.
Alc. This will inform you.
Clara. Will you pleaſe to ſit down?
[*Gives him a Letter which he reads.*
He ſhall command me, Sir, I'll wait upon him
Within this Hour.
Alc. You are a noble Gentleman,
Will't pleaſe you bring a Friend? we are two of us,
And pity either, Sir, ſhould be unfurniſh'd.
Clara. I have none now, and the time's ſet ſo ſhort;

'Twill not be poſſible.
Alc. Do me the Honour:
I know you are ſo full of brave Acquaintance,
And worthy Friends, you cannot want a Partner:
I would be loath to ſtand ſtill, Sir; beſides,
You know the Cuſtom and the Vantage of it,
If you come in alone,
Clara. And I muſt meet it.
Alc. Send, we'll defer an Hour, let us be equal:
Games won and loſt on equal Terms ſhew faireſt.
Clara. 'Tis to no purpoſe to ſend any whither,
Unleſs Men be at home by Revelation:
So pleaſe you breath a while; when I have done with him
You may be exercis'd too: I'll trouble no Man.

Enter Liſander.

Liſ. They are very loud. Now what's the News?
Clara. I muſt leave you,
Leave you a while, two Hours hence I'll return, Friend.
Liſ. Why, what's the matter?
Clara. A little Buſineſs.
Liſ. And't be but a little, you may take me with ye.
Clara. 'Twill be a trouble to you. *Liſ.* No indeed,
To do you Service, I account a Pleaſure.
Clara. I muſt alone. *Liſ.* Why?
Clara. 'Tis neceſſity———
Before you paſs the Walks, and back again,
I will be with ye. *Liſ.* If it be n't unmannerly
To preſs you, I wou'd go.
Clara. I'll tell you true, Sir,
This Gentleman and I upon appointment,
Are going to viſit a Lady. *Liſ.* I am no *Capuchin*,
Why ſhou'd not I go? *Alc.* Take the Gentleman,
Come he may ſee the Gentlewoman too,
And be moſt welcome, I do beſeech you take him.
Liſ. By any means, I love to ſee a Gentlewoman,
A pretty Wench too.
Clara. Well, Sir, we will meet you,
And at the Place: My Service to the Lady.
Alc. I kiſs your Hand. [*Exit. Clara.*

Clara. Prithee read o'er her Letter.

Liſander *reads.*

Monſieur,

I *Know you have conſider'd the dark Sentence* Olinda *gave us, and that, however ſhe diſguis'd it, it pointed more at our Swords Edges than our Bodies Baniſhments; the laſt muſt enjoy her: if we retire, our Youths are loſt in wandering; in Emulation we ſhall grow old Men, and feeble, which is the ſcorn of Love, and ruſt of Honour, and ſo return more fit to wed our Sepulchres, than the Saint we aim at; let us therefore make our Journey ſhort, and our Hearts ready, and with our Swords in our Hands put it to Fortune, which ſhall be worthy to receive that Bleſſing. I'll ſtay you on the Mountain, our old hunting Place, this Gentleman alone runs the hazard with me, and ſo I kiſs your Hand.*

Your Servant *Lidian.*

Is this your Wench? you'll find her a ſharp Miſtreſs.
What have I thruſt myſelf into? Is this that *Lidian*
You told me of? *Clara.* The ſame.
Liſ. My Lady's Brother?
No Cauſe to heave my Sword againſt but his?
To ſave the Father Yeſterday, and this Morning
To help to kill the Son? This is moſt courteous,
The only way to make the Daughter doat on me.
Clara. Why do you muſe? would you go off?
Liſ. No, no, I muſt on now. This will be kindly taken;
No Life to ſacrifice, but part of hers?
Do you fight ſtraight? *Clara.* Yes, preſently.
Liſ. To Morrow then,
The baleful Tidings of this Day will break out,
And this Night's Sun will ſet in Blood; I'm troubled:
If I am kill'd, I'm happy.
Clara. Will you go, Friend?
Liſ. I'm ready, Sir. Fortune, thou'ſt made me monſtrous. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Malfort *and* Clarinda.

Mal. Your Couſin, and my true Friend, luſty *Leon*,

Shall know how you uſe me.
Clari. Be more temperate,
Or I will never uſe, nor know you more
I'th' way of a Servant; all the Houſe takes notice
Of your ridiculous Foppery; I've no ſooner
Perform'd my Duties in my Lady's Chamber,
And ſhe ſcarce down the Stairs, but you appear
Like my evil Spirit to me. *Mal.* Can the Fiſh live
Out of the Water, or the Salamander
Out of the Fire? or I live warm, but in
The Frying-pan of your Favour?
Clari. Pray you forget.
Your curious Compariſons, borrow'd from
The Pond, and Kitchen, and remember what
My Lady's pleaſure is for th' Entertainment
Of her noble Father. *Mal.* I would learn the Art
Of Mem'ry in your Table-Book.
Clari. Very good, Sir,
No more but up and ride; I apprehend
Your Meaning, ſoft Fire makes ſweet Malt, Sir: I'll
Anſwer you in a Proverb. *Mal.* But one Kiſs from
Thy honey Lip. *Clari.* You fight too high, my Hand is
A fair Aſcent from my Foot. His ſlav'ring Kiſſes
Spoil me more Gloves,——enough for once, you'll ſurfeit
With too much Grace.
Mal. Have you n' Imployment for me?
Clari. Yes, yes, go ſend for *Leon*, and convey him
Into the private Arbour, from his Mouth
I hear your Praiſes with more Faith. *Mal.* I'm gone,
Yet one thing e'er I go, there's at the Door
The rareſt Fortune-teller, he hath told me
The ſtrangeſt things; he knows ye are my Miſtreſs,
And under Seal deliver'd how many Children
I ſhall beget on you; pray you give him hearing,
He'll make it good to you.
Clari. A cunning Man
Of your own making, howſoe'er I'll hear him
At your intreaty.
Mal. Now I perceive ye love me;
At my entreaty, come in Friend—remember

Enter

Enter Lancelot *like a Fortune-teller, with a Purſe, and two Letters in it.*

To ſpeak as I directed, he knows his Leſſon,
And the right way to pleaſe her; this it is
To have a Head-piece. [*Exit.*
Clari. 'Tis ſaid you can tell
Fortunes to come. *Lan.* Yes, Miſtreſs, and what's paſt;
Un-glove your Hand; by this ſtraight Line I ſee
You have lain crooked. *Clari.* How? lain crooked?
Lan. Yes; and in that Poſture plaid at the old Game,
(No Body hears me, and I'll be no blab)
And at it loſt your Maidenhead.
Clari. A ſhrewd Fellow;
'Tis truth, but not to be confeſs'd; in this
Your Palmeſtry deceives you; ſomething elſe, Sir.
Lan. Ye're a great Woman with your Lady, and
Acquainted with her Counſels.
Clari. Still more ſtrange,
Lan. There is a noble Knight, *Liſander*, loves her,
Whom ſhe regards not; and the Deſtinies,
With whom I am familiar, have deliver'd
That by your means alone he muſt enjoy her.
Your Hand again, yes, yes, you have already
Promis'd him your Aſſiſtance, and what's more,
Taſted his Bounty, for which, from the Sky
There are two hundred Crowns drop'd in a Purſe,
Look back, you'll find it true; nay, open it,
'Tis good Gold I'll aſſure you.(7)*Clari.* How, two Letters?
The firſt indors'd to me? this to my Lady?
Subſcrib'd *Liſander*. *Lan.* And the Fortune-teller
His

(7) Clari. *How, two Letters?*
The firſt endors'd to me? this to my Lady?
Subſcrib'd Liſander.
Probably the Author wrote thus:
——*Two Letters?*
The firſt endors'd to me?——*Subſcrib'd* Liſander,
——*This to my Lady?*] I have made a Daſh after *The firſt endors'd to me*, to give time for the opening or reading of her own Letter; otherwiſe how could ſhe know it was from *Liſander*, before ſhe had either broke the Seal or perus'd its Contents? And it ſeems as odd

as

His Servant *Lancelot*. *Clari.* How had I loſt my Eyes,
That I could not know thee? Not a word o'th' loſs
Of my Virginity.
Lan. Nor who I am.
Clari. I'll uſe all ſpeedy means for your diſpatch
With a welcome Anſwer; but till you receive it
Continue thus diſguis'd. Monſieur *Malfort*
(You know the way to humour him) ſhall provide
A Lodging for you, and good Entertainment;
Nay, ſince we Trade both one way, thou ſhalt have
Some feeling with me, take that. *Lan.* Bountiful Wench,
May'ſt thou ne'er want Imployment.
Clari. Nor ſuch Pay, Boy. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lidian *and* Alcidon *at one Door*, Liſander *and* Clarange *at another.*

Lid. You're welcome
Alc. Let us do our Office firſt,
And then make choice of a new piece of Ground
To try our Fortunes. *Liſ.* All's fair here. *Alc.* And here,
Their Swords are equal. *Liſ.* If there be any odds
In mine we will exchange. *Alc.* We'll talk of that
When we are farther off, farewel.
Liſ. Farewel, Friend. [*Exe.* Liſ. *and* Alc.
Lid. Come, let us not be idle? *Clara.* I will find you
Imployment, fear not. *Lid.* You know, Sir, the Cauſe
That brings us hither. *Clara.* There needs no more diſcourſing,
No time nor place for repetition now.
Lid. Let our Swords argue, and I wiſh, *Clarange*,
The proud *Olinda* ſaw us.
Clara. Wou'd ſhe did;
Whatever eſtimation ſhe holds of me,
She ſhou'd behold me like a Man fight for her.
Lid. 'Tis nobly ſaid; ſet on—Love and my Fortune—
[*They fight.*
Clara. The ſame for me; come home brave *Lidian*,
'Twas manly thruſt, this token to the Lady;

as can be, for *Liſander* to ſet his Name on the Outſide of *Caliſta*'s Billet, ſince the ſubſcribing it at the Bottom, was all that was requiſite.

Ye

: have it, Sir, deliver it, take Breath,
ee ye bleed apace, ye ſhall have fair play.

Enter Liſander.

Liſ. You muſt lie there a while, I cannot help you.
Lid. Nay, then my Fortune's gone, I know I muſt die:
) Yet dearly will I ſell my Love: come on both,
nd uſe your Fortunes, I expect no Favour;
eak as I am, my confidence ſhall meet ye.
Clara. Yield up your Cauſe, and live.
Lid. What, doſt thou hold me
. Recreant, that prefers Life before Credit?
hough I bleed hard, my Honour finds no Iſſue,
hat's conſtant to my Heart.
Clara. Have at your Life then.
Liſ. Hold, or I'll turn, and bend my Sword againſt ye,
ly Cauſe, *Clarange* too. View this brave Gentleman,
hat yet may live to kill you; he ſtands nobly,
nd has as great a promiſe of the day
s you can tye unto yourſelf; he's ready,
is Sword as ſharp, view him with that remembrance,
hat you deliver'd him to me, *Clarange:*
nd with thoſe Eyes, that clearneſs will become ye:
iew him, as you reported him; ſurvey him,
ix on your Friendſhip, Sir. I know you're noble,
nd ſtep but inward to your old Affection,
xamine but that Soul grew to your Boſom,
nd try then if your Sword will bite, it cannot,
he Edge will turn again, aſham'd and blunted;
Lidian, you are the Pattern of fair Friendſhip,
xampled for your Love, and imitated;
he Temple of true Hearts, ſtor'd with Affections,
or ſweetneſs of your Spirit made a Saint:

(8) *Yet dearly I will tell my Love;*——] Mr. *Seward* conjectures with me, that this Place ought to run thus:

Yet dearly I will ſell my Life——

Life and *Love* have been put the one for the other, in more Places than one, in our Authors Plays. He inſtances in *Cupid's Revenge* and I in *Act* 3*d* of the Play preceding this, to both which Places I refer the Reader.

Can

Can you decline this nobleneſs to Anger?
To mortal Anger? 'gainſt the Man ye love moſt?
Have ye the Name of Virtuous, not the Nature?
Lid. I will ſit down.
Clara. And I'll ſit by you, *Lidian.*
Liſ. And I'll go on. Can Heav'n be pleas'd with theſe things?
To ſee two Hearts that have been (9) twinn'd together,
Married in Friendſhip to the World, a wonder;
Of one Growth, of one Nouriſhment, one Health,
Thus mortally divorc'd for one weak Woman?
Can Love be pleas'd? Love is a gentle Spirit,
The Wind that blows the *April* Flowers not ſofter;
She's drawn with Doves to ſhew her Peacefulneſs.
Lyons and bloody Pards are *Mars*'s Servants.
Would ye ſerve Love? do it with humbleneſs,
Without a noiſe, with ſtill Prayers, and ſoft Murmurs;
Upon her Altars offer your Obedience,
And not your Brawls; ſhe's won with Tears, not Terrors:
That Fire ye kindle to her Deity,
Is only grateful when it blows with ſighs,
And holy Incenſe flung with white-hand Innocence;
Ye wound her now; ye are too ſuperſtitious:
No Sacrifice of Blood or Death ſhe longs for.
Lid. Came he from Heaven?
Clara. He tells us truth, good *Lidian.*
Liſ. That part of noble Love which is moſt ſweet,
And gives eternal Being to fair Beauty,

(9) ——*that have been* twin'd *together,*
Married in Friendſhip to the World, *to wonder,*] The Errors in theſe two Lines, both as to the Words and Pointing, owe their Original to nought but the Preſs. I correct (with Mr. *Seward*) both the one and the other thus:
——*that have been* twinn'd *together,*
Married in Friendſhip, to the World a *Wonder.*
The former is authoris'd by the Poet himſelf, at the beginning of this Act, where *Clarange* ſays, that himſelf and *Lidian* were,
More than Companions, Twins in all their Actions.
The latter plain Senſe requires otherwiſe;
They wou'd be married to the World in Friendſhip,
not to *Each Other*; which manifeſtly contradicts what he deſign'd here to ſay.

Honour,

Honour, you hack a pieces with your Swords:
And that ye fight to crown, ye kill, fair Credit.
Clara. Thus we embrace, no more fight, but all Friendſhip,
And (10) where Love pleaſes to beſtow his Benefits,
Let us not argue.
Lid. Nay brave Sir, come in too,
You may love alſo, and may hope; if ye do,
And not rewarded for't, there is no Juſtice;
Farewel, Friend, here let's part upon our Pilgrimage,
It muſt be ſo, *Cupid* draws on our Sorrows,
And where the Lot lights———
Clara. I ſhall count it Happineſs.
Farewel, dear Friend.
Liſ. Firſt, let's relieve the Gentleman
That lies hurt in your Cauſe, and bring him off,
And take ſome Cure for your hurts; then I'll part too,
A third unfortunate, and willing Wanderer. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Olinda, *and* Caliſta.

Olin. My fears foreſaw 'twou'd come to this.
Cal. I wou'd your Sentence had been milder.
Olin. 'Tis paſt help now.
Cal. I ſhare in your deſpair, and yet my Hopes
Have not quite left me, ſince all poſſible means
Are practis'd to prevent the miſchief following
Their mortal Meeting; my Lord's coaſted one way,
My Father, though his hurts forbad his travel,
Hath took another; my Brother-in-law *Beronte*,
A third, and ev'ry Minute we muſt look for
The certain Knowledge which we muſt endure
With that calm Patience Heav'n ſhall pleaſe to lend us.

(10) ——*where Love pleaſes to beſtow* his *Benefits*,] *Love* here is conſidered as a Male Deity, tho' in the fine Speech a little above, the ſame Power is wholly deſcribed as a Female one: 'Tis true both are juſtifiable, becauſe Antiquity conſidered this Divinity as partaking of either Sex. Upon this Account I have not dared to alter the Text: But if the Reader has a mind to make the Poet conſiſtent with himſelf, and lay the Corruption only to the Printer's charge, 'tis eaſily done, by reading thus:

——*to beſtow* her *Benefits.*

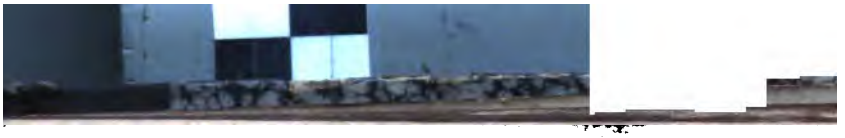
Enter

Enter Dorilaus, *and* Cleander *ſeverally.*

Dor. Dead both?
Cle. Such is the rumour, and 'tis general.
Olin. I hear my Paſſing-Bell.
Cal. I'm in a Fever.
Cle. They ſay their Seconds too; but what they are,
Is not known yet, ſome worthy Fellows certain.
Dor. Where had you Knowledge?
Cle. Of the Country People,
'Tis ſpoken every where.
Dor. I heard it ſo too;
And 'tis ſo common, I do half believe it.
You've loſt a Brother, Wench, he lov'd you well,
And might have liv'd t'have done his Country Service;
But he is gone. Thou fell'ſt untimely, *Lidian*,
But by a valiant Hand, that's ſome ſmall comfort,
And took'ſt him with thee too, thou lov'ſt brave Company;
Weeping will do no good, you loſt a Servant,
He might have liv'd t'have been your Maſter, Lady,
But you fear'd that.
Olin. Good Sir, be tender to me,
The News is bad enough, (11) you need not preſs it;
I lov'd him well, I lov'd 'em both.
Dor. It ſeems ſo.
How many more have you to love ſo, Lady?
They were both Fools to fight for ſuch a Fiddle;
Certain there was a dearth of noble Anger,
When a ſlight Woman was thought worth a quarrel.
Olin. Pray you think nobler.
Dor. I'll tell thee what I think, the Plague, War, Famine,
Nay put in Dice and Drunkenneſs, and thoſe
You'll grant are pretty helps, kill not ſo many
(I mean ſo many noble) as your Loves do,
Rather your Lewdneſs; I crave your mercy, Women.
Be not offended if I anger ye.

(11) ——*you need not preſs it;*] *i. e,* make it worſe.

I'm



I'm ſure ye've touch'd me deep, I came to be merry,
And with my Children, but to ſee one ruin'd
By this fell accident——are they all dead?
If they be, ſpeak?
Cle. What News?

Enter Beronte, Alcidon, *and* Clarinda *following with a Letter.*

Ber. What dead? ye poſe me;
I underſtand you not.
Cle. My Brother *Lidian*, *Clarange*, and their Seconds.
Ber. Here's one of 'em, and ſure this Gentleman's alive.
Alc. I hope ſo, ſo's your Son, Sir, ſo's brave *Clarange:*
They fought indeed, and they were hurt ſufficiently;
We were all hurt, that bred the general rumour,
But friends again all, and like Friends we parted.
Cle. Heard ye of *Liſander?*
Ber. Yes, and miſs'd him narrowly;
He was one of th' Combatants, fought with this Gentleman,
Second againſt your Brother; by his Wiſdom
(For certainly good Fortune follows him)
All was made Peace. I'll tell you th' reſt at Dinner,
For we are hungry.
Alc. I before I eat
Muſt pay a Vow I'm ſworn to; my Life, Madam,
Was at *Liſander*'s mercy, I live by it;
And for the noble Favour, he deſir'd me
To kiſs your fair Hand for him, offering
This ſecond ſervice as a Sacrifice
At th' Altar of your Virtues.
Dor. Come, joy on all ſides;
Heav'n will not ſuffer honeſt Men to periſh.
Cle. Be proud of ſuch a Friend.
Dor. Forgive me, Madam,
It was a grief might have concern'd you near too.
Cle. No work of excellence but ſtill *Liſander*,——
Go thy ways worthy.
Olin. We'll be merry too.

Were

Were I to ſpeak again, I would be wiſer.
[*Exe. Manent* Clarin. *and* Caliſt.
Cal. Too much of this rare Cordial makes me Sick,
However I obey you. *Clari.* Now or never
Is an apt time to move her, Madam. *Cal.* Who's that?
Clari. Your Servant, I would ſpeak with your Ladyſhip.
Cal. Why doſt thou look about?
Clari. I've private Buſineſs
That none muſt hear but you. *Liſander* ———
Cal. Where?
Clari. Nay, he's not here, but wou'd intreat this favour,
Some of your Balſam from your own Hand given,
For he's much hurt, and that he thinks wou'd cure him.
Cal. He ſhall have all my Pray'rs too.
Clari. But conceive me,
It muſt be from yourſelf immediately.
Pity ſo brave a Gentleman ſhou'd periſh,
He's Superſtitious, and he holds your Hand
Of infinite Power. I'd not urge this, Madam,
But only in a Man's Extreams, to help him,
Cal. Let him come,
Good Wench, 'tis that I wiſh, I'm happy in't,
My Husband his true Friend, my noble Father,
The fair *Olinda*, all deſire to ſee him;
He ſhall have many Hands.
Clari. That he deſires not,
Nor Eyes, but yours to look upon his Miſeries,
For then he thinks 'twou'd be no perfect Cure, Madam;
He wou'd come private.
Cal. How can that be here?
I ſhall do wrong unto all thoſe that honour him,
Beſides my Credit.
Clari. Dare ye not truſt a hurt Man?
Not ſtrain a Courteſie to ſave a Gentleman?
To ſave his Life, that has ſav'd all your Family?
A Man that comes like a poor mortify'd Pilgrim
Only to beg a bleſſing, and depart again?
He wou'd but ſee you, that he thinks wou'd cure him.
But ſince you find fit Reaſons to the contrary,
And that it cannot ſtand with your clear Honour,
(Though

(Though you beſt know how well he has deſerv'd of ye;)
I'll ſend him word back, though I grieve to do it,
(Grieve at my Soul, for certainly 'twill kill him,)
What your Will is. *Cal.* Stay, I will think upon't;
Where is he, Wench? *Clari.* If you deſire to ſee him,
Let not that trouble you, he ſhall be with ye,
And in that time that no Man ſhall ſuſpect ye;
Your Honour, Madam, 's in your own free keeping;
Your Care in me, in him all Honeſty;
If ye deſire him not, let him paſs by ye:
And all his Buſineſs reckon but a Dream.
Cal. Go in and counſel me, I wou'd fain ſee him,
And willingly comfort him.
Clari. 'Tis in your Pow'r.
And if you dare truſt me, you ſhall do't ſafely.
Read that, and let that tell you, how he honours you.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Clarinda *with a Key, and* Leon.

Leon. THIS happy Night—— [*Kiſſes her.*
Clari. Preſerve this Eagerneſs
Till we meet nearer, there is ſomething done
Will give us Opportunity.
Leon. Witty Girl, the Plot?
Clari. You ſhall hear that at leiſure.
The whole Houſe reels with Joy at the Report
Of *Lidian*'s Safety, and that Joy increas'd
From their Affection to the brave *Liſander*,
In being made th' happy Inſtrument to compound
The bloody Diff'rence.
Leon. They'll hear ſhortly that
Will turn their Mirth to Mourning; he was then
The principal means to ſave two Lives, but ſince
There are two ſlain, and by his ſingle Hand,
For which his Life muſt anſwer, if the King,
Whoſe Arm is long, can reach him.

Clari. We have now
No ſpare time to hear Stories: take this Key,
'Twill make your Paſſage to the Banqueting-Houſe
I' the Garden free.
Leon. You will not fail to come?
Clari. For mine own ſake ne'er doubt it; now for *Liſander.* [*Exit* Leon.

Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, *and Servants with Lights.*

Dor. To Bed, to Bed, 'tis very late. *Cle.* To Bed all,
I've drank a Health too much.
Dor. You'll ſleep the better,
My uſual Phyſick that way.
Cle. Where's your Miſtreſs?
Clari. She is above, but very ill and aguiſh:
The late Fright of her Brother has much troubl'd her;
She would entreat to lie alone.
Cle. Her Pleaſure.
Dor. Commend my Love t' her, and my Pray'rs for her Health,
I'll ſee her ere I go. [*Exit. Manet* Clari.
Clari. All good reſt to ye:
Now to my Watch for *Liſander*, when he's furniſh'd,
For mine own Friend; ſince I ſtand Centinel,
I love to laugh i' th' Evenings too, and may,
The priv'lege of my Place will warrant it. [*Exit.*

Enter Liſander *and* Lancelot.

Liſ. You've done well hitherto; where are we now?
Lan. Not far from th' Houſe, I hear by th' Owls, there are
Many of your *Welch* Faulconers about it;
Here were a Night to chuſe to run away with
Another Man's Wife, and do the Feat.
Liſ. Peace, Knave,
The Houſe is here before's, and ſome may hear us;
The Candles are all out.
Lan. But one i'th' Parlour,
I ſee it ſimper hither; pray come this way.
Liſ. Step to the Garden-door, and feel and't be open.

Lan.

Lan. I'm going, Luck deliver me fro' th' Saw-pits,
Or I am buried quick: I hear a Dog,
No, 'tis a Cricket, ha! here's a Cuckold buried,
Take heed of's Horns, Sir; here's the Door, 'tis open.
Clari. [*At the Door.*] Who's there?
Liſ. A Friend.
Clari. Sir! *Liſander!*
Liſ. I.
Clari. Y'are welcome, follow me, and make no Noiſe.
Liſ. Go to your Horſe, and keep your Watch with care, Sirrah,
And be ſure ye ſleep not. [*Exeunt* Liſ. *and* Clari.
Liſ. Send me out the Dairy-maid
To play at trump with me, and keep me waking.
My fellow Horſe, and I, now muſt diſcourſe
Like two learn'd Almanack-makers, of the Stars,
And tell what a plentiful Year 'twill prove of Drunkards.
If I'd but a pottle of Sack, like a ſharp Prickle,
To knock my Noſe againſt when I am nodding,
I ſhould ſing like a Nightingale; but I muſt
Keep watch without it; I am apt to dance,
Good Fortune guide me from the Fairies Circles. [*Exit.*

Enter Clarinda *with a Taper, and* Liſander *with a Piſtol, two Chairs ſet out.*

Clari. [*to Liſander.*] Come near;
[Caliſta *ſitting behind a Curtain.*
I'll leave ye now, draw but that Curtain,
And have your Wiſh; now *Leon* I'm for thee.
We that are Servants muſt make uſe of ſtol'n Hours,
And be glad of ſnatch'd Occaſions. [*Exit.*
Liſ. She's aſleep,
Fierce Love hath clos'd his Lights, (I may look on her,)
Within her Eyes 'has lock'd his Graces up;
I may behold and live; how ſweet ſhe breathes!
The orient Morning breaking out in Odours
Is not ſo full of Perfumes as her Breath is;
She's the Abſtract of all Excellence,
And ſcorns a Parallel.
Cal. Who's there?

Liſ. Your Servant,
Your moſt obedient Slave, ador'd Lady,
That comes but to behold thoſe Eyes again,
And pay ſome Vows I have to ſacred Beauty,
And ſo paſs by; I'm blind as Ignorance,
And know not where I wander, how I live,
'Till I receive from their bright Influence
Light to direct me; for Devotion's ſake,
(You are the Saint I tread theſe holy Steps to,
And holy Saints are all relenting Sweetneſs;)
Be not enrag'd, nor be not angry with me;
The greateſt Attribute of Heav'n is Mercy;
And 'tis the Crown of Juſtice, and the Glory,
Where it may kill with Right, to ſave with Pity.

Cal. Why do you kneel, I know you come to mock me,
T' upbraid me with the Benefits you've given me,
Which are too many, and too mighty, Sir,
For my Return; and I confeſs 'tis Juſtice,
That for my Cruelty you ſhould deſpiſe me;
And I expect, however you are calm now,
(A Foil you ſtrive to ſet your Cauſe upon,)
It will break out, *Caliſta* is unworthy,
Coy, proud, diſdainful, I acknowledge all,
Colder of Comfort than the frozen North is,
And more a Stranger to *Liſander*'s Worth,
His Youth and Faith, than it becomes her Gratitude;
I bluſh to grant it, yet take this along,
(A ſovereign Medicine to allay Diſpleaſure,
May be an Argument to bring me off too;)
She's marry'd, and ſhe's chaſte; how ſweet that ſounds;
How it perfumes all Air 'tis ſpoken in!
O dear *Liſander*, wou'd you break this Union?

Liſ. No, I adore it: Let me kiſs your Hand,
And ſeal the fair Faith of a Gentleman on it.

Cal. You're truly valiant; would it not afflict you
To have the horrid Name of Coward touch you?
Such is the Whore to me.

Liſ. I nobly thank ye;
And may I be the ſame when I diſhonour ye;
This I may do again. [*Kiſſing her Hand.*

Cal.

Cal. Ye may, and worthily;
Such Comforts Maids may grant with Modeſty,
And neither (12) make them poor, nor wrong their Bounty;
Noble *Liſander*, how fond now I'm of ye!
I heard you were hurt.
Liſ. You dare not heal me, Lady?
I am hurt here. How ſweetly now ſhe bluſhes!
Excellent Objects kill our Sight, ſhe blinds me:
The Roſes in the Pride of *May* ſhew pale to her.
O Tyrant Cuſtom, and O coward Honour!
How ye compel me to put on mine own Chains!
May I not kiſs you now in Superſtition?
For you appear a thing that I wou'd kneel to:
Let me err that way. [*Kiſſes her.*
Cal. Ye ſhall err for once,
I have a kind of noble Pity on you.
Among your manly Sufferings, make this moſt,
To err no farther in Deſire, for then, Sir,
Ye add unto the Gratitudes I owe you;
And after Death, your dear Friend's Soul ſhall bleſs you.
Liſ. I'm wondrous honeſt.
Cal. I dare try. [*Kiſſes her.*
Liſ. I've taſted
A Bleſſedneſs too great for dull Mortality,
Once more, and let me die.
Cal. I dare not murder;
How will Maids curſe me if I kill with Kiſſes,
And young Men fly th' Embraces of fair Virgins;
Come pray ſit down, but let's talk temperately.
Liſ. Is my dear Friend abed?
Cal. Yes, and aſleep,
Secure aſleep; 'tis Midnight too, *Liſander*,
Speak not ſo loud.
Liſ. You ſee I am a Statue,
I cou'd not ſtand elſe, as I'd eaten Ice,

(12) — *make* her *poor*, *nor wrong* her *Bounty*;] As *her* has nothing to refer to but *Maids* in the Line above, we muſt certainly change the Number, and write,

—— *make* them *poor*, *nor wrong* their *Bounty*.

Or took into my Blood a drowſy Poiſon,
And Nature's nobleſt, brighteſt Flame burn in me;
Midnight? and I ſtand quietly to behold ſo?
The Alarm rung, and I ſleep like a Coward?
I'm worn away, my Faith, and dull Obedience
Like Crutches, carry my decayed Body
Down to the Grave; I have no Youth within me;
Yet happily you love too.

Cal. Love with Honour.

Liſ. Honour? What's that? 'tis but a ſpecious Title
We ſhou'd not prize too high.

Cal. Dearer than Life.

Liſ. The Value of it, is as Time has made it,
And Time and Cuſtom have too far inſulted:
We are no Gods, to b' always tied to Strictneſs
'Tis a Preſumption to ſhew too like 'em;
March but an Hour or two under Love's Enſigns,
We have Examples of great Memories——

Cal. But foul ones too, that Greatneſs cannot cover;
That Wife that by Example ſins, ſins double,
And pulls the Curtain open to her Shame too;
Methinks t' enjoy you thus——

Liſ. 'Tis no Joy, Lady;
A longing Bride, if ſhe ſtop here, wou'd cry,
The Bridegroom too, and with juſt Cauſe, curſe *Hymen*;
But yield a little, be one Hour a Woman,
(I do not ſpeak this to compel you, Lady)
And give your Will but Motion, let it ſtir,
But in the Taſte of that weak Fears call Evil,
Try it to underſtand it, we'll do nothing,
You'll never come to know pure good elſe.

Cal. Fie, Sir.

Liſ. I've found a way; let's ſlip into this Error
As Innocents, that knew not what we did;
As we were dreaming both let us embrace;
The Sin is none of ours then, but our Fancies.
What have I ſaid? What Blaſphemy to Honour?
O my baſe Thoughts! Pray ye take this and ſhoot me.
My villain Thoughts! [*Noiſe within.*

Cal. I weep your Miſery,

And

And wou'd to Heav'n——What Noiſe?
Liſ. It comes on louder.
Kill me, and ſave yourſelf; ſave your fair Honour,
And lay the Fault on me, let my Life periſh,
My baſe laſcivious Life, ſhoot quickly, Lady.
Cal. Not for the World; retire behind the Hangings,
And there ſtand cloſe — my Husband, cloſe *Liſander*.

Enter Cleander *with a Taper.*

Cle. Deareſt, are you well?
Cal. O my ſad Heart; my Head! my Head!
Cle. Alas poor Soul! What do you out of your Bed?
You take cold, my *Caliſta*; how do ye?
Cal. Not ſo well, Sir, to lye by ye: my Brother's Fright——
Cle. I had a frightful Dream too,
A very frightful Dream, my beſt *Caliſta*.
Methought there came a Dragon to your Chamber,
A furious Dragon, Wife, I yet ſhake at it.
Are all things well?
Liſ. [*From behind the Hangings.*] Shall I ſhoot him?
Cal. No.——All's well, Sir.
'Twas but your Care of me, your loving Care
Which always watches.
Cle. And methought he came
As if he had riſen thus out of his Den,
As I do from theſe Hangings.
Liſ. Dead.
Cal. Hold, good Sir.
Cle. And forc'd ye in his Arms thus.
Cal. 'Twas but Fancy
That troubled ye, here's nothing to diſturb me;
Good Sir, to reſt again, and I'm now drowſy,
And will to bed; make no Noiſe, deareſt Husband,
But let me ſleep; before you can call any Body
I am abed. *Cle.* This, and ſweet Reſt dwell with ye. [*Exit.*
Cal. Come out again; and as you love, *Liſander*,
Make haſte away, you ſee his Mind is troubled:
D' you know the Door ye came at?
Liſ. Well, ſweet Lady.

Cal. And can ye hit it readily?
Liſ. I warrant ye;
And muſt I go? Muſt here end all my Happineſs?
Here in a Dream, as if it had no Subſtance?
Cal. For this time, Friend, or here begin our Ruins;
We are both miſerable.
Liſ. This is ſome Comfort
In my Afflictions; they're ſo full already,
They can find no increaſe.
Cal. Dear, ſpeak no more.
Liſ. You muſt be ſilent then. *Cal.* Farewel, *Liſander*,
Thou joy of Man farewel.
Liſ. Farewel, bright Lady,
Honour of Woman-kind, a heav'nly Bleſſing.
Cal. Be ever honeſt.
Liſ. I'll be a Dog elſe;
The Virtues of your Mind I'll make my Library,
In which I'll ſtudy the celeſtial Beauty:
Your Conſtancy, my Armour that I'll fight in:
And on my Sword your Chaſtity ſhall ſit,
Terror to Rebel Blood.
Cal. Once more farewel: [*Noiſe within.*
O that my Modeſty cou'd hold you ſtill, Sir,—
He comes again.
Liſ. Heav'n keep my Hand from Murder,
Murder of him I love.
Cal. Away, dear Friend,
Down to the Garden-Stairs, that way, *Liſander*,
We are betray'd elſe.
Liſ. Honour guard the Innocent. [*Exit* Liſander.

Enter Cleander.

Cle. Still up? I fear'd your Health.
Cal. 'Has miſs'd him happily;
I'm going now, I've done my Meditations,
My Heart's almoſt at Peace.
Cle. To my warm Bed then.
Cal. I will, pray ye lead. [*A Piſtol ſhot within.*
Cle. A Piſtol ſhot i'th' Houſe?
At theſe Hours. Sure ſome Thief, ſome Murderer:

Riſe

Riſe ho, riſe all, I am betray'd.
Cal. O Fortune!
O giddy thing! 'has met ſome Oppoſition,
And kill'd; I am confounded, loſt for ever.

Enter Dorilaus.

Dor. Now, what's the matter?
Cle. Thieves, my noble Father,
Villains and Rogues. *Dor.* Indeed I heard a Piſtol,
Let's ſearch about.

Enter Malfort, Clarinda, *and Servants.*

Mal. To Bed again; they're gone, Sir,
(I will not bid you thank my Valour for't;)
Gone at the Garden-Door, there were a Dozen,
And bravely arm'd, I ſaw 'em. *Clari.* I am glad,
Glad at the Heart.
Ser. One ſhot at me, and miſs'd me.
Mal. No, 'twas at me, the Bullet flew cloſe by me,
Cloſe by my Ear; another had a huge Sword,
Flouriſh'd it thus, but at the Point I met him;
But the Rogue taking me to be your Lordſhip,
(As ſure your Name is terrible, and we
Not much unlike i'th' dark) roar'd out aloud,
It is the Kill-Cow *Dorilaus*; and away
They ran as they had flown: Now you muſt love me,
[*Aſide to* Clarinda.
Or fear me for my Courage, Wench.
Clari. O Rogue!
O lying Rogue! *Liſander* ſtumbled, Madam,
At the Stairs head, and in the fall the Shot went off;
Was gone before they roſe.
Cal. I thank Heav'n for't.
Clari. I was frighted too, it ſpoil'd my Game with *Leon.*
Cle. You muſt ſit up; and they'd come to your Chamber
What Pranks would they have plaid? How came the Door open?
Mal. I heard 'em when they forc'd it; up I roſe,
Took *Durindana* in my Hand, and like
Orlando, iſſu'd forth.

Clari. I know you're valiant.
Cle. To bed again,
And be you henceforth provident; at Sun-riſing
We muſt part for a while.
Dor. When you are abed,
Take leave of her, there 'twill be worth the taking,
Here 'tis but a cold Ceremony; ere long
We'll find *Liſander*, or we have ill Fortune.
Cle. Lock all the Doors faſt.
Mal. Though they all ſtood open,
My Name writ on the Door, they dare not enter. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clarange, *and Friar with a Letter.*

Clara. Turn'd Hermit?
Friar. Yes, and a devout one too;
I heard him preach. *Clara.* That leſſens my Belief;
For though I grant my *Lidian* a Scholar——
As far as fits a Gentleman, 'hath ſtudied
Humanity, and in that he's a Maſter,
Civility of Manners, Courtſhip, Arms;
But never aim'd at, as I could perceive,
The deep Points of Divinity.
Friar. That confirms his
Devotion to be real, no way tainted
With Oſtentation or Hypocriſy,
The Cankers of Religion; his Sermon
So full of Gravity, and with ſuch Sweetneſs
Deliver'd, that it drew the Admiration
Of all on him; his own Letters
To you, neſs he will leave the World,
And theſe to [illegible], his late Miſtreſs,
In which he hath with all the moving Language
That ever exerciſs'd Rhetorick, ſollicited
The Lady to forget him, and make you
Bleſſed in her Embraces, may remove
All ſcrup'lous Doubts.
Clara. It ſtrikes a Sadneſs in me,
I know not what to think of't.
Friar. Ere he entred
His ſolitary Cell, he penn'd a Ditty,

His long and laſt Farewel to Love, and Women,
So feelingly, that I confeſs, however
It ſtands not with my Order to be taken
With ſuch Poetical Raptures, I was mov'd
And ſtrangely, with it.
Clara. Have you th' Copy?
Friar. Yes, Sir:
My Novice too can ſing it, if you pleaſe
To give him hearing.
Clara. And it will come timely,
For I am full of melancholy Thoughts,
Againſt which I have heard, with reaſon, Muſick
To be the ſpeedieſt Cure, pray you apply it.

A SONG by the Novice.

Adieu fond Love, farewel you wanton Pow'rs,
I'm free again;
Thou dull Diſeaſe of Blood and idle Hours,
Bewitching Pain,
Fly to the Fools that ſigh away their time.
My nobler Love to Heaven climb,
And there behold Beauty ſtill young,
That Time can ne'er corrupt, nor Death deſtroy;
Immortal Sweetneſs by fair Angels ſung,
And honour'd by Eterni[illegible] and Joy:
There lives my Love, thi[illegible] my Hopes aſpire;
Fond Love declines, this [illegible] gr ws higher.

Friar. How do y' appr[illegible]
Clara. To its due Deſert.
It is a heav'nly Hymn, no Ditty, Father,
It paſſes through my Ears unto my Soul,
And works divinely on it; give me leave
A little to conſider; ſhall I be
Out-done in all things? nor good of myſelf,
Nor by Example? ſhall my looſe Hopes ſtill,
The Viands of a fond Affection, feed me
I were a ſenſual Beaſt? and ſpiritual Food
refus'd by my ſick Palate? 'tis reſolv'd.

How

How far off, Father, doth this new-made Hermit
Make his Abode?

Fri. Some two Days Journey, Son.

Clara. Having reveal'd my fair Intentions to ye,
I hope your Piety will not deny me
Your Aids to further 'em? *Fri.* That were againſt
A good Man's Charity. *Clara.* My firſt Requeſt is,
You wou'd ſome time, for Reaſons I will ſhew you,
Defer Delivery of *Lidian*'s Letters
To fair *Olinda.*

Fri. Well, Sir.

Clara. For what follows,
You ſhall direct me; ſomething I will do,
A new-born Zeal and Friendſhip prompts me to. [*Ex.*

Enter Dorilaus, Cleander, *Chamberlain, a Table, Tapers and Chairs.*

Cle. We have ſupp'd well, Friend; let our Beds be ready,
We muſt be ſtirring early.

Cham. They are made, Sir.

Dor. I cannot ſleep yet, where's the jovial Hoſt
You told me of? 'thas been my cuſtom ever
To parly with mine Hoſt.

Cle. He's a good Fellow,
And ſuch a one I know you love to laugh with;
Go call your Maſter up.

Cham. He cannot come, Sir.

Dor. Is he a-bed with's Admi

Cham. No certainly. him: hi

Dor. Or with ſome other Gueſts?

Cham. Neither, and't like ye.

Cle. Why then he ſhall come by your leave, my Friend,
I'll fetch him up myſelf.

Cham. Indeed you'll fail, Sir.

Dor. Is he i'th' Houſe?

Cham. No, but he is hard by, Sir;
He's faſt in's Grave, he has been dead theſe three Weeks.

Dor. Then o'my Conſcience he will come but lamely,
And diſcourſe worſe.

Cle.

Cle. Farewel mine honeſt Hoſt then,
Mine honeſt merry Hoſt; will you to Bed yet?
Dor. No, not this Hour, I prithee ſit and chat by me.
Cle. Give us a Quart of Wine then, we'll be merry.
Dor. A match, my Son; pray let your Wine be living,
Or lay it by your Maſter.
Cham. 'T ſhall be quick, Sir. [*Exit.*
Dor. Has not mine Hoſt a Wife?
Cle. A good old Woman.
Dor. Another Coffin, that is not ſo handſome;
Your Hoſteſſes in Inns ſhould be Blith things,
Pretty and young, to draw in Paſſengers;
She'll ne'er
Fill her Beds well, if ſhe be n't beauteous.

Enter Chamberlain with Wine.

Cle. And courteous too.
Dor. I, I, and a good Fellow,
That will miſtake ſometimes a Gentleman
For her good Man. Well done; here's to *Liſander.*
Cle. My full Love meets it; make fire in our Lodgings,
We'll trouble thee no farther; to your Son.
[*Exit Chamberlain.*
Dor. Put in *Clarangè* too; off with't, I thank ye;
This Wine drinks merrier ſtill. O for mine Hoſt now,
Were he alive again, and well diſpos'd,
I would ſo claw his Pate.
Cle. You're a hard drinker.
Dor. I love to make mine Hoſt drunk, he'll lie then
The rareſt, and the roundeſt, of his Friends,
His Quarrels, and his Gueſts, and they're th'beſt Bauds too,
Take 'em in that Tune. *Cle.* You know all. *Dor.* I did Son,
But Time and Arms have worn me out. *Cle.* 'Tis late, Sir,
I hear none ſtirring. [*A Lute is ſtruck.*]
Dor. Hark, what's that, a Lute?
'Tis at the Door, I think.
Cle. The Doors are ſhut faſt.

Dor.

Dor. 'Tis Morning ſure, the Fidlers are got up
To fright Mens ſleeps; have we ne'er a Piſs-pot ready?
Cle. Now I remember, I've heard mine Hoſt that dead,
Touch a Lute rarely, and as rarely ſing too,
A brave ſtill mean.
Dor. I'd give a brace of *French* Crowns
To ſee him riſe and fiddle. *Cle.* Hark, a Song.
Now as I live it is his Voice.

A SONG.

'Tis late and cold, ſtir up the Fire;
Sit cloſe, and draw the Table nigher;
Be merry, and drink Wine that's old,
A hearty Med'cine 'gainſt a Cold.
Your Beds of wanton Down the beſt,
Where you ſhall tumble to your reſt;
I cou'd wiſh you Wenches too,
But I am dead, and cannot do;
Call for the beſt the Houſe may ring,
Sack, White, and Claret, let them bring,
And drink apace, while Breath you have,
You'll find but cold Drink in the Grave;
Plover, Partridge, for your Dinner,
And a Capon for the Sinner,
You ſhall find ready when you're up,
And your Horſe ſhall have his ſup:
Welcome ſhall fly round,
And I ſhall ſmile though under Ground.

Dor. He ſings well, the Devil has a pleaſant Pipe.
Cle. The fellow ly'd ſure.

Enter Hoſt.

He is not dead, he's here: how pale he looks!
Dor. Is this he?
Cle. Yes.

Hoſt

Hoſt. You're welcome, noble Gentlemen,
My brave old Gueſt moſt welcome.
Cle. Lying Knaves,
To tell us you were dead; come ſit down by us,
We thank ye for your Song.
Hoſt. Wou'd't had been better.
Dor. Speak, are ye dead?
Hoſt. Yes indeed am I, Gentlemen,
I have been dead theſe three Weeks.
Dor. Then here's to ye,
To comfort your cold Body. *Cle.* What d'you mean?
Stand further off. *Dor.* I will ſtand nearer to him.
Shall he come out on's Coffin to bear us Company,
And we not bid him welcome? Come, mine Hoſt,
Mine honeſt Hoſt, here's to ye.
Hoſt. Sp'rits, Sir, drink not.
Cle. Why do y'appear?
Hoſt. To wait upon ye, Gentlemen,
('Thas been my Duty living, now my Farewel;)
I fear ye are not us'd accordingly.
Dor. I cou'd wiſh you warmer Company, mine Hoſt,
Howe'er we're us'd.
Hoſt. Next to entreat a Courteſy,
And then I go to Peace.
Cle. Is't in our Power?
Hoſt. Yes, and 'tis this, to ſee my Body buried
In holy Ground, for now I lie unhallow'd,
By the Clerk's Fault; let my new Grave be made
Amongſt good Fellows, that have died before me,
And merry Hoſts of my kind.
Cle. 'T ſhall be done.
Dor. And forty Stoops of Wine drank at thy Funeral.
Cle. Do you know our Travel?
Hoſt. Yes, to ſeek your Friends,
That in Afflictions wander now.
Cle. Alas!
Hoſt. Seek 'em no farther, but be confident
They ſhall return in Peace.
Dor. There's comfort yet.

Cle.

Cle. Pray ye one Word more; is't in your Pow'r, mine Hoſt,
(Anſwer me ſoftly) ſome Hours 'fore my Death,
To give me warning?
Hoſt. I can't tell ye truly,
But if I can, ſo much alive I lov'd ye,
I will appear again; adieu. [*Exit.*
Dor. Adieu, Sir.
Cle. I'm troubled; theſe ſtrange Apparitions are
For th'moſt part fatal.
Dor. This, if told, will not
Find credit; the Light breaks apace, let's lie down
And take ſome little Reſt, an Hour or two,
Then do mine Hoſt's deſire, and ſo return;
I do believe him.
Cle. So do I; to reſt, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caliſta, *and* Clarinda.

Cal. Clarinda!
Clari. Madam.
Cal. Is the Houſe well order'd?
The Doors look'd to, now in your Maſter's Abſence?
Your Care, and Diligence amongſt the Servants?
Clari. I'm ſtirring, Madam.
Cal. So thou art, *Clarinda*,
More than thou ought'ſt I'm ſure; why doſt thou bluſh?
Clari. I do not bluſh.
Cal. Why doſt thou hang thy Head, Wench?
Clari. Madam, ye are deceiv'd, I look upright,
I underſtand ye not: She has ſpied *Leon.* [*Aſide.*
Shame of his want of caution. *Cal.* Look on me;
What, bluſh again?
Clari. 'Tis more than I know, Madam;
I have no cauſe that I find yet.
Cal. Examine then.
Clari. Your Ladyſhip is ſet, I think, to ſhame me.
Cal. Do not deſerve't. Who lay with you laſt Night?
What Bedfellow had ye? None of the Maids came near ye.
Clari. Madam, they did.
Cal. 'Twas one in your Couſin's Cloaths then,

And

And wore a Sword; and ſure I keep no *Amazons*.
Wench do not lie, 'twill but proclaim thee Guilty;
(14) Lies hide our Sins like Nets; like Perſpectives,
They draw Offences nearer ſtill, and greater:
Come tell the truth.
Clari. You are the ſtrangeſt Lady
To have theſe Doubts of me; how have I liv'd, Madam?
And which of all my careful Services
Deſerves theſe Shames? *Cal.* Leave facing, 'twill not ſerve ye:
This Impudence becomes thee worſe than Lying.
I thought ye had liv'd well, and I was proud of 't;
But you are pleas'd t'abuſe my Thoughts; who was't?
Honeſt Repentance yet will make the Fault leſs.
Clari. Do ye compel me? Do you ſtand ſo ſtrict too?
Nay, then have at ye; I ſhall rub that Sore, Madam,
Since ye provoke me, will but vex your Ladyſhip;
Let me alone.
Cal. I will know.
Clari. For your own Peace,
The Peace of your own Conſcience, ask no farther;
Walk in, and let me alone.
Cal. No, I'll know all.
Clari. Why, then I'll tell ye; 'twas a Man I lay with,
(Never admire, 'tis eaſy to be done, Madam,
And uſual too) a proper Man I lay with;
Why ſhou'd you vex at that? Young as *Liſander*,
And able too? I grudge not at your Pleaſure,
Why ſhou'd you ſtir at mine? I ſteal none from ye.
Cal. And doſt thou glory in this Sin?
Clari. I'm glad on't,
To glory in't is for a mighty Lady
That may command.
Clari. Why didſt thou name *Liſander*?
Clari. Does't anger ye? Does it a little gall ye?
I know it does; why would ye urge me, Lady?
Why wou'd ye be ſo curious to compel me?
I nam'd *Liſander* as my Precedent,

(14) *Lies* hide *our Sins*——] Thus Mr. *Seward* reads, and thus the Copy of 1647 runs. *Vulg. Lies* hid *our Sins*.

The rule I err'd by; you love him, I know it,
I grudg'd not at it, but am pleas'd it is ſo;
And by my care and diligence you enjoy'd him.
Shall I for keeping counſel have no Comfort?
Will you have all yourſelf? Ingroſs all Pleaſure?
Are ye ſo hard-hearted? Why do ye bluſh now, Madam?
Cal. My Anger bluſhes, not my Shame, baſe Woman.
Clari. I'll make your Shame bluſh, ſince you put me to't;
Who lay with you t'other Night?
Cal. With me? ye Monſter.
Clari, Whoſe ſweet Embraces circled ye? Not your Husband's;
I wonder ye dare touch me in this point, Madam?
Stir her againſt ye in whoſe hand your Life lies?
More than your Life, your Honour? What ſmug *Amazon*
Was that I brought you? that Maid had ne'er a Petticoat.
Cal. She'll half perſuade me anon, I am a Beaſt too,
And I miſtruſt myſelf, though I am honeſt,
For giving her the Helm. Thou know'ſt, *Clarinda,*
Ev'n in thy Conſcience, I was ever Virtuous;
As far from Luſt in meeting with *Liſander,*
As the pure Wind in welcoming the Morning;
In all the Converſation I had with him,
As free, and innocent, as yon fair Heav'n;
Didſt n't thou perſuade me too?
Clari. Yes, I had reaſon for't,
And now you are perſuaded I'll make uſe on't.
Cal. If I had ſin'd thus, and my Youth entic'd me,
The nobleneſs and beauty of his Perſon,
Beſide the mighty Benefits I'm bound to,
Is this ſufficient Warrant for thy Weakneſs?
If I had been a Whore, and crav'd thy Counſel
In the conveyance of my Fault, and Faithfulneſs,
Thy ſecreſie, and truth in hiding of it;
Is it thy Juſtice to repay me thus?
To be the Maſter Sinner to compel me?
And build thy Luſt's ſecur'ty on mine Honour?
Clari. They that love this Sin, love their Security;
Prevention, Madam, is the Nail I knock'd at,
And I have hit it home, and ſo I'll hold it,

And

And you muſt pardon me, and be ſilent too,
And ſuffer what ye ſee, and ſuffer patiently;
I ſhall do worſe elſe.
Cal. Thou canſt not touch my Credit,
Truth will not ſuffer me to be abus'd thus.
Clari. Do not you ſtick to Truth, ſhe's ſeldom heard, Madam,
A poor weak Tongue ſhe has, and that is hoarſe too
With pleading at the Bars; none underſtands her,
Or if you had her, what can ſhe ſay for ye?
Muſt ſhe not ſwear he came at Midnight to ye,
The Door left open, and your Husband cozen'd
With a feign'd Sickneſs?
Cal. But by my Soul I was honeſt,
Thou know'ſt I was honeſt.
Clari. That's all one what I know,
What I will teſtify is that ſhall vex ye;
Truſt not a guilty Rage with Likelihoods,
And on apparent Proof; take heed of that, Madam;
If you were innocent, as't may be ye are,
I do not know, I leave it to your Conſcience,
It were the weakeſt and the pooreſt part of ye,
Men being ſo willing to believe the worſt,
So open-ey'd in this Age to all Infamy,
To put your Fame in this weak Bark to th' venture.
Cal. What do I ſuffer? O my precious Honour,
Into what Box of Evils have I lock'd thee?
Yet rather than be thus outbrav'd, and by
My Drudge, my Footſtool, one that ſu'd to be ſo,
Periſh both Life, and Honour; Devil thus
I dare thy worſt, defie thee, ſpit at thee,
And in my virtuous Rage, thus trample on thee;
Awe me thy Miſtreſs, Whore, to be thy Bawd?
Out of my Houſe, proclaim all that thou know'ſt,
Or Malice can invent; fetch Jealouſie
From Hell, and like a Fury breath it in
The Boſom of my Lord; and to thy utmoſt
Blaſt my fair Fame, yet thou ſhalt feel with Horror
To thy ſear'd Conſcience, my Truth is built
On ſuch a firm baſe, that if e'er it can

Be forc'd, or undermin'd by thy baſe Scandals,
Heav'n keeps no guard on Innocence. [*Exit.*
Clari. I'm loſt,
In my own Hopes forſaken, and muſt fall,
(The greateſt Torment to a guilty Woman,)
Without revenge; 'Till I can faſhion it
I muſt ſubmit, at leaſt appear as if
I did repent, and would offend no farther.
Monſieur *Beronte*, my Lord's Brother, is
Oblig'd unto me for a private Favour:
'Tis he muſt meditate for me; but when Time
And Opportunity bids me ſtrike, my wreak
Shall pour itſelf on her nice Chaſtity
Like to a Torrent, Deeds, not Words ſhall ſpeak me.
[*Exit.*

ACT VI. SCENE I.

Enter Alcidon *and* Beronte, *ſeverally.*

Alc. YE 're opportunely met. *Ber.* Your Countenance
Expreſſes haſte mixt with ſome fear.
Alc. You'll ſhare
With me in both, as ſoon as you are made
Acquainted with the Cauſe; (15) if you love Virtue,
In danger not ſecure; I have no time
For Circumſtance, inſtruct me if *Liſander*
(16) Be in your Father's Houſe?
Ber. Upon my Knowledge

(15) ——— *if you love Virtue*
In danger not ſecure;———] Thus all the Copies, but whether right or wrong, the Reader muſt judge: To me the Place appears manifeſtly corrupt, and I am inclined to think it ought to run ſo,
———*if you love Virtue,*
In danger ought to ſuccour it.

(16) *Be in your Fathers Houſe?*] As *Beronte*'s Father does not appear once thro' the Play, it may well be ſuppoſed he is not among the Living, and ſo we ought to read (as Mr. *Seward* likewiſe obſerv'd) thus,
Be in your Brother's *Houſe*
But this I lay no great Streſs on, and the Reader may take his Choice.

He

He is not there.

Alc. I'm glad on't. Why, good Sir?
Without Offence I ſpeak it, there's no Place
In which he is more honour'd, or more ſafe,
Than with his Friend *Cleander.*

Alc. In your Votes
I grant it true, but as it now ſtands with him,
I can give reaſon to make Satisfaction
For what I ſpeak; you cannot but remember
The ancient Difference between *Liſander*
And *Cloridon*, a Man in Grace at Court.

Ber. I do; and the foul Plot of *Cloridon*'s Kinſmen
Upon *Liſander*'s Life, for a Fall given
To *Cloridon* 'fore the King, as they encountred
At a ſolemn Tilting. *Alc.* It is now reveng'd.
In brief a Challenge was brought to *Liſander*
By one *Chryſantes*; and as far as Valour
Would give him Leave, declin'd by bold *Liſander:*
But Peace refus'd, and Braves on Braves heap'd on him,
Alone he met the Oppoſites, ending the Quarrel
With both their Lives.

Ber. I'm truly ſorry for't.

Alc. The King incenſed for his Favourite's Death,
Hath ſet a Price upon *Liſander*'s Head,
As a Reward to any Man that brings it
Alive or dead; to gain this, every where
He is purſu'd, and laid for, and the Friendſhip
Between him and your noble Brother known,
His Houſe in reaſon cannot paſs unſearcht,
And that's the principal Cauſe that drew me hither,
To haſten his remove, if he had choſen
This Caſtle for his Sanctuary.

Ber. 'Twas done nobly,
And you moſt welcome; this Night pray you take
A Lodging with us; and at my Entreaty
Conceal this from my Brother, he is grown
Exceeding ſad of late; and the hard Fortune
Of one he values at ſo high a rate,
Will much increaſe his Melancholy.

Alc. I'm tutor'd:

Pray you lead the way.
Ber. To ſerve you, I will ſhew it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleander *with a Book.*

Cle. Nothing more certain than to die, but when
Is moſt uncertain: If ſo, every Hour
We ſhould prepare us for the Journey, which
Is not to be put off. I muſt ſubmit
To the divine Decree, not argue it,
And chearfully I welcome it: I have
Diſpos'd of my Eſtate, confeſs'd my Sins,
And have Remiſſion from my Ghoſtly Father,
(17) Being at Peace too here. The Apparition
Proceeded not from Fancy, *Dorilaus*
Saw it, and heard it with me; it made anſwer
To our Demands, and promis'd, if 'twere not
Deny'd to him by Fate, he would forewarn me
Of my approaching end. I feel no Symptom
Of Sickneſs; yet I know not how, a Dulneſs
Invadeth me all over. Ha!

Enter Hoſt.

Hoſt. I come, Sir,
To keep my Promiſe; and as far as Spirits
Are ſenſible of Sorrow for the Living,
I grieve to be the Meſſenger to tell you,
Ere many Hours paſs, you muſt reſolve
To fill a Grave.
Cle. And feaſt the Worms?
Hoſt. E'en ſo, Sir.
Cle. I hear it like a Man. *Hoſt.* It well becomes you,
There's no evading it. *Cle.* Can you diſcover
By whoſe Means I muſt die? *Hoſt.* That is deny'd me:

(17) *Being at Peace too* hear.——] This is wrong; while *Cleander* ſpeaks theſe Words, he lays his Hand upon his Breaſt, to ſignify that his Conſcience was at eaſe, and had nothing at all to reproach him with; we ſhould therefore read,

Being at Peace too here.——

Thus too reads Mr. *Seward*, and this Lection is confirmed by the *Folio* of 1647.

But

But my Prediction is too ſure; prepare
To make your Peace with Heav'n, ſo farewel, Sir. [*Exit.*
Cle. I ſee no En'my near; and yet I tremble
Like a pale Coward; my ſad Doom pronounc'd
By this aerial Voice, as in a Glaſs
Shews me my Death in its moſt dreadful Shape.
What Rampire can my human Frailty raiſe
Againſt th' Aſſault of Fate? I do begin
To fear myſelf, my inward Strengths forſake me,
I muſt call out for help. Within there! haſte
And break in to my Reſcue.

Enter Dorilaus, Caliſta, Olinda, Beronte, Alcidon, *Servants, and* Clarinda, *at ſeveral Doors.*

Dor. Reſcue? where?
Shew me your Danger. *Cal.* I will interpoſe
My Loyal Breaſt between you and all Hazard.
Ber. Your Brother's Sword ſecures you.
Alc. A true Friend will die in your Defence.
Cle. I thank ye,
To all my Thanks. Encompaſs'd thus with Friends
How can I fear? and yet I do: I'm wounded,
Mortally wounded; nay it is within,
I am hurt in my Mind: One Word——
Dor. A thouſand.
Cle. I ſhall not live to ſpeak ſo many to you.
Dor. Why? what forbids you?
Cle. But e'en now the Spirit
Of my dead Hoſt appear'd, and told me, that
This Night I ſhould be with him; Did you not meet it?
It went out at that Door.
Dor. A vain *Chimera*
Of your Imagination: Can you think
Mine Hoſt wou'd not as well have ſpoke to me now,
As he did in the Inn? Theſe waking Dreams,
Not alone trouble you, but ſtrike a ſtrange
Diſtraction in your Family. See the Tears
Of my poor Daughter, fair *Olinda*'s Sadneſs,
Your Brother's and your Friends grief, Servants ſorrow.
Good Son bear up, you've many Years to live

A Comfort to us all; let's in to Supper;
Ghoſts never walk 'till after Midnight, if
I may believe my Grannam. We will waſh
Theſe Thoughts (18) away with Wine, ſpight of Hobgoblins.

Cle. You reprehend me juſtly; gentle Madam,
And all the reſt, forgive me; I'll endeavour
To be merry with you. *Dor.* That's well ſaid.

Ber. I have
Procur'd your Pardon. [*To Clarinda.*

Cal. Once more I receive you
Into my Service; but take ſpecial Care
You fall no further.

Clari. Never, Madam. Sir,
When you ſhall find fit time to call me to it, [*Aſide.*
I will make good what I have ſaid. *Ber.* 'Till when,
Upon your Life be ſilent. *Dor.* We will have
A Health unto *Liſander.*

Cle. His Name, Sir,
Somewhat revives me; but his Sight wou'd cure me.
However let's to Supper.

Olin. Would *Clarange*
And *Lidian* were here too, as they ſhou'd be,
If Wiſhes cou'd prevail.

Cal. They are fruitleſs, Madam. [*Exit.*

Enter Leon.

Leon. If that Report ſpeak Truth, *Clarinda* is
Diſcharg'd her Lady's Service, and what Burden
I then have drawn upon me is apparent;
The Crop ſhe reapt from her Attendance was
Her beſt Revenue, and my principal Means
Clarinda's Bounty, though I labour'd hard for't,
A younger Brother's Fortune. Muſt I now
Have ſow'r Sawce, after ſweet Meats? and be driven
To levy half a Crown a Week, beſides
Clouts, Sope, and Candles, for my Heir apparent,

(18) ——*away with Wine,* in *ſpight of*——] So Vulg. The Text is from the Copy of 1647.

If

If ſhe prove, as ſhe ſwears ſhe is, with Child;
Such as live this way, find like me, though wenching
Hath a fair Face, there's a Dragon in the Tail of't,
That ſtings to th' quick. I muſt skulk here, untill
I am reſolv'd: How my Heart pants between
My Hopes and Fears! She's come; are we i' th' Port?
If not, let's ſink together.

Enter Clarinda.

Clari. Things go better
Than you deſerve; you carry things ſo openly,
I muſt bear ev'ry way; I am once more
In my Lady's Grace. *Leon.* And I in yours.
Clari. It may be;
But I have ſworn unto my Lady never
To ſin again.
Leon. To be ſurpriz'd—— the ſin
Is in itſelf excuſable; to be taken
Is a Crime, as th' Poet writes.
Clari. You know my Weakneſs,
And that makes you ſo confident. You've got
A fair Sword; was it not *Liſander's?*
Leon. Yes, Wench,
And I grown valiant by the wearing of it:
It hath been th' Death of two. With this *Liſander*
Slew *Cloridon*, and *Chryſanthes*. I took it up,
Broken i' th' Handle, but that is reform'd,
And now in my Poſſeſſion; the late Maſter
Dares never come to challenge it: This Sword,
And all the Weapons that I have, are ever
Devoted to thy Service: Shall we bill?
I'm very gameſome.
Clari. I muſt firſt diſpoſe of
The Fool *Malfort*; he has ſmoak'd you, and is not,
But by ſome new Device, to be kept from me;
I have it here ſhall fit him: You know where
You muſt expect me, with all poſſible ſilence
Get thither.
Leon. You will follow?
Clari. Will I live?

She that is forfeited to Luſt muſt die,
That humour being un-fed; be gone, here comes [*Ex.* Leon.
My Champion in Armour.

Enter Malfort *in Armour.*

Mal. What Adventure
I'm bound upon I know not, but it is
My Miſtreſs' Pleaſure that I ſhould appear thus.
I may perhaps be terrible to others,
But as I am, I'm ſure my Shadow frights me;
The claſhing of my Armour in my Ears,
Sounds like a Paſſing-bell; and my Buckler puts me
In mind of a Bier; this my Broad-ſword, a Pick-axe
To dig my Grave: O Love! abominable Love!
What Monſters iſſue from thy diſmal Den,
Clarinda's Placket (19) which I muſt encounter,
Or never hope to enter.
Clari. Here's a Knight-Errant, Monſieur *Malfort.*
Mal. Stand, ſtand,
Or I'll fall for ye. *Clari.* Know ye not my Voice?
Mal. Yes, 'twas at that I trembl'd.
But were my falſe Friend *Leon* here———
Clari. 'Tis he.
Mal. Where? where?
Clari. He is not come yet.
Mal. 'Tis well for him,
I am ſo full of Wrath.
Clari. Or fear———This *Leon*,
Howe'er my Kinſman, hath abus'd you groſly,
And this Night vows to take me hence perforce,
And marry me t' another: 'Twas for this,
Preſuming on your Love, I did entreat you
To put your Armour on, that with more Safety
You might defend me.
Mal. And I'll do it bravely.
Cla. You muſt ſtand here to beat him off, and ſuffer
No human thing to paſs you, though 't appear

(19) ———what *I muſt encounter,*] The Text is from the firſt *Folio.*

In

In my Lord's ſhape, or Lady's: Be not cozen'd
With a diſguiſe. *Mal.* I have been fool'd already,
But now I'm wiſe. *Clari.* You muſt ſwear not to ſtir hence.
Mal. Upon theſe Lips.
Clari. Nor move until I call you.
Mal. I'll grow here rather.
Clari. This Night's Task well ended,
I am yours to Morrow. Keep ſure guard. [*Exit* Clari.
Mal. Adieu;
My Honey-comb, how ſweet thou art, did not
A Neſt of Hornets keep it; what Impoſſibilities
Love makes me undertake? I know myſelf
A natural Coward, and ſhould *Leon* come,
Though this were Cannon proof, I ſhould deliver
The Wench before he ask'd her. I hear ſome footing;
'Tis he; where ſhall I hide myſelf? that is
My beſt Defence.

Enter Cleander.

Cle. I cannot ſleep, ſtrange Viſions
Make this poor Life, I fear'd of late to loſe,
A Toy that I grow weary of.
Mal. 'Tis *Leon.*
Cle. What's that?
Mal. If you are come, Sir, for *Clarinda,*
I'm glad I have her for you; I reſign
My Intereſt, you'll find her in her Chamber,
I did ſtay up to tell you ſo. *Cle. Clarinda*
And *Leon!* There is ſomething more in this
Than I can ſtay to ask. [*Exit.*
Mal. What a cold pickle,
And that none of the ſweeteſt, do I find
My poor ſelf in!
Cle. [*Speaks within.*] Yield, Villain,

Enter Clarinda *and* Leon *running,* Cleander *following.*

Clari. 'Tis my Lord,
Shift for yourſelf. *Leon.* His Life, Shall firſt make anſwer

For

For this Intruſion. [*Kills* Cleander.
Mal. I am going away,
I'm gone already [*Falls in a Swoon.*
Cle. Heav'n take Mercy on
My Soul; too true preſaging Hoſt.
Clari. He's dead,
And this Wretch little better: Do you ſtare
Upon your Handy-work? *Leon.* I am amaz'd.
Clari. Get o'er the Garden Wall, fly for your Life,
But leave your Sword behind; enquire not why:
I'll faſhion ſomething out of it, though I periſh,
Shall make way for Revenge.
Leon. Theſe are the Fruits
Of Luſt, *Clarinda.*
Clari. Hence, repenting Milk-ſop. [*Exit* Leon.
Now 'tis too late. *Liſander*'s Sword, ay, that,
[*Puts the Sword in* Malfort's *Hand.*
That is the Baſe I'll build on. So, I'll raiſe
The Houſe. Help! Murder, a moſt horrid Murder.
Monſieur *Beronte*, noble *Dorilaus*,
All buried in ſleep? Ay me, a Murder!
A moſt unheard of Murder!

Enter Dorilaus *as from Bed.*

Dor. More Lights, Knaves;
Beronte, *Alcidon*; more Lights.

Enter Beronte, Alcidon, *and Servants with Lights.*

Clari. By this
I ſee too much. *Dor.* My Son *Cleander* bathing
In his own Gore. The Devil to tell Truth i' th'
Shape of an Hoſt! *Ber.* My Brother?
Mal. I have been
I' th' other World, in Hell I think, theſe Devils
With Fire-brands in their Paws ſent to torment me,
(Though I ne'er did the Deed,) for my lewd purpoſe
To be a Whore-maſter. *Dor.* Who's that? *Alc.* 'Tis one in
Armour. A bloody Sword in 's Hand.
Dor. Sans queſtion

The

The Murderer. *Mal.* Who I? you do me wrong,
I never had the Heart to kill a Chicken;
Nor do I know this Sword.
Alc. I do, too well.
Ber. I've ſeen *Liſander* wear it.
Clari. This confirms
What Yeſter-night I whiſper'd: Let it work,
The Circumſtance may make it good. *Mal.* My Lord?
And I his Murderer?
Ber. Drag the Villain hence.
The Rack ſhall force a free Confeſſion from him.
Mal. I am ſtruck dumb; you need not ſtop my Mouth.
Ber. Away with him. [*Exit with* Mal.

Enter Caliſta *and* Olinda.

Cal. Where is my Lord?
Dor. All that
Remains of him lies there: Look on this Object,
And then turn Marble.
Cal. I am ſo already,
Made fit to be his Monument: But wherefore
Do you, that have both Life and Motion left you,
Stand ſad Spectators of his Death, and not
Bring forth his Murderer? *Ber.* That lies in you:
You muſt, and ſhall produce him. *Dor.* She, *Beronte?*
Ber. None elſe.
Dor. Thou ly'ſt, I'll prove it on thy Head,
Or write it on thy Heart.
Alc. Forbear, there is
Too much Blood ſhed already.
Ber. Let not Choler
Stifle your Judgment: Many an honeſt Father
Hath got a wicked Daughter. If I prove not
With evident Proofs, her Hand was in the Blood
Of my dear Brother, too good a Husband for her,
Give your Revenge the Reins, and ſpur it forward.
Dor. If any Circumſtance but ſhew her guilty,
I'll ſtrike the firſt Stroke at her.
Ber. Let me
Ask a queſtion calmly. Do you know this Sword?

Have

Have you not ſeen *Liſander* often wear it?
Dor. The ſame with which he reſcued me. *Cal.* I do,
What Inference from this to make me guilty?
Ber. Was he not with you in the Houſe to Night?
Cal. No, on my Soul.
Ber. Nor ever heretofore
In private with you, when you feign'd a Sickneſs,
To keep your Husband abſent? *Cal.* Never, Sir,
To a diſhoneſt End. *Ber.* Was not this Woman
Your Inſtrument? Her Silence does confeſs it.
Here lies *Cleander* dead, and here the Sword
Of falſe *Liſander*, too long cover'd with
A Maſque of ſeeming Truth.
Dor. And is this all
The Proof ye can alledge? *Liſander* guilty,
Or my poor Daughter an Adultereſs?
Suppoſe that ſhe had chang'd Diſcourſe with one
To whom ſhe ow'd much more? *Cal.* Thou haſt thy ends,
Wicked *Clarinda.* [*She falls.*
Olin. Help, the Lady ſinks,
Malice hath kill'd her. *Dor.* I wou'd have her live,
Since I dare ſwear ſhe's innocent: 'Tis no Time
Or Place to argue now; this Cauſe muſt be
Decided by the Judge; and though a Father,
I will deliver her into the Hands
Of Juſtice: If ſhe prove true Gold when try'd,
She's mine; if not, with Curſes I'll diſclaim her:
Take up your part of Sorrow, mine ſhall be
Ready to anſwer with her Life the Fact
That ſhe is charg'd with. *Ber.* Sir, I look upon you
As on a Father. *Dor.* With the Eyes of Sorrow
(20) I ſee you as a Brother: Let your Witneſſes
Be ready.
Ber. 'Tis my care.

(20) *I ſee you as a* Brother:———] *i. e. As a Partaker in Sorrow,* if the Place is right: Otherwiſe to make an *Antitheſis*, it ought to be,
I ſee you as a Son.
Beronte having before led the way by ſaying,
I look upon you as a Father.

Alc.

Alc. I am for *Lydian.*
This Accident no doubt will draw him from
His Hermit's Life.
Clari. Things yet go right; perſiſt, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Liſander, *and* Lancelot.

Liſ. Are th' Horſes dead?
Lan. Out-right. If you ride at this rate,
You muſt reſolve to kill your two a day,
And that's a large proportion.
Liſ. Will you pleaſe
At any Price, and ſpeedily, to get freſh ones.
You know my Danger, and the Penalty
That follows it, ſhou'd I be apprehended:
Your Duty in obeying my Commands,
Will in a better Language ſpeak your Service,
Than your unneceſſary and untimely Care
Of my Expence. *Lan.* I'm gone, Sir. [*Exit.*
Liſ. In this Thicket
I will expect you. Here yet I have leiſure
To call myſelf unto a ſtrict Account
For my paſs'd Life, how vainly ſpent: I wou'd
I ſtood no farther guilty: But I have
A heavier reckoning to make. This Hand,
Of late as white as Innocence, and unſpotted,
Now wears a purple Colour, dy'd in Gore;
My Soul of the ſame Tincture; purblind Paſſion,
With flatt'ring Hopes, wou'd keep me from Deſpair,
Pleading I was provok'd to't; but my Reaſon
Breaking ſuch thin and weak Defences, tells me
I've done a double Murder; and for what?
Was it in ſervice of the King? His Edicts
Command the contrary: Or for my Country?
Her *Genius*, like a mourning Mother, anſwers
In *Cloridon* and *Chryſanthes* ſhe hath loſt
Two hopeful Sons, that might have done their Parts,
To guard her from Invaſion. For what Cauſe then?
To keep th' Opinion of my Valour upright
I' th' popular Breath? a ſandy Ground to build on;
Bought with the King's Diſpleaſure; as the breach

Of

Of Heav'ns Decrees, the loſs of my true Comforts,
In Parents, Kinſmen, Friends; as the Fruition
Of all that I was born to, and that ſits
Like to a Hill of Lead here, in my Exile,
(Never to be repeal'd, if I eſcape ſo)
I have cut off all Hopes ever to look on

Enter Lidian, *like a Hermite.*

Divine *Caliſta*, from her ſight and converſe
For ever baniſh'd.

Lid. I ſhou'd know this Voice.
His naming too my Siſter, whom *Liſander*
Honour'd, but in a noble Way, aſſures me
That it can be no other: I ſtand bound
To comfort any Man I find diſtreſs'd;
But to aid him that ſav'd my Life, Religion
And Thankfulneſs, commands; and it may be
High Providence for this good end hath brought him
Into my ſolitary Walk. *Liſander!*
Noble *Liſander!* *Lif.* Whatſoe'er thou art,
That honourable Attribute thou giv'ſt me,
I can pretend no right to. Come not near me,
I am infectious, the Sanctity
Of thy Profeſſion (for thou appear'ſt
A Rev'rend *Hermite*) if thou fly not from me,
As from the Plague or Leproſy, can't keep thee
From being polluted.

Lid. With good Counſel, Sir,
And holy Prayers to boot, I may cure you,
Though both ways ſo infected. You look wildly,
(Peace to your Conſcience,) Sir, and ſtare upon me,
As if you never ſaw me: Hath my Habit
Alter'd my Face ſo much, that yet you know not
Your Servant *Lidian?*

Lif. I am amaz'd:——
So Young, and ſo Religious? *Lid.* I purpoſe,
Heav'n make me thankful for't, to leave the World:
I've made ſome trial of my Strengths in this
My ſolitary Life; and yet I find not
A Faintneſs to go on. *Lif.* Above belief;

Do you inhabit here? *Lid.* Mine own free choice, Sir:
I live here poorly, but contentedly,
Becauſe I find enough to feed my Fortunes;
Indeed too much: Theſe wild Fields are my Gardens,
The Cryſtal Rivers they afford their Waters,
And grudge not their ſweet Streams to quench Afflictions;
The hollow Rocks their Beds, which though they're hard,
(The Emblems of a doting Lover's Fortune)
Yet they are quiet; and the weary Slumbers
The Eyes catch there, ſofter than Beds of Down, Friend;
The Birds my Bell to call me to Devotions;
My Book the Story of my wandring Life,
In which I find more Hours due to Repentance
Than Time hath told me yet.

Liſ. Anſwer me truly.

Lid. I will do that without a Conjuration.

Liſ. I' th' depth of Meditation, do you not
Sometimes think of *Olinda?*

Lid. I endeavour
To raze her from my Mem'ry, as I wiſh
You wou'd do the whole Sex; for know, *Liſander*,
The greateſt Curſe brave Man can labour under,
Is the ſtrong Witch-craft of a Woman's Eyes;
Where I find Men I preach this Doctrine to 'em:
As you're a Scholar, Knowledge make your Miſtreſs,
(21) The hidden Beauties of the Heav'ns your Study;
There ſhall you find fit wonder for your Faith,
And for your Eye inimitable Objects:
As your're a profeſs'd Soldier, court your Honour,
Though ſhe be ſtern, ſhe's honeſt, a brave Miſtreſs;
The greater Danger you oppoſe to win her,
She ſhews the ſweeter, and rewards the nobler;
Womens beſt loves to hers mere Shadows be,
For after Death ſhe weds your Memory.
Theſe are my Contemplations.

Liſ. Heav'nly ones;
And in a young Man more remarkable.
But wherefore do I envy, and not tread in

(21) *The* hidden *Beauties*——] *Hidden i. e.* unobſerv'd before.

This bleſſed Tract? Here's in the Heart no falſhood
To a vow'd Friend, no Quarrels ſeconded
With Challenges, which anſwer'd in defence
Of the word Reputation, Murder follows.
A Man may here repent his Sins, and though
His Hand like mine be ſtain'd in Blood, it may be
With Penitence and true Contrition waſh'd off;
You've prov'd it, *Lidian?* *Lid.* And you'll find it true,
If you perſevere. *Liſ.* Here then ends my Flight,
And here the Fury of the King ſhall find me
Prepar'd for Heav'n, if I am mark'd to die
For that I truly grieve for.

Enter Friar, *and* Clarangè *in Friars Habit.*

Fri. Keep yourſelf
Conceal'd, I am inſtructed. *Clari.* How the ſight
Of my dear Friend confirms me!
Liſ. What are theſe?
Lid. Two reverend Friars, one I know.
Fri. To you
This Journey is devoted.
Lid. Welcome Father.
Fri. I know your Reſolution's ſo well grounded,
And your adieu unto the World's ſo conſtant,
That though I am the unwilling Meſſenger
Of a ſtrange accident to try your Temper,
It cannot ſhake you. You had once a Friend,
A noble Friend, *Clarangè.*
Lid. And have ſtill,
I hope; good Father. *Fri.* Your falſe Hopes deceive you,
He's Dead.
Liſ. *Clarangè* Dead?
Fri. I buried him.
Some ſaid he died of Melancholy, ſome of Love,
And of that Fondneſs periſh'd.
Lid. O *Clarangè.*
Clara. Haſt thou ſo much brave Nature, noble *Lidian,*
So tenderly to love thy Rival's Memory?
The bold *Liſander* weeps too. *Fri.* I expected

That

That you would bear this better.
Lid. I'm a Man, Sir,
And my great loſs weigh'd duly——
Fri. His laſt Words were,
After Confeſſion, live long, dear *Lidian*,
Poſſeſt of all thy Wiſhes. And of me
He did deſire, bathing my Hand with Tears,
That with my beſt Care, I ſhould ſeek and find you,
And from his dying Mouth prevail ſo with you,
That you a while ſhould leave your Hermits ſtrictneſs,
And on his Monument pay a Tear, or two,
To witneſs how you lov'd him. *Lid.* O my Heart!
To witneſs how I lov'd him? Wou'd he had not
Led me unto his Grave, but ſacrific'd
His Sorrows unto mine: He was my Friend,
My noble Friend, I will bewail his Aſhes,
His Fortunes and poor mine were born together,
And I will weep 'em both: I will kneel by him,
And on his hallow'd Earth do my laſt Duties.
I'll gather all the pride of Spring to deck him;
Wood-bines ſhall grow upon his honour'd Grave,
And, as they proſper, claſp to ſhew our Friendſhip,
And when they wither I'll die too.
Cla. Who wou'd not
Deſire to die, to be bewail'd thus nobly?
Fri. There is a Legacy he hath bequeath'd you;
But of what value I muſt not diſcover,
Until thoſe Rites and pious Ceremonies
Are duly tender'd. *Lid.* I'm too full of Sorrow
To be inquiſitive. *Liſ.* To think of his,
I do forget mine own Woes.

Enter Alcidon.

Alc. Graze thy fill, now
Thou'ſt done thy buſineſs; ha? Who have we here?
Liſander, *Lidian?* and two Rev'rend Friars?
What a ſtrange Scene of Sorrow is expreſt
In different Poſtures, in their Looks and Station!
A common Painter eying theſe, to help

His dull Invention, (22) might draw to the Life
The living Sons of *Priam*, as they ſtood
On the pale Walls of *Troy*, when *Hector* fell
Under *Achilles'* Spear. I come too late,
My Horſe, though good and ſtrong, mov'd like a Tortoiſe:
Ill News had Wings, and hath got here before me.
All *Pythagoreans?* Not a Word?
Lid. O *Alcidon!* ———
Deep Rivers with ſoft murmurs, glide along
The ſhallow roar. *Clarangè!* *Liſ.* *Cloridon!*
Chryſanthes! Spare my Grief, and apprehend
What I ſhould ſpeak
Alc. Their Fates I have long ſince
For your ſake mourn'd; *Clarange's* Death, for ſo
Your ſilence doth confirm, till now I heard not:
Are theſe the Bounds that are preſcrib'd unto
The ſwelling Seas of Sorrow?
Liſ. (22) The Bounds, *Alcidon?*
Can all the Winds of Miſchief from all Quarters,
(*Euphrates*, *Ganges*, *Tigris*, *Volga*, *Po*,
Paying at once their Tribute to this Ocean,)
Make

(22) ———*might draw to the Life*
The living Sons of Priam, *as they ſtood*
On the pale Walls *of* Troy——] A Writer leſs acquainted with the *Claſſicks*, or leſs heated with poetick Fire than our Poet here, would not have dar'd to expreſs himſelf in this bold manner: His groveling Muſe would only have aimed at Correctneſs, without ſoaring to Sublimity, and what is noble in the preſent Line would have been melted down into good Senſe, tho' very bad Poetry thus.
———*as they ſtood*
Pale on *the Walls of* Troy——
The giving of Life to inanimate Subſtances, with the farther Addition of Paſſions, is peculiar to Poetry, and when well expreſſed (as here) excites in the Soul of any Perſon capable of reliſhing it an inexpreſſible Pleaſure.

(23) *The Bounds*, Alcidon?
Can all the Winds *of Miſchief from all Quarters*,
Euphrates, *Ganges*, &c.——] The whole Metaphor, before and after *Winds*, in this Place, moſt evidently requires a Word, that ſignifieth *Waters*; but the Expreſſion *from all Quarters* being only attended to by the Tranſcriber, he probably put *Winds* inſtead of *Waves*, or *Floods*; the latter is the beſt Word, and I believe the true one. Mr. *Seward.*

Mr.

Make it ſwell higher? I'm a Murderer,
Baniſh'd, proſcrib'd; is there aught elſe that can
Be added to it?
Lid. I have loſt a Friend,
Priz'd dearer than my Being, and he dead,
My Miſery at th' height, contemn the worſt
Of Fortune's Malice.
Alc. How our human Weakneſs,
Grown deſperate from ſmall Diſaſters, makes us
Imagine them a Period to our Sorrows,
When the firſt Syllable of greater Woes
Is not yet written. *Lid.* How?
Liſ. Speak it at large,
Since Grief muſt break my Heart, I am ambitious
It ſhould be exquiſite.
Alc. It muſt be told,
Yet e'er you hear it, with all care put on
The ſureſt Armour anvil'd in the Shop
Of paſſive Fortitude; the good *Cleander*,
Your Friend, is murder'd.
Liſ. 'Tis a terrible Pang,
And yet it will not do; I live yet; act not
The Tort'rer's Part: If that there be a Blow
Beyond this, give it, and at once diſpatch me.
Alc. Your Sword, dy'd in his Heart's Blood, was found
near him;

Mr. *Seward*'s Note on this Paſſage is very ingenious, but I am not certain that 'tis true: For by reading thus, *i. e. Floods* for *Winds*, inſtead of carrying on the Metaphor you deſtroy it, or rather by reading *Waves* or *Floods* for *Winds* you do indeed preſerve one Figure, but deſtroy another; for if we conſider the Paſſage nicely it will appear, that both *Winds* and *Waters* were deſignedly mentioned by the Poet, in order to ſwell his Sea of Sorrow higher: The Senſe of the Place in my Opinion is this: Can all the Winds of Miſchief blowing from all Quarters, can even the Waters of the greateſt Rivers, viz. *Euphrates*, *Ganges*, &c. that diſembogue themſelves from all Parts of the World into this Ocean of Sorrow, make it ſwell higher? By asking theſe Queſtions he plainly implies they could not; I have therefore not altered the Text but only put,

Euphrates, Ganges, Tigris, Volga, Po,
Paying at once their Tribute to this Ocean,

in a Parentheſis, and it makes the whole eaſy.

Your private Conference at midnight urg'd
With fair *Caliſta*; which by her, whoſe pure Truth
Would never learn to tell a Lye, being granted,
She by enrag'd *Beronte* is accus'd
Of Murder and Adultery, and you
(However I dare ſwear it falſe) concluded
Her principal Agent.
Lid. Wave upon Wave rolls o'er me.
My Siſter? My dear Siſter?
Clara. Hold, great Heart.
Fri. Tear ope' his Doublet.
Lif. Is this Wound too narrow
For my Life to get out at? Bring me to
A Cannon loaded, and ſome pitying Friend
Give Fire unto it, while I nail my Breaſt
Unto his thundring Mouth, that in the inſtant
I may be piece-meal torn, and blown ſo far,
As not one Joint of my diſmembred Limbs
May ever be, by ſearch of Man, found out.
Cleander! Yet why name I him? However
His fall deſerv'd an Earth-quake, if compar'd
With what true Honour in *Caliſta* ſuffers,
Is of no moment. My good Angel keep me
From Blaſphemy, and ſtrike me dumb, before,
In th' agony of my Spirit, I do accuſe
The Pow'rs above, for their unjuſt Permiſſion
Of Virtue, innocent Virtue, to be branded
With the leaſt vitious Mark. *Clara.* I never ſaw
A Man ſo far tranſported. *Alc.* Give it way,
'Tis now no time to ſtop it.

Enter Lancelot.

Lan. Sir, I've bought
Freſh Horſes; and as you reſpect your Life
Speedily back 'em; th' Archers of the King's Guard
Are every where in queſt of you.
Lif. My Life?
Periſh all ſuch with thee that wiſh it longer:
[*Strikes* Lancelot.
Let it but clear *Caliſta*'s Innocence,

And

And *Neſtor*'s Age to mine was Youth; I'll fly
To meet the Rage of my incenſed King,
And wiſh his Favourite's Ghoſt appear'd in Flames,
To urge him to Revenge; let all the Tortures
That Tyranny e'er found out circle me,
Provided Juſtice ſet *Caliſta* free.
Alc. I'll follow him.
[*Exeunt* Liſander, Alcidon, *and* Lancelot.
Lid. I'm rooted here. *Fri.* Remember
Your dear Friend's laſt Requeſt, your Siſter's Dangers,
With th' Aids that you may lend her.
Lid. Pray you ſupport me,
My Legs deny their Office.
Clara. I grow ſtill
Farther engag'd unto his matchleſs Virtues,
And I am dead indeed, until I pay
The Debt I owe him in a noble way. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Dorilaus *and Servants.*

Dor. THOU haſt him ſafe?
Serv. As faſt as Locks can make him:
He muſt break through three Doors, and cut the Throats
Of ten tall Fellows, if that he eſcape us:
Beſides, as far as I can apprehend,
He hath (24) no ſuch Intention, for his Looks,
Are full of Penitence.
Dor. Truſt not a Knave's Looks
They are like a Whore's Oaths.
How does my poor Daughter
Brook her Reſtraint?
Serv. With ſuch a Reſolution
As well becomes your Lordſhip's Child. [*Knock within.*
Dor. Who's that?

(24) ——*no ſuch* Invention——] Mr. *Seward* concurr'd with me in the preſent Alteration.

Enter Lemure.

Serv. Monſieur *Lemure.*
Dor. This is a ſpecial Favour,
And may ſtand an Example in the Court
For Courteſie: It is the Client's Duty
To wait upon his Patron; you prevent me,
That am your humble Suitor.
Lem. My near Place
About the King, though it ſwell others, cannot
Make me forget your Worth and Age, which may
Challenge much more Reſpect; and I am ſorry
That my Endeavours for you, have not met with
The good Succeſs I wiſh'd; I mov'd the King
With my beſt Advantage, both of Time and Place,
I' th' Favour of your Daughter. *Dor.* How d' you find
His Majeſty affected? *Lem.* Not to be
Sway'd from the Rigour of the Law; yet ſo far
The rarity o' th' Cauſe hath won upon him,
That he reſolves to have in his own Perſon
The hearing of't; her Trial will be noble,
And to my utmoſt Strength, where I may ſerve her,
My Aids ſhall not be wanting.
Dor. I'm your Servant.
Lem. One Word more: If you love *Liſander*'s Life,
Adviſe him, as he tenders it, to keep
Out of the Way; if he be apprehended,
This City cannot ranſom him; ſo good morrow. [*Exit.*
Dor. All Happineſs attend you; go thy ways,
Thou haſt a clear and noble Soul. For thy ſake
I'll hold that Man mine En'my, who dares mutter
The Court is not the Sphere where Virtue moves,
Humanity and Nobleneſs waiting on her.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Two Gentlemen (but what they are I know not,
Their Faces are ſo muffled) preſs to ſee you,
And will not be deny'd. *Dor.* What e'er they are,
I am too old to fear. *Serv.* They need no Uſher,
They make their own way.

Enter

Enter Liſander *and* Alcidon.

Dor. Take you yours. *Liſander!* [*Exit Servant.*
My Joy to ſee you, and my Sorrow for
The Danger you are in, contend ſo here,
(Though different Paſſions, nay oppos'd in Nature,)
I know not which to entertain. *Lif.* Your hate
Should win the Victory from both; with Juſtice
You may look on me as a Homicide,
A Man whoſe Life is forfeited to th' Law,
But if, howe'er I ſtand accus'd, in Thought
I ſinn'd againſt *Cleander*'s Life, or live
Guilty of the Diſhonour of your Daughter,
May all the Miſ'ries that can fall on Man
Here, or hereafter, circle me. *Dor.* To me
This Proteſtation's uſeleſs; I embrace you,
As the Preſerver of my Life, the Man
To whom my Son owes his, with Life, his Honour:
And howſoever your Affection
To my unhappy Daughter, though it were,
(For I have ſifted her,) in a noble way,
Hath printed ſome Taint on her Fame, and brought
Her Life in Queſtion; yet I would not purchaſe
The wiſh'd Recovery of her Reputation,
With ſtrong Aſſurance of her Innocence
Before the King her Judge, with certain Loſs
Of my *Liſander*, for (25) whoſe Life, if found,
There's no Redemption; my exceſs of Love,
(Though to enjoy you one ſhort Day, would lengthen
My Life a Dozen Years) boldly commands me,
Upon my Knees, which yet were never bent
But to the King and Heav'n, to entreat you
To fly hence with all poſſible Speed, and leave
Caliſta to her Fortune. *Lif.* O bleſs'd Saints,
Forſake her in Affliction? can you
Be ſo unnatural to your own Blood,
To one ſo well deſerving, as to value
My Safety before hers? Shall Innocence

(25) ——*for* whole *Life, if found,*] *Whoſe* is the right Reading, the other a manifeſt Error of the Preſs.

In

In her be branded, and my Guilt eſcape
Unpuniſh'd? Does ſhe ſuffer ſo much for me,
For me unworthy, and ſhall I decline,
Eating the bitter Bread of Baniſhment,
The courſe of Juſtice to draw out a Life?
A Life? I ſtile it falſe, a living Death,
Which, being uncompell'd laid down, will clear her,
And write her Name anew in the fair Legend
Of the beſt Women. Seek not to diſſuade me.
I will not, like a careleſs Poet, ſpoil
The laſt Act of my Play, 'till now applauded,
By giving th' World juſt Cauſe to ſay I fear'd
Death, more than loſs of Honour. *Dor.* But ſuppoſe
Heav'n hath deſign'd ſome other ſaving means
For her Deliv'rance? *Liſ.* Other Means? That is
A Miſchief above all I have groan'd under:
Shall any other pay my Debt, while I
Write myſelf Bankrupt? Or *Caliſta* owe
The leaſt Beholdingneſs for that which ſhe,
On all the Bonds of Gratitude I've ſeal'd to,
May challenge from me to be freely tender'd?
Avert it Mercy! I'll go to my Grave,
Without the Curſes of my Creditors;
I'll vindicate her fair Name, and ſo cancel
My Obligation to her; to the King,
To whom I ſtand accountable for the loſs
Of two of his lov'd Subjects Lives, I'll offer
Mine own in Satisfaction; to Heav'n
I'll pay my true Repentance; to the Times
Preſent, and future, I'll be regiſtred
A memorable Precedent t' admoniſh
Others, however valiant, not to truſt
To their Abilities to dare and do;
And much leſs for the airy Words of Honour,
And falſe ſtamp'd Reputation, to ſhake off
The Chains of their Religion, and Allegiance,
The principal Means (26) appointed to prefer
Societies and Kingdoms. [*Exit.*

(26) ——*appointed to* preſer *Societies*, &c.——] As this Reading is common to all the Copies,

Dor. Let's not leave him;
His Mind's much troubled.
Alc. Were your Daughter free,
(Since from her Dangers his Diſtraction riſes,)
His Cauſe is not ſo deſp'rate for the Slaughter
Of *Cloridon* and *Chryſanthes*, but it may
Find Paſſage to the Mercy of the King,
The Motives urg'd in his Defence, that forc'd him
To act that bloody Scene.
Dor. Heav'n can ſend Aids,
When they are leaſt expected; let us walk,
The Hour of Trial draws near.
Alc. May it end well. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Olinda, *and* Lidian.

Olin. That for my Love you ſhould turn Hermit, *Lidian*,
As much amazes me, as your Report
Clarange's dead. *Lid.* He is ſo, and all Comforts
My Youth can hope for, Madam, with him buried;
Nor had I ever left my Cell, but that
He did injoin me at his Death to ſhed
Some Tears of Friendſhip on his Monument,
And thoſe laſt Rites perform'd, he did bequeath you,
As the beſt Legacy a Friend cou'd give,
Or I indeed could wiſh, to my Embraces.
Olin. 'Tis ſtill more ſtrange, is there no foul Play in it?
I muſt confeſs I am not ſorry, Sir,
For your fair Fortune; yet 'tis fit I grieve
The moſt untimely Death of ſuch a Gentleman;
He was my worthy Servant. *Lid.* And for this
Acknowledgment, if I cou'd prize you at
A higher Rate I ſhou'd; he was my Friend,
My deareſt Friend.
Olin. But how ſhou'd I b' aſſur'd, Sir,
(For ſlow Belief is the beſt Friend of Truth)
Of this Gentleman's Death? If I ſhou'd credit it,

Copies, and is certainly Senſe, I have not ventur'd to diſplace it; but probably (Mr. *Seward* likewiſe ſo conjecturing) we ought to read,

——— *appointed to* preſerve
Societies, &c.

And

And afterward it fall out contrary,
How am I ſham'd? How is your Virtue tainted?
Lid. There is a Friar that came along with me,
His Buſineſs to deliver you a Letter
From dead *Clarangè:* You ſhall hear his Teſtimony.
Father, my reverend Father; look upon him,
Such holy Men are Authors of no Fables.

Enter Clarange (*with a Letter writ out*) *and Friar.*

Olin. They ſhould not be, their Lives and their Opinion
Like brighteſt pureſt Flames, ſhou'd ſtill burn upwards.
To me, Sir? [*Delivers the Lett*
Clara. If you are the fair *Olinda*——
Fri. I do not like theſe croſs Points.
Clara. Give me leave,
I'm neareſt to myſelf. What I have plotted
Shall be purſu'd: You muſt not over-rule me.
Olin. D' you put the firſt Hand to your own Undoing
Play to betray your Game? Mark but this Letter.
Lady, I am come to claim your noble Promiſe, [Rea
If you be Miſtreſs of your Word, ye're mine,
I'm laſt return'd: Your Riddle is diſſolv'd,
And I attend your Faith. Your humble Servant, Clarang
Is this the Friar that ſaw him dead?
Lid. 'Tis he.
Clarangè, on my Life! I am defeated:
Such reverend Habits juggle? My true Sorrow
For a falſe Friend, not worth a Tear, derided?
Fri. You have abus'd my Truſt. *Olin.* It is not wel
Nor like a Gentleman. *Clara.* All Stratagems
In Love, and that's the ſharpeſt War, are lawful.
By your Example I did change my Habit,
Caught you in your own Toil, and triumph in it,
And what by Policy's got, I will maintain
With Valour; no *Liſander* ſhall come in
Again to fetch you off. *Lid* His honour'd Name,
Pronounc'd by ſuch a treacherous Tongue, is tainted.
Maintain thy Treaſon with thy Sword? With what
Contempt I hear it; in a Wilderneſs
I durſt encounter it, and would, but that

In my retired Hours, (not counterfeited
As thy religious Shape was,) I have learn'd
When Juſtice may determine, ſuch a Cauſe,
And of ſuch Weight as this fair Lady is,
Muſt not be put to Fortune. I appeal
Unto the King, and he whoſe Wiſdom knows
To do his Subjects right in their Eſtates,
As graciouſly with Judgment will determine
In Points of Honour.

Olin. I'll ſteer th' ſame Courſe with you.

Clara. I'll ſtand the Trial.

Fri. What have you done? Or what
Intend you?

Clara. Ask not; I'll come off with Honour.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Beronte, Clarinda, Malfort, *a Bar ſet forth, Officers.*

Ber. Be conſtant in your Proofs: Should you ſhrink back now,
Your Life muſt anſwer it, nor am I ſafe,
My Honour being engag'd to make that good
Which you affirm.

Clari. I'm confident, ſo dearly
I honour'd my dead Lord, that no reſpect,
Or of my Lady's Bounties (which were great ones
I muſt confeſs) nor of her former Life,
For while that ſhe was chaſte, indeed I lov'd her,
Shall hinder me from lending my Aſſiſtance
Unto your juſt Revenge——mine own I mean. [*Aſide.*
If *Leon* keep far off enough, all's ſecure:
Liſander dares not come in; modeſt Bluſhes
Parted with me long ſince, and Impudence
Arm'd with my Hate, unto her Innocence
Shall be the Weapon I will fight with now.

Ber. The Rack
Being preſented to you, you'll roar out
What you conceal yet.

Mal. Conceal? I know nothing
But that I ſhall be hang'd, and that I look for;
It is my Deſtiny, I ever had

A hanging Look; and a wiſe Woman told me,
Though I had not the Heart to do a Deed
Worthy the Halter, in my Youth or Age,
I ſhou'd take a turn with a wry Mouth, and now
'Tis come about: I have penn'd mine own Ballad
Before my Condemnation, in fear
Some Rhimer ſhould prevent me. Here's my Lady;
Wou'd I were in Heav'n, or a thouſand Miles hence,
That I might not bluſh to look on her.

Enter Dorilaus, Caliſta, *and* Olinda.

Dor. You
Behold this Preparation, and the Enemies
Who are to fight againſt your Life; yet if
You bring no Witneſs here, that may convince ye
Of breach of Faith to your Lord's Bed, and hold up
Unſpotted Hands before the King, this Trial
You are to undergo, will but refine,
And not conſume your Honour.

Cal. How confirm'd
I am here, whatſoever Fate falls on me,
You ſhall have ample Teſtimony; till the Death
Of my dear Lord, to whoſe ſad Memory
I pay a mourning Widow's Tears, I liv'd
Too happy in my Holyday Trim of Glory,
And (27) courted with Felicity; that drew on me,
With other helps of Nature, as of Fortune,
The Envy, not the Love, of moſt that knew me;
This made me to preſume too much, perhaps
Too proud, but I am humbled; and if now
I do make it apparent, I can bear
Adverſity with ſuch a conſtant Patience
As will ſet off my Innocence, I hope, Sir,
In your declining Age, when I ſhould live
A Comfort to you, you ſhall have no Cauſe,

(27) — courted *with Felicity*;—] The whole Senſe of the Paſſa calls manifeſtly for a Change of,

— courted *with Felicity*,—

Into

— ſported *with Felicity*.

Hov

Howe'er I ſtand accus'd, to hold your Honour
Ship-wreck'd in ſuch a Daughter. *Olin.* O beſt Friend,
My Honour's at the ſtake too, for—*Dor.* Be ſilent:
The King.

Enter King, Lemure, *and Attendants.*

Lem. Sir, if you pleaſe to look upon
The Priſ'ner, and the many Services
Her Father hath done for you——
King. We muſt look on
The Cauſe, and not the Perſons. Yet beholding,
With an impartial Eye, th' excelling Beauties
Of this fair Lady, (which we did believe
Upon Report, but till now never ſaw 'em,)
It moves a ſtrange kind of Compaſſion in me:
Let us ſurvey you nearer; ſhe's a Book
To be with care perus'd; and 'tis my wonder,
If ſuch miſhapen Gueſts, as Luſt and Murder,
At any Price ſhould ever find a Lodging
In ſuch a beauteous Inn! Miſtake us not,
Though we admire the outward Structure, if
The Rooms be foul within, expect no Favour.
I were no Man, if I cou'd look on Beauty
Diſtreſs'd, without ſome Pity; but no King,
If any ſuperficial Gloſs of Feature
Cou'd work me to decline the Courſe of Juſtice.
But to the Cauſe, *Cleander*'s Death, what Proofs
Can you produce againſt her? *Ber.* Royal Sir?
Touching that Point, my Brother's Death, we build
On Suppoſitions—— *King.* Suppoſitions? how?
Is ſuch a Lady, Sir, to be condemn'd
On Suppoſitions?
Ber. They're well-grounded, Sir;
And if we make it evident ſhe's guilty
Of the firſt Crime we charge her with, Adultery;
That being the Parent, it may find belief,
That Murder was the Iſſue.
King. We allow
It may be ſo; but that it may be, muſt not
Infer a neceſſary Conſequence

To

To caſt away a Lady's Life. What Witneſſes
To make this good?
Ber. The Principal, this Woman,
For many Years her Servant; ſhe hath taken
Her Oath in Court. Come forward. *King.* By my Crown,
A lying Face. *Clari.* I ſwore, Sir, for the King:
And if you are the Party, as I do
Believe you are, for you have a good Face,
However mine appears, ſwearing for you, Sir,
I ought to have my Oath paſs. *King.* Impudent too?
Well, what have you ſworn? *Clari.* That this Lady was
A goodly tempting Lady, as ſhe is:
How thinks your Majeſty? And I her Servant
Her Officer as one would ſay, and truſted
With her cloſeſt Chamber-ſervice; that *Liſander*
Was a fine-timber'd Gentleman, and active,
That he could do fine Gambols
To make a Lady merry; that this Pair,
A very loving Couple, mutually
Affected one another: So much for them, Sir.
That I, a ſimple Waiting-woman, having taken
My bodily Oath, the firſt Night of Admittance
Into her Ladyſhip's Service, on her Slippers,
(That was the Book) to ſerve her Will in all things,
And to know no Religion but her Pleaſure,
'Tis not yet out of faſhion with ſome Ladies;
That I, as th' Premiſes ſhew, being commanded
To do my Function, in Conveyance of
Liſander to her Chamber, (my Lord abſent
On a pretended Sickneſs) did the Feat,
(It cannot be deny'd) and at dead Midnight
Left 'em together: What they did, ſome here
Can eaſily imagine. I have ſaid, Sir.
Dor. The Devil's Oratrix. *King.* Then you confeſs
You were her Bawd?
Clari. That's coarſe; her Agent, Sir.
King. (28) So goody Agent? And you think there is

(28) *So* goody *Agent?*——] I can't forbear thinking but our Author wrote one Letter more here, and gave it,
So goodly *Agent.*——

No

No Puniſhment due for your Agentſhip?
Clari. Let her ſuffer firſt,
Being my better, for Adultery,
And I'll endure the Mulct impos'd on Bawds,
Call it by the worſt Name.
Cal. Live I to hear this?
King. Take her aſide. Your Anſwer to this, Lady?
Cal. Heav'n grant me Patience: To be thus confronted,
(O pardon, Royal Sir, a Woman's Paſſion)
By one, and this the worſt of my Misfortunes,
That was my Slave, but never to ſuch ends, Sir,
Wou'd give a Statue Motion into Fury:
Let my paſs'd Life, my Actions, nay Intentions,
Be by my grand Accuſer juſtly cenſur'd,
(For her I ſcorn to anſwer) and if they
Yield any probability of Truth
In that ſhe urges, then I will confeſs
A guilty Cauſe; the Peoples Voice, which is
The Voice of Truth, my Husband's Tenderneſs
In his Affection to me, that, no Dotage,
But a Reward of Humbleneſs, the Friendſhip
Echo'd through *France* between him and *Liſander*,
All make againſt her; for him, in his Abſence,
(Whatever Imputation it draw on me)
I muſt take leave to ſpeak: 'Tis true, he lov'd me,
But not in ſuch a wanton way, his Reaſon
Maſter'd his Paſſions: I grant I had
At Midnight Conf'rence with him; but if he
Ever receiv'd a farther Favour from me,
Than what a Siſter might give to a Brother,
May I ſink quick: And thus much, did he know
The Shame I ſuffer for him, with the loſs
Of his Life for appearing, on my Soul
He would maintain.

Enter Liſander, *and* Alcidon.

Lif. And will, thou clear Example
Of Womens Pureneſs.
King. Though we hold her ſuch,
Thou haſt expreſs'd thyſelf a deſp'rate Fool,

To thruſt thy Head into the Lion's Jaws,
The Juſtice of thy King.
Liſ. I came prepar'd for't,
And offer up a guilty Life to clear
Her Innocence; the Oath ſhe took, I ſwear to;
And for *Cleander*'s Death, to purge myſelf
From any Colour Malice can paint on me,
Or that ſhe had a Hand in't, I can prove
That fatal Night when he in's own Houſe fell,
And many Days before, I was diſtant from it
A long Day's Journey.
Clari. I am caught. [*Aſide.*
Ber. If ſo,
How came your Sword into this Steward's Hands?
Stand forth.
Mal. I have heard nothing (29) that you ſpake;
I know I muſt die, and what kind of Death
Pray you reſolve me, I ſhall go away elſe
In a Qualm; I'm very faint.

Enter Leon, *Servants and Guard.*

King. Carry him off,
His Fear will kill him. [*Exit with* Mal.
Dor. Sir, 'twas my Ambition,
My Daughter's Reputation being wounded
I'th' general Opinion, to have it
Cur'd by a publick Trial, I had elſe
Forborn your Majeſty's Trouble: I'll bring forth
Cleander's Murderer; in a Wood I heard him,
As I rode ſadly by, unto himſelf
With ſome Compunction, though this Devil had none,
Lament what he had done, curſing her Luſt,
That drew him to that bloody Fact.
Leon. To leſſen
The foulneſs of it, for which I know juſtly
I am to ſuffer; and with my laſt Breath
To free theſe Innocents, I do confeſs all;

(29) —— *that you* ſpeak;] The change of Tenſe is here certainly neceſſary, and the Copy of 1647 confirms it;
—— *that you* ſpake.

This

This wicked Woman's only guilty with me.
Clari. Is't come to this? thou puling Rogue, fie thou
With Pray'rs in thy Mouth; I'll curſe the Laws
By which I ſuffer; all I grieve for is
That I die unreveng'd.
Leon. But one Word more, Sir,
And I have done; I was by Accident where
Liſander met with *Cloridon* and *Chryſanthes*,
Was an Ear Witneſs when he fought for Peace,
Nay, begg'd it upon colder Terms than can
Almoſt find Credit, his paſt Deeds conſider'd;
But they, deaf to his Reaſons, fev'rally
Aſſaulted him, but ſuch was his good Fortune,
That both fell under it; upon my Death
I take it uncompell'd, that they were guilty
Of their own violent Ends; and he againſt
His Will, the Inſtrument. *Alc.* This I will ſwear too,
For I was not far off. *Dor.* They have alledg'd
As much to wake your ſleeping Mercy, Sir,
As all the Advocates of *France* can plead
In his Defence.
King. The criminal Judge ſhall ſentence
Theſe to their Merits——with mine own Hand, Lady,
I take you from the Bar, and do myſelf
Pronounce you innocent. [*Exeunt with* Leon, *and* Clarin.
All. Long live the King.
King. And to confirm you ſtand high in our Favour,
And as ſome Recompence for what you have
With too much Rigour in your Trial ſuffer'd;
Ask what you pleaſe, becoming me to grant,
And be poſſeſt of't.
Cal. Sir, I dare not doubt
Your Royal Promiſe, in a King it is
A ſtrong Aſſurance, that emboldens me
Upon my humble Knees to make my Boon
Liſander's Pardon. *Dor.* My good *Genius*
Did prompt her to it. *Lem.* At your Feet thus proſtrate,
I ſecond her Petition. *Alc.* Never King
Pour'd forth his Mercy on a worthier Subject.
Ber. To witneſs my Repentance, for the Wrong

In my unjuſt Suſpicion I did both,
I join in the ſame Suit.
Liſ. The Life you give,
Still ready, Sir, to lay down for your Service,
Shall be againſt your Enemies employ'd,
Not hazarded in Brawls.
All. Mercy, dread Sir.
King. So many preſſing me, and with ſuch Reaſons
Moving Compaſſion, I hope it will not
Be cenſur'd Levity in me, though I borrow
In this from Juſtice, to relieve my Mercy;
I grant his Pardon at your Interceſſion,
But ſtill on this Condition; you *Liſander*,
In expiation of your Guilt, ſhall build
A Monument for my *Cloridon* and *Cryſanthes*:
And never henceforth draw a Sword, but when
By us you are commanded, in defence of
The *Flower-de-Luce*; and after one Year's Sorrow
For your dear Friend *Cleander*'s wretched Fate,
Marry *Caliſta*.

Enter Lidian.

Liſ. On your ſacred Hand,
I vow to do it ſeriouſly.
Lid. Great Sir, ſtay,
Leave not your Seat of Juſtice, 'till you have
Giv'n Sentence in a Cauſe as much important
As this you have determined.
King. Lidian?

Enter Clarange *and Friar.*

Lid. He, Sir,
Your humbleſt Subject: I accuſe *Clarangè*
Of Falſhood in true Friendſhip at the height;
We both were Suitors to this Lady, both
Injoin'd one Penance.
Clara. Trouble not the King
With an unneceſſary Repetition,
Of what the Court's familiar with already.
King. Clarangè?

Dor.

Dor. With a ſhaven Crown?
Olin. Moſt ſtrange.
Clara. Look on thy Rival, your late Servant, Madam,
But now devoted to a better Miſtreſs,
The Church, whoſe Orders I have took upon me:
I here deliver up my Intereſt to her,
And what was got with Cunning as you thought,
I ſimply thus ſurrender: Heretofore
You did outſtrip me in the Race of Friendſhip,
I am your Equal now.
Dor. A Suit ſoon ended.
Clara. And joining thus your Hands, I know both willing,
I may do in the Church my Friar's Office
In marrying you.
Lid. The Victory is yours, Sir.
King. It is a glorious one, and well ſets off
Our Scene of Mercy; to the Dead we tender
Our Sorrow, to the Living ample Wiſhes
Of future Happineſs. 'Tis a King's Duty
To prove himſelf a Father to his Subjects;
And I ſhall hold it, if this well ſucceed,
A meritorious and praiſe-worthy Deed. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

STILL doubtful, and perplex'd too, whether he
Hath done Fletcher *right in this Hiſtory,*
The Poet ſits within; ſince he muſt know it,
He with Reſpect, deſires that you would ſhew it
By ſome accuſtom'd Sign; if from our Action
Or his Endeavours, you meet Satisfaction,
With ours he hath his Ends; we hope the beſt,
To make that Certainty in you doth reſt.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY

THE PILGRIM.

A

COMEDY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

GOVERNOR of Segovia.
Verdugo, *a Captain under him.*
Alphonſo, *an old angry Gentleman.*
Curio, Seberto, } *two Gentlemen, Friends to* Alphonſo.
Pedro, *the Pilgrim, a noble Gentleman, Servant to* Alinda.
An old Pilgrim.
Roderigo, *Rival to* Pedro, *Captain of the Outlaws.*
Lopes, Jaques, } *two Outlaws under* Roderigo.
A Gentleman of the Country.
Courtiers.
Porter.
Maſter and Keepers of the Mad Folks.
Three Gentlemen.
Four Peaſants.
A Scholar,
A Parſon,
An Engliſhman,
Jenkin a Welſhman, } *Madmen.*
Fool.

W O M E N.

Alinda, *Daughter to* Alphonſo, Pedro's *Lady.*
Juſetta, Alinda's *Maid, a witty Laſs.*
Ladies.

SCENE *SPAIN.*

THE

THE

PILGRIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, *and* Seberto.

CURIO.

SIGNIOR *Alphonſo*, ye're too rugged to her,
Believe't, too full of Harſhneſs.
Alph. Yes it ſeems ſo.
Seb. A Father of ſo ſweet a Child, ſo happy,
(Fie Sir,) ſo excellent in all Endowments,
In bleſſedneſs of Beauty, ſuch a Mirror.
Alph. She is a Fool, away.
Seb. Can ye be angry?
Can any Wind blow rough, upon a Bloſſom
So fair and tender? Can a Father's Nature,
A noble Father's too?
Alph. All this is but prating:
Let her be rul'd; let her obſerve my Humour;
With my Eyes let her ſee; with my Ears liſten;
I am her Father: I begot her, bred her,
And I will make her———
Cur. No doubt ye may compel her,
But what a miſchievous, unhappy Fortune
May wait upon this Will of yours; as commonly
Such Forcings ever end, in Hates and Ruins.

Alph.

Alph. Is't not a Man I wish her to? A ſtrong Man?
What can ſhe have? What wou'd ſhe have? A Gentleman?
A young Man? and an able Man? a rich Man?
A handſome Man? a valiant Man? d'you mark me?
None of your piec'd-Companions, your pin'd Gallants,
That fly to Fitters, with ev'ry Flaw of Weather:
None of your impt Bravadoes: What can ſhe ask more?
Is't not a metal'd Man fit for a Woman?
A ſtrong-chin'd Man? I'll not be fool'd, nor flurted.

Seb. I grant ye *Roderigo* is all theſe,
And a brave Gentleman: Muſt it therefore follow
Upon Neceſſity ſhe muſt doat on him?
Will ye allow no Liberty in chuſing?

Cur. Alas! ſhe's tender yet.

Alph. Enough, enough, enough, Sir;
She's malleable, ſhe'll endure the Hammer;
And why not that ſtrong Workman that ſtrikes deepeſt?
Let me know that: ſhe's fifteen, with the vantage,
And if ſhe be not ready now for Marriage——

Seb. You know he is a baniſh'd Man, an Outlaw,
And how he lives; his Nature rough, and bloody
By cuſtomary Rapines: now, her ſweet Humour,
That is as eaſy as a Calm, and peaceful;
All her Affections, like the Dews on Roſes;
Fair as the Flowers themſelves; as ſweet and gentle:
How would you have theſe meet?

Alph. A-bed, a-bed, Sir:
Let her be the faireſt Roſe, and the ſweeteſt,
Yet I know this fair Roſe muſt have her Prickles:
I grant ye *Roderigo* is an Outlaw,
An eaſy Compoſition calls him in again;
He is a valiant Man, and he's a rich Man,
And loves the Fool; a little rough by Cuſtom:
She'll like him ten times better. She'll doat upon him,
(If e'er they come to grappling,) run mad for him;
But there's another in the Wind, ſome Caſtrel
That hovers over her, (1) and dares her daily,
Some flickring Slave.

(1) —— *and* dares *her daily*,] *i. e.* makes her afraid.

Cur.

Cur. I dare not think ſo poorly.
Alph. Something there is, and muſt be; but I ſhall ſcent it
And hunt it narrowly.
Seb. I never ſaw her yet
Make offer at the leaſt glance of Affection,
But ſtill ſo modeſt, wiſe.
Alph. They're wiſe to gull us.
There was a Fellow, old *Fernando*'s Son,
I muſt confeſs handſome, but my Enemy,
And the whole Family, I hate young *Pedro*:
That Fellow I have ſeen her gaze upon,
And turn, and gaze again, and make ſuch offers
As if ſhe'd ſhoot her Eyes like Meteors at him:
But that Cauſe ſtands removed.
Cur. You need not doubt him,
For long ſince, as 'twas thought on a griev'd Conſcience,
He left his Father, and his Friends; (2) more pity:
For Truth reports he was a noble Gentleman.
Alph. Let him be what he will, he was a Beggar;
And there I'll leave him.
Seb. Th' more the Court muſt anſwer;
But certainly I think, though ſhe might favour him,
And love his Goodneſs, as he was an honeſt Man,
She never with looſe Eyes ſtuck on his Perſon.
Alph. She is ſo full of Conſcience too, and Charity,
And outward Holineſs, ſhe will undo me:
Relieves more Beggars, than an Hoſpital;
And all poor Rogues, that can but ſay their Prayers,
And tune their Pipes to Lamentations.

Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta.

She thinks ſhe's bound to dance to. Good-morrow to you,
And that's as ye deſerve too; you know my Mind,
And ſtudy to obſerve it, do it cheerfully,
And readily, and home.
Alin. I ſhall obey ye.
But, noble Sir.

(2) ——— ——— *more pity*:] Theſe Words ſeemingly would come better from *Seberto*'s Mouth, than his that ſpeaks 'em.

Alph.

Alph. Come, come, away with your Flatteries,
And your fine Phraſes.
Cur. Pray ye be gentle to her.
Alph. I know 'em; and know your Feats; if you will find me
Noble and loving, ſeek me in your Duty,
You know I'm too indulgent——
Seb. Alas, poor Lady.
Alph. To your Devotions; I take no good thing from you.
Come, Gentlemen, leave pitying, and moaning of her,
And praiſing of her Virtues, and her Whim-whams;
It makes her proud, and ſturdy.
Seb. Cur. Good Hours wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*
Alin. I thank ye, Gentlemen: I want ſuch Comforts.
I would thank you too, Father, but your Cruelty
Hath almoſt made me ſenſeleſs of my Duty;
Yet ſtill I muſt know: Would I had known nothing.
What Poor attend my Charity to Day, Wench?
Jul. Of all ſorts, Madam; your open-handed Bounty
Makes 'em flock every Hour: Some worth your Pity,
But others that have made a trade of Begging.
Alin. Wench, if they ask it truly, I muſt give it:
It takes away the holy uſe of Charity
T' examine Wants.
Jul. I would you would be merry:
A chearful-giving Hand, as I think, Madam,
Requires a Heart as chearful.
Alin. Alas, *Juletta*,
What is there to be merry at? What Joy now,
Unleſs we fool our own Afflictions,
And make them ſhew ridiculous?
Jul. Sure, Madam,
You could not ſeem thus ſerious, if you were married,
Thus ſad, and full of Thoughts.
Alin. Married? To whom, Wench?
Thou think'ſt if there be a young handſome Fellow,
As thoſe are plentiful, our Cares are quenched then.
Jul. Madam, I think a luſty handſome Fellow,
If he be kind and loving, and a right one,

Is

Is ev'n as good a Pill to purge this Melancholy,
As ever *Galen* gave; I'm ſure more natural,
And merrier for the Heart, than Wine and Saffron:
Madam, a wanton Youth is ſuch a Cataplaſm.
Alin. Who's been thy Tutor, Wench?
Jul. Ev'n my own Thoughts, Lady:
For though I be bar'd th' liberty of Talking,
Yet I can think unhappily, and as near the Mark, Madam,
'Faith, marry, and be merry.
Alin. Who will have me?
Who will be troubled with a tettiſh Girl?
(It may be proud, and to that Vice expenceful)
Who can aſſure himſelf, I ſhall live honeſt?
Jul. Let ev'ry Man take his Fortune.
Alin. And o' my Conſcience,
If once I grow to breeding, a whole Kingdom
Will not contain my Stock.
Jul. The more the merrier:
'Tis brave to be a Mother of new Nations.
Alin. Why, I ſhould bury a hundred Husbands.
Jul. 'Tis no matter:
As long as ye leave ſufficient Men to ſtock ye.
Alin. Is this thy Mirth? Are theſe the Joys of Marriage?
Away light-headed Fool; are theſe Contentments?
If I could find a Man.
Jul. You may a thouſand.
Alin. Meer Men I know I may: And there a Woman
Has liberty, (at leaſt ſhe'll venture for it,)
To be a Monſter, and become the Time too;
But to enjoy a Man, from whoſe Example
As from a Compaſs, we may ſteer our Fortunes,
Our Actions, and our Age; and ſafe arrive at
A Memory that ſhall become our Aſhes,
Such things are few, and far to ſeek; to find one
That can but rightly manage th' wild Beaſt, Woman,
And ſweetly govern with her. But no more of this, Wench,
'Tis not for thy Diſcourſe: Let's in, and ſee
What poor Afflicted wait our Charity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter a Porter, four Beggars, Pedro, and a Pilgrim.

Por. Stand off, and keep your Ranks: Twenty Foot further:
There louſe yourſelves with Reaſon and Diſcretion.
The Sun ſhines warm: The farther ſtill the better,
Your Beaſts will bolt anon, and then 'tis dangerous.
1 *Beg.* Heav'n bleſs our Miſtreſs.
Por. Does the Crack go that way?
'Twill be o'th' other ſide anon.
2 *Beg.* Pray ye, Friend.
Por. Your Friend? And why your Friend? Why, goodman Turncoat,
What doſt thou ſee within me, or without me,
Or what Itch doſt thou know upon me, tell me,
That I ſhould be thy Friend? What do I look like,
Any of thy Acquaintance hung in Gibbets?
Haſt thou any Friends, Kindred or Alliance,
Or any higher Ambition, than an Alms-basket?
2 *Beg.* I'd be your Worſhip's Friend.
Por. So ye ſhall, Sirrah,
When I quarter the ſame Louſe with ye.
3 *Beg.* 'Tis twelve o' Clock.
Por. 'Tis ever ſo with thee, when thou'ſt done ſcratching,
For that provokes thy Stomach to ring Noon;
O th' infinite Seas of Porridge thou haſt ſwallow'd!
And yet thou look'ſt as if they had been but Gliſters;
Thou feedſt abundance, thou hadſt need of Suſtenance;
Alms do you call it to relieve theſe Raſcals?
Nothing but a gen'ral Rot of Sheep can ſatisfy 'em.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, *and* Sebaſtio.

Alph. Did not I tell you, how ſhe would undo me?
What Nurſe of Rogues, and Beggars?
Seb. It is Charity:
Methinks you are bound to love her for——
Alph. Yes I warrant ye,
If Men could ſail to Heav'n in Porridge Pots,

With

With Maſts of Beef and Mutton, what a Voyage ſhould I make?
What are all theſe?

1 *Beg.* Poor People, an't like your Worſhip.

2 *Beg.* Wretched poor People.

3 *Beg.* Very hungry People.

Alph. And very Loufy.

4 *Beg.* Yes, forſooth, ſo, ſo.

Por. I'll undertake five hundred Head about 'em,
And that's no needy Gratier.

Alph. What are you?

Pil. Strangers that come to wonder at your Charity,
Yet People poor enough to beg a Bleſſing.

Cur. Uſe them with favour, Sir, their Shews are reverend.
It ſeems ye're holy *Pilgrims?*

Pil. Ye gueſs right, Sir,
And bound far off, to offer our Devotions.

Alph. What make ye this way? We keep no Relicks here,
Nor holy Shrines.

Pil. The holieſt we e'er heard of;
Ye keep a living Monument of Goodneſs,
A Daughter of that pious Excellence,
The very (3) Shrines of Saints ſink at her Virtues,
And ſwear they cannot hold pace with her Pieties.
We come to ſee this Lady: Not with prophane Eyes,
Nor wanton Bloods, to doat upon her Beauties,
But through our tedious ways to beg her Bleſſings.

Alph. This is a new way of Begging, and a neat one,
And this cries Money for Reward; good ſtore too:
Theſe Commendations beg not with Bag, and Bottle.
Well, well, the fainting of this Woman, Gentlemen,
I know what it muſt come to; theſe Women-Saints
Are plaguy heavy Saints, they out-weigh a He-ſaint
Three thouſand thick; I know, I feel.

Seb. Ye're more afraid than hurt, Sir.

Alph. Have you your Commendations ready too?
He bows, and nods.

(3) —— *Shrines of Saints* ſink *at* ——] The Poet probably deſigned to ſay *ſhrink.*

Cur.

Cur. A handſome well-built Perſon.

Alph. What Country-craver are you? Nothing but Motion?
A Puppet-Pilgrim?

Pil. He's a Stranger, Sir;
This four Days I have travel'd in his Company,
But little of his Buſineſs, or his Language,
As yet I've underſtood.

Seb. Both young and handſome,
Only the Sun has been too ſaucy with him.

Alph. Would ye have Money, Sir, or Meat? What kind of Bleſſing
Does your Devotion look for? Still more ducking?
Be there any Saints, that underſtand by Signs only?
More Motion yet? This is the prettieſt Pilgrim,
The pink of Pilgrims; I'll be for ye, Sir;
Do ye diſcourſe with Signs? Ye're heartly welcome,
A poor *Viaticum*; very good Gold, Sir;
But holy Men affect a better Treaſure.
I kept it for your Goodneſs, but nevertheleſs
Since it can prove but burdenſome t' your Holineſs,
And you affect light Prayer, fit for Carriage,
I'll put this up again.

Cur. Ye're too unreverent. [too,

Alph. Ye talk too broad; muſt I give way, and Wealth
To every Toy, that carries a grave ſeeming?
Muſt my good Angels wait on him? If the proud Hilding
Would yield but to my Will, and know her Duty,
I know what I would ſuffer.

Seb. Good Sir, be patient,
The Wrongs ye do theſe Men may light on you,
Too heavy too; and then you'll wiſh you'd ſaid leſs:
A comely and ſweet Uſage becomes Strangers.

Alph. We ſhall have half the Kingdom Strangers ſhortly,
An this fond Prodigality be ſuffer'd;
But I muſt be an Aſs: See 'em relieved, Sirrah;
If I were young again, I would ſooner get Bear-whelps,
And ſafer too, than any of theſe She-ſaints.
But I will break her.

Cur. Such a Face for certain.

Seb.

Seb. Methinks I've ſeen it too: But we are cozen'd;
But fair befal thee, Pilgrim, thou look'ſt lovely. [*Exit.*
Por. Will ye troop up, ye Porridge Regiment?
Captain Poor's Quarter, will ye move?

Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta.

Alin. Ye dull Knave,
Are not theſe Wretches ſerved yet?
Beg. 'Bleſs my Miſtreſs.
Alin. Do you make Sport, Sir, with their Miſeries?
Ye drowſy Rogue.
Por. They are too high fed, Madam,
Their Stomachs are aſleep yet.
Alin. Serve 'em plentifully,
Or I'll ſerve you out next; e'en out o' Doors, Sirrah;
And ſerve 'em quickly too.
Beg. Heav'n bleſs the Lady.
Alin. Bleſs the good End I mean it for.
Jul. I would I knew it:
If it be for any Man's ſake, I'll cry *Amen* too.
Well Madam, ye've e'en as pretty a (4) Port of Penſioners——
Alin. Vain-glory would ſeek more, and handſomer.
But I appeal to Virtue what my end is; [*Exe. Beggars.*
What Men are theſe?
Jul. It ſeems they're holy Pilgrims:
That handſome Youth ſhould ſuffer ſuch a Penance,
Would I were e'en the Saint they make their Vows to,
How eas'ly I would grant.
Pil. Heav'ns Grace in-wheel ye,
And all good Thoughts, and Prayers dwell about ye,
Abundance be your Friend, and holy Charity
Be ever at your Hand, to crown ye Glorious.

(4) —— Port *of Penſioners*——] The Senſe of the Place is plain, tho' the manner of Expreſſion is difficult. In Caſes of Criticiſm, of ſuch a nature as this before us, we may oftner ſay with certainty, *this* or *that* is wrong, than what we wou'd ſubſtitute in its room is right. So here, tho' I think I may juſtly condemn *Port*, yet whether *Sort*, or *Cohort*, or neither, is the true Lection, muſt be left to the Judgment of the candid and ingenious Reader.

Alin. I thank ye, Sir; Peace guide your Travels too,
And what you wiſh for moſt, end all your Troubles;
Remember me by this; and in your Prayers,
When your ſtrong Heart melts, mediate my poor Fortunes.

Pil. All my Devotions wait upon your Service.

Alin. Are y' of this Country, Sir?

Pil. Yes, worthieſt Lady,
But far off bred: My Fortunes farther from me.

Alin. Gentle, I dare believe.

Pil. I have liv'd freer.

Alin. I'm no Inquiſitor, that were too curious:
Whatever Vow or Penance pulls ye on, Sir;
Conſcience, or Love, or ſtubborn Diſobedience,
The Saint ye kneel to, hear, and eaſe your Travels.

Pil. Yours ne'er begin: And thus I ſeal my Prayers. [*Exit.*

Alin. How conſtantly this Man looks? How he ſighs!
Some great Affliction hatches his Devotions.
Right holy Sir; how young, and ſweet he ſuffers!

Jul. Would I might ſuffer with him.

Alin. He turns from us:
Alas, he weeps too: Something preſſes him
He would reveal, but dare not. Sir, be comforted,
Ye come for that, and take it: If't be want, Sir,
To me y'appear ſo worthy of relieving,
I am your Steward: Speak, and take. He's dumb ſtill:
Now as I have a faith this Man ſo ſtirs me,
His Modeſty makes me afraid I have treſpaſs'd.

Jul. Would he would ſtir me too: I like his Shape well.

Alin. May be he'd ſpeak alone; go off, *Juletta*,
(Afflicted Hearts fear their own Motions)
Be not far off.

Jul. Would I were nearer to him,
A young ſmug handſome Holineſs has no Fellow. [*Exit.*

Alin. Why do you grieve? Do you find your Penance ſharp?
Or are the Vows ye've made too mighty for ye?
Does not the World allure ye to look back,
And ſorrow for the ſweet time ye have loſt?

Ye're

Ye're young, and fair; be not deluded, Sir;
A manly made up Heart contemns theſe Shadows,
And yours appears no leſs; (5) Griefs for your Fears,
For Hours ill-ſpent, for Wrongs done raſh and rudely,
For foul Contempts, for Faiths ill violated,
Become Tears well; I dare not task your Goodneſs;
And then a Sorrow ſhews in his true Glory,
When the whole Heart is excellently ſorry.
I pray ye be comforted.

Ped. I am, dear Lady,
And ſuch a Comfort ye have caſt upon me,
That though I ſtruggle with mine own Calamities
Too mighty, and too many for my Manage;
And though, like angry Waves, they curl'd upon me,
Contending proudly who ſhould firſt devour me,

(5) ——— *Griefs for your* Fears,
For Hours *ill-ſpent, for Wrongs done raſh and rudely,*
For foul Contempts, for Faiths ill violated,
Become Fears *well*;——] *Fears* in the laſt Line is undoubtedly Corrupt, and *Tears* evidently the true Word. But *Fears* alſo in the firſt Line looks very ſuſpiciouſly: *Sins* is the propereſt Word; and I have often found the late Editions make as great Changes in Words as from *Sins* to *Fears*, and the firſt Editor or Tranſcriber might do the ſame: But as there is a Word often uſed by our Author, which changing only an *r* to a *t*, gives Propriety to the Text that ſeems moſt probable: I conjecture therefore,

——— *Griefs for your* FEATS,

i. e. *Actions*, as in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*,

——— *give me Words,*
Such as you've ſhew'd me feat. Mr. *Seward.*

Mr. *Seward*'s Conjecture, however ingenious, I cannot entirely agree to; the Reaſons are not many, nor difficult to be conceiv'd.

My good Friend by reading *Feats*, was not aware of making the Poet guilty of Tautology, ſeeing *Wrongs done raſh and rudely*, muſt be ſome of theſe very *Feats* he is here contending for. Beſides this, by admitting *Feats* into the Text we ſhall ſtill be at a loſs for ſomething eaſy and natural to precede and introduce *Hours*, to which the Participle *ſpent* may be common, and with which both the Subſtantives may agree: The Correction I would offer has both theſe laſt mention'd Qualities, and 'tis this,

——— *Griefs for your* Years,
For Hours ill-ſpent, &c.

i. e. The grieving for the ill-ſpending, not only of the larger but leſſer Portions of your Life paſt, becomes, *&c.*

(6) Yet I would ſtem their Danger.
Alin. He ſpeaks nobly;
What do ye want?
Ped. All that can make me happy,
I want myſelf.
Alin. Yourſelf? Who robb'd ye, Pilgrim?
Why does he look ſo conſtantly upon me? [*Aſide.*
I want myſelf. Indeed, you holy Wanderers
Are ſaid to ſeek much; but to ſeek yourſelves——
Ped. I ſeek myſelf, and am but myſelf's Shadow;
Have loſt myſelf, and now am not ſo noble.
Alin. I ſeek myſelf; ſomething I yet remember
That bears that Motto: 'Tis not he, he's younger,
And far more tender: For that ſelf-ſake, Pilgrim,
Be who it will, take this. [*Offers him Money.*
Ped. Your Hand I dare take,
(That be far from me,) Lady, thus I kiſs it,
And thus I bleſs it too; *be conſtant, fair, ſtill:*
Be good, and live to be a great Example. [Exit.
Alien. One Word more, Pilgrim. H'as amaz'd me ſtrangely:
Be conſtant, fair, ſtill; 'tis the Poſy here:
And here without, *Be good:* He wept to ſee me.
Juletta.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Madam.
Alin. Take this Key, and fetch me
The Marygold Jewel that lies in my little Cabinet;
I think 'tis that: What Eyes had I to miſs him?
[*Exit* Juletta.
O' me, what Thoughts? He had no Beard then, and
As I remember well, he was more ruddy.

(6) *Yet I would ſtem their* Danger.] Tho' *Danger* is Senſe here, eſpecially if we read *the Danger*, yet *Anger* carries on the Metaphor ſo much more poetically, that I have little doubt of its being the true Word; and what almoſt makes it certain is, that the old Edition has put the *D* quite diſtant from the reſt of the Word, *D anger*; the Setter of the Preſs, taking it firſt for *Danger*, begun with a *D*, then ſeeing his Miſtake, put *anger* by itſelf, but forgot to take away the *D*.
Mr. *Seward.*

If

If this be he, he has a manly Face yet,
A goodly Shape.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Here, Madam.
Alin. Let me ſee it:
'Tis ſo, too true: It muſt be he, or nothing;
He ſpake the Words juſt as they ſtand Engraved here;
I ſeek myſelf, and am but myſelf's Shadow;
Alas poor Man: Didſt thou not meet him, *Juletta?*
The Pilgrim, Wench?
Jul. He went by long ago, Madam.
Alin. I forgot to give him ſomething.
Jul. 'Twas ill done, Lady:
For, o' my Troth, he is the hanſom'ſt Man
I ſaw this many a Day; would he'd all my Wealth,
And me to boot: What ails ſhe to grow ſullen?
Alin. Come, I forgot; but I will recompence it.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, Seberto, Juletta, *Porter and Servants.*

Alph. CAN ſhe ſlip through a Cat-hole? tell me that;
Reſolve me; can ſhe fly i'th' Air? Is ſhe
A thing inviſible? Gone, and none know it?
Seb. Ye amaze your Servants.
Alph. Some pelting Rogue has watch'd her Hour of itching,
And claw'd her, claw'd her; do you mark me, claw'd her;
Some that I foſter up.
Cur. They are all here, Sir.
Alph. Let 'em be where they will, they're arrant Raſcals,
And by this Hand I'll hang 'em all.
Seb. Deal calmly;
You will not give 'em time to anſwer ye.

Alph. I'll choak 'em, famiſh 'em: What ſay you, Wagtail?
You knew her Mind, you were of Council with her;
Tell me, and tell me true.
Cur. Ask with Diſcretion.
Alph. Diſcretion? hang Diſcretion, hang ye all:
Let me know where ſhe is.
Jul. Would you know o' me, Sir?
Alph. O' thee, Sir; ay, o' thee, Sir: What art thou, Sir?
Jul. Her Woman, Sir, and't like your Worſhip, Sir.
Alph. (7) Her Baud, her Fiddle-ſtick,
Her Lady-fairy, to oil th' Doors o' Nights,
That they may open with Diſcretion,
Her Gin, her Nut-crack.
Jul. 'Tis very well, Sir.
Alph. Thou lieſt; 'tis damnable ill, 'tis moſt abominable:
Will ye confeſs, Thing?
Jul. Say I were guilty, Sir,
I would be hang'd before I would confeſs;
Is this a World to confeſs in?
Cur. Deal directly.
Jul. Yes, if my Matter lie direct before me;
But when I'm forc'd and feretted.
Alph. Tell me th' Truth,
And as I live I'll give thee a new Petticoat.
Jul. And you would give me ten I would not tell ye?
Truths bear a greater Price than you're aware of.
Seb. Deal modeſtly.
Jul. I do not pluck my Cloaths up.
Alph. What ſay you, Sirrah? you? or you? are ye dumb all?
Por. I ſaw her laſt Night, and't ſhall like your Worſhip,
When I ſerv'd in her Livery.
Alph. What's that, Sirrah?
Por. Her Chamber-pot, and't pleaſe ye.
Seb. A new Livery.

(7) *Her* Band, *her Fiddle-ſtick,*] Thus, in ſpite of Senſe, read all the Copies: The miſtake of *n* for *u* was very eaſy, and we may be ſure could have its riſe from no other Place, but that of the Preſs. The Text is from the Conjecture of all three.

Alph.

Alph. Where lay ſhe? who lay with her?
Por. In truth, not I, Sir;
I lay with my Fellow-*Frederick*, in the Flea-chamber,
And't like your Worſhip, we are almoſt worried.
Jul. I left her by herſelf, in her own Cloſet,
And there I thought ſh'ad ſlept.
Alph. Why lay you from her?
Jul. It was her Will I ſhould? ſhe is my Miſtreſs,
And my part is Obedience.
Alph. Were all th' Doors lock'd?
Por. All mine.
Ser. And mine: She could not get out thoſe ways
Unleſs ſhe leapt the Walls, and thoſe are higher
Than any Woman's Courage dare aſpire at.
Alph Come, you muſt know.
Cur. Conceal it not, but deal plain.
Jul. If I did know, and her Truſt lay upon me,
Not all your Angers, nor your Flatteries
Should make me ſpeak; but having no more Intereſt
Than I may well deliver to the Air,
I'll tell ye what I know, and tell it liberally:
I think ſhe's gone, becauſe we cannot find her;
I think ſhe's weary of your Tyranny,
And therefore gone: May be ſhe is in Love:
May be in Love where you ſhow no great liking,
And therefore gone: May be ſome point of Conſcience,
Or vow'd Devotion.
Alph. Theſe are nothing, Minion;
You that can aim at theſe, muſt know the Truth too.
Jul. Any more Truth than this, if I know, hang me,
Or where to ſearch for't; if I make a Lie
(8) To gain your Love, and envy my beſt Miſtreſs,
Pin me againſt a Wall, with my Heels upwards.

(8) *To gain your Love, and* envy *my beſt Miſtreſs,*] *Envy* here is moſt probably corrupt; it may indeed be made Senſe with the Context, but *injure* ſeems much more likely to be the true Reading.
Mr. *Seward.*

The bare tranſpoſing of the latter part of the Line will make the Senſe very clear:
To gain your Love, and my beſt Miſtreſs' Envy.

Alph. Out of my Doors.
Jul. That's all my poor Petition;
For if your Houſe were Gold, and ſhe not in it,
Sir, I ſhould count it but a Cage to whiſtle in.
Alph. Whore, if ſhe be above ground, I will have her.
Jul. I'd live in a Cole-pit, then, were I your Daughter.
Seb. Certain ſhe does not know, Sir.
Alph. Hang her, hang her,
She knows too much: Search all the Houſe, all Corners,
And where 'tis poſſible ſhe may go out. [*Exeunt Serv.*
If I do find your Tricks.
Jul. Reward me for 'em.
Or if I had ſuch Tricks you could diſcover,
So weak, and ſlightly woven, you might look through,
All the young Girls ſhould hoot me out o'th' Pariſh.
You are my Maſter, but ye own an Anger
Becomes a School-boy, that hath loſt his Apples;
Will ye force things into our Knowledges?
Alph. Come hither, *Juletta*; thou didſt love me.
Jul. And do ſtill:
You are my Lady's Father, and I reverence ye.
Alph. Thou wouldſt have pleas'd my Humour.
Jul. Any good way,
That carried not Suſpicion in't, or Flattery,
Or fail of Truſt.
Alph. Come, come, thou wouldſt have——
Jul. Stay, Sir.
Alph. And thou haſt felt my Bounty for't, and ſhalt do.
Doſt thou want Cloaths or Money?
Jul. Both.
Alph. Shalt have both.
Jul. But not this way; I had rather be an *Adamite*,
And bring Fig-leaves into faſhion again.
If you were young, Sir,
Handſome, and fitted to a Woman's Appetite,
And I a giddy-headed Girl, that car'd for nothing,
Much might be done; then you might fumble with me,
And think to grope out Matters of ſome moment,
Which now you will put too ſhort for;
For what you have ſeen hitherto,

And

And known by me, has been but honeſt Service,
Which I dare pin i'th' Market-place to anſwer;
And let the World, the Fleſh and Devil examine it,
And come you in too, I dare ſtand your ſtricteſt.
And ſo much good may do you with your Dreams
Of Courteſy.

Alph. This is moſt monſtrous.

Enter Porter and Servants.

Seb. Sure ſhe does not know, Sir;
She durſt not be ſo confident, and guilty.

Alph. How now, what News? (9) what Hopes and Steps diſcovered?
Speak any thing that's good, that tends to th' matter;
Do you ſtand ſtaring ſtill?

1 *Ser.* We are no Gods, Sir,
To ſay ſhe's here, or there, and what ſhe is doing;
But we have ſearch'd.

Por. I am ſure ſhe is not i'th' Cellar;
For look you, Sir, if ſhe had been i' th' Cellar—

Alph. I'm ſure thou haſt been there.

Por. As I carried the matter,
For I ſearch'd every Piece of Wine; yes ſure, Sir,
And every (10) little Tierce that could but teſtify:
And I drew hard to bolt her out.

Alph. Away with him,
Fling him i'th' Hay-mow, let him lye a mellowing;
He ſtinks of Muskadel like an *Engliſh Chriſtmas*:
Are theſe your Cares? your Services?

2 *Ser.* Pray y' hear, Sir,
We've found where ſhe went out; her very Footing.

Alph. Where? where? go on.

Cur. Obſerve then with more Stayedneſs.

2 *Ser.* Searching the Garden, at the little Poſtern
That opens to the Park, we firſt diſcovered it.

(9) ——— *what* Hopes *and Steps diſcovered?*] As plauſible as this Reading appears, I can't help imagining our Author wrote,
——— *what* Hops *and Steps*, &c.

(10) — *little* Tereſs—] A manifeſt Corruption for *Tierce*, *i. e.* A third part of a Pipe of Wine.

Alph.

Alph. A little Foot?
1 *Ser.* It muſt be hers, or none, Sir.
Alph. How far beyond that?
2 *Serv.* To the Park it leads us,
But there the Ground being hard, we could not mark it.
Alph. She always kept that Key; I was a Coxcomb,
A Fool, an Aſs, to give a Girl that Liberty:
Saddle my Horſes, Rogues! ye drunken Varlets,
Your precious Diligence lies in Pint-pots,
Your Brains in Buts; my Horſes, ye Pin-buttocks
You'll bear me company?
Seb. We dare not leave ye,
Unleſs we found a quieter Soul within ye.
Cur. If we may do the Lady any Service,
Sweet, gentle Soul.
Alph. I ſay again, my Horſes:
Are ye ſo hot? have ye your private Pilgrimages?
Muſt ye be Jumping-*Joan?* I'll wander with ye,
I'll jump ye, and I'll joggle ye: My Horſes!
And keep me this young Lirry-poop within Doors.
I will diſcover, Dame.
Jul. 'Tis fit you ſhould, Sir,
If ye knew what: Well Love, if thou beeſt with her,
Or what Power elſe that arms her Reſolution,
Conduct her fair, and keep her from this Madman,
Direct her to her Wiſhes, dwell about her,
That no diſhonourable End o'er-take her,
Danger, or Want; and let me try my Fortune.
Alph. You know the Place we meet in?
Seb. We ſhall hit it.
Alph. And as ye're honeſt Gentlemen, endeavour.
Cur. We'll ſearch the beſt we can; if ſhe light in our Hands.
Alph. Tie her to th' Horſe-Tail.
Seb. We know how to uſe her,
But not your way, for all your State.
Alph. Make haſte there:
And get you in, and look to th' Houſe. If you ſtir out, Damſel,
Or ſet o' foot any new Motion this way,

When

When I come home, (which ſhall be ſuddenly)
You know my Mind if you do play the Raſcal
I have my Eyes and Ears in ſundry Places,
If ye do praunce———
Jul. I ſhall do that that's fit, Sir,
And fit to croſs your Fooleries; I'll fail elſe.
And ſo I'll to my Chamber. [*Exit.*
Alph. To your Prayers,
And leave your ſtubborn Tricks: She is not far yet,
She cannot be; and we dividing ſuddenly——
Cur. Keep her from thy Hands, I beſeech. [*Aſide.*
Alph. Our Horſes!
Come, chearfully. I'll teach her to run gadding. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo, *and four Outlaws.*

1 *Outl.* Captain, you are not merry.
Rod. We get nothing,
We have no Sport; whoring and drinking ſpoils us,
We keep no Guards.
2 *Outl.* There come no Paſſengers,
Merchants, nor Gentlemen, nor whoſoever,
But we have Tribute.
Rod. And whilſt we ſpend that idly,
We let thoſe paſs that carry the beſt Purchaſe:
I'll have all ſearch'd and brought in; Rogues and Beggars,
Have got the Trick now to become Bank-maſters.
I'll have none 'ſcape; only my Friends, and Neighbours,
That may deliver to the King my Innocence;
Thoſe I would have regarded; it is Policy.
But otherwiſe nor Gravities, nor Shadows,
Appear they how they will, that may have Purſes,
For they ſhall pay.
3 *Outl.* Ye ſpeak now like a Captain.
And if we ſpare, flea us, and coin our Caſſocks;
Will ye look blith?
Rod. You hear no Preparation
The King intends againſt us yet?

4 Outl.

4 *Outl.* Not a Word, Sir.
Good Man, he's troubled with Matter of more moment;
Hummings of higher Nature vex his Brains, Sir;
Do not we fee his Garriſons?
Rod. Who're out now?
4 *Outl.* Good Fellows, Sir, that if there be any Purchaſe ſtirring
Will ſtrike it dead; *Jaques* and *Lopes*, Lads
That know their Quarters, as they know their Knapſacks;
And will not off.
Rod. Where is the Boy ye brought me?
A pretty Lad, and of a quick Capacity,
And bred up neatly.
1 *Outl.* He's within at Meat, Sir,
The Knave is hungry; yet he ſeaſons all
He eats or drinks with many Tears and Sighings.
The ſaddeſt Appetite I ever look'd on!
(11) The Boy is young, 'tis Fear and want of Company
He knows and loves; uſe him not rough, nor harſhly,
He will be quickly bold. *Rod.* I'll entertain him:
I want a pretty Boy to wait upon me,
And when I'm ſad or ſleepy, to prate to me;
Beſides there's ſomething in his Face I like well:
And ſtill the more I look, more like; let him want nothing,
And uſe him gently, all.
2 *Outl.* Here's a ſmall Box, Sir,
We took about him, which he griev'd to part with,
May be ſome Wealth.
Rod. Alas, ſome little Money
The poor Knave carried to defray his Lodgings,
I'll give it him again, and add unto it:
'Twere Sin to open ſuch a petty Purchaſe.

(11) *The Boy is young,——*] In the *Folio* Editions the 1ſt *Outlaw* is made to ſpeak from
He's within at Meat, Sir,
to,
And uſe him gently, all.
That of 1711 has given part of it to *Roderigo*, as it ſtands at preſent, but happly (as Mr. *Seward* too obſerved with me) the Captain's Speech begins two Lines above, with,
The Boy is young, &c.

Enter

Enter Lopes *and* Jaques, *with* Pedro.

How now, who's this? what have you brought me, Soldiers?
Lop. We know not well what? a (12) ſtrange ſtaving Fellow,
Sullen enough I am ſure.
Rod. Where took ye him?
Jaq. Upon the Skirt o'th' Wood, viewing, and gaping,
And ſometime ſtanding ſtill, as if he'd meant
To view the beſt Acceſſes to our Quarters;
Money he has enough, and when we threatned him,
He ſmil'd, and yielded; but not one Word utter'd.
Lop. His Habit ſays he's holy; if his Heart
Keep that Proportion too, 'tis beſt ye free him;
We'll keep his Wallet here; I'm ſure 'tis heavy.
Rod. Pilgrim; come hither, Sir: Are you a Pilgrim?
A Piece of pretty Holineſs; d' you ſhrink, Sir?
A ſmug young Saint. What Country were you born in?
Ye have a *Spaniſh* Face: In a dumb Province?
And had your Mother too this excellent Virtue?
No Tongue, d' you ſay? Sure ſhe was a matchleſs Woman?
What a fine Family is this Man ſprung from!
Certain he was begotten in a Calm,
When all was huſht: The Midwife was dumb Midnight;
Are ye ſeal'd up? Or do you ſcorn to anſwer?
Ye're in my Hands, and I have Med'cines for ye
Can make ye ſpeak: Pull off his Bonnet, Soldiers;
Ye have a ſpeaking Face.
Lop. I'm ſure a handſome:
This Pilgrim cannot want She-ſaints to pray to.
Rod. Stand nearer, ha?
Ped. Come, do your worſt; I'm ready.

(12) ——— *ſtrange* ſtaving *Fellow,*] Mr. *Seward* as well agrees with me in the explaining *ſtaving, i. e.* having a Pilgrim's Staff in his Hands, as in adding farther, that if the Reader is ſtill diſſatisfied with the Place, he may ſuppoſe the Poet to have wrote,

——— *a ſtrange* ſtaring *Fellow,*

And there may be ſome Reaſon for it from *Jaques*'s Speech a little lower, where, ſpeaking of this new Captive, he ſays, they took him

Upon the Skirt o'th' Wood, viewing, *and* gaping, *&c.*

Rod.

Rod. Is your Tongue found? Go off, and let me talk with him;
And keep your Watches round.
All. We're ready, Captain. [*Exeunt Outlaws.*
Rod. So; now what are ye?
Ped. Am I?
My Habit ſhews me what I am.
Rod. (13) Thou art
A deſp'rate Fool, and ſo thy Fate ſhall tell thee;
What Devil brought thee hither? for I know thee.
Ped. I know thou doſt; and ſince it is my Fortune
To light into thy Fingers, I muſt think too
The moſt malicious of all Devils brought me,
Yet ſome Men ſay thou'rt noble.
Rod. Not to thee,
That were a Benefit to mock the Giver:
Thy Father hates my Friends, and Family,
And thou haſt been the Heir of all his Malice.
Can two ſuch Storms meet then, and part with Kiſſing?
Ped. You have the mightier Hand.
Rod. And ſo I'll uſe it.
Ped. I cannot hinder ye; leſs can I beg
Submiſſive at his Knees that knows not Honour;
That bears the Stamp of Man, and not his Nature;
Ye may do what ye pleaſe.
Rod. I will do all.
Ped. And when you've done all, which is my poor Ruin,
(For farther your baſe Malice cannot venture)
Diſhonour's ſelf will cry you out a Coward.
Hadſt thou been brave, and noble, and an Enemy,
Thou wouldſt have ſought me whilſt I carried Arms,
Whilſt my good Sword was my Profeſſion,
And then have cried out, *Pedro*, I defy thee;
Then ſtuck *Alphonſo*'s Quarrel on the Point,
The mercenary Anger thou ſerv'ſt under

(13) Thy Heart,
A deſperate Fool;——] This Paſſage ſurely ought to run ſo,
Thou art
A deſp'rate Fool, &c.
In this Mr. *Seward* likewiſe concurred.

To

To get his Daughter. Then thou ſhould'ſt have brav'd me,
And arm'd with all thy (14) Family's Hate, upon me
Done ſomething, worthy feat: Now poor and baſely
Thou ſet'ſt Toils to betray me; and like the Peaſant,
That dares not meet the Lion in the Face,
Dig'ſt crafty Pit-falls; Thou ſham'ſt th' *Spaniſh* Honour:
Thou'ſt neither point of Man, nor Conſcience in thee.

Rod. Sir, Sir, you're brave; ye plead now in a Sanctuary;
You think your Pilgrim's Bulwark can defend ye;
You will not find it ſo.

Ped. I look not for't.
The more unhallow'd Soul haſt thou to offer it.

Rod. When you were braveſt, Sir, and your Sword ſharpeſt,
I durſt affront ye, when the Court Sun gilded ye,
And every Cry was the young hopeful *Pedro*,
Alonſo's ſprightly Son; then durſt I meet ye,
When you were Maſter of this Fame, and Faſhion,
And all your Glories in the full Meridian,
The King's Proof-favour buckled on your Body;
Had we then come to Competition,
Which I have often ſought——

Ped. And I deſired too.

Rod. You ſhould have ſeen this Sword, howe'er you ſlight it,
And felt it too; ſharper than Sorrow felt it,
In Execution quicker than thy Scorns;
Thou ſhould'ſt have ſeen all this, and ſhrunk to ſee it.
Then like a Gentleman I would have us'd thee,
And given thee the fair fortune of thy Being,
Then with a Soldier's Arm I'd honour'd thee;
But ſince thou ſteal'ſt upon me like a Spy,

(14) —— *Family's Hate upon me,*
Done ſomething worthy feat:—] A Comma or two here will put all to Right. thus,
—— *Family's Hate, upon me*
Done ſomething, worthy Feat:——
But Mr. *Seward* thinks that ſomething farther is requiſite, and to make the whole run more naturally, we ought to read thus,
—— —— *upon me*
Have *done ſome worthy Feat.*——

And

And Thief-like think'ſt that holy Caſe ſhall carry thee
Through all my Purpoſes, and ſo betray me,
(15) Baſe as you act, thy End be, and I forget thee.
Ped. What poor Evaſions thou build'ſt on, t' abuſe me?
The goodneſs of a Man ne'er taught theſe Principles.
I come a Spy? Durſt any noble Spirit
Put on this Habit, to become a Traitor?
Ev'n in an Enemy ſhew me this Antipathy
Where there is Chriſtian Faith, and this not reverenced:
I come a Spy? No, *Roderigo*, no;
A Hater of thy Perſon, a Maligner?
So far from that, I brought no Malice with me,
But rather when I meet thee, (16) Tears to ſoften thee;
When I put on this Habit, I put off
All Fires, all Angers, all thoſe ſtarts of Youth
That (17) clapt too rank a Biaſs to my Being,
And drew me from the right Mark all ſhould aim at;
Inſtead of ſtubborn Steel, I put on Prayers;
For raſh and haſty Heats, a ſweet Repentance:
Long weary Steps, and Vows, for my Vain-glories.
O *Roderigo!*
Rod. If thy Tongue could ſave thee,
Or Prating be thy Bail, thou haſt a rare Benefit.
Soldiers, come out, and bring a Halter with ye;
I'll forgive your holy Habit, Sir, but I'll hang you.

(15) *Baſe as* you *act, thy End be,*——] The Copies here vary. Thoſe of 1647 and 1711 read as in the Text; that of 1679 gives the Paſſage thus,

Baſe as the *Act*, &c.

But, as I think, none of 'em right. I conjectur'd once that the Line ſhould run ſo,

Baſe as your *Act*, &c.

But finding afterward, upon Examination, that *the* was the reading of the 2d *Folio*, I am now inclin'd to think the Place ſhould run thus,

Baſe as this *Act*, &c.

i. e. his coming upon him (*Roderigo*) as he thought, in the Habit of a Pilgrim, to ſpy out his Place of Concealment, Strength, *&c.* in order to diſcover all he knew to the Governor.

(16) ——— *Tears* ſo *ſoften thee*;] This Reading is peculiar to the Copy of 1711.

(17) — *clapt too* rank *a Biaſs*—] *i. e.* ſtrong, great, *&c.*

Enter

Enter Outlaws, Lopes, *and* Jaques.

1 *Outl.* Wherefore this Halter, Captain?
Rod. For this Traitor.
Go, put it on him, and then tie him up.
1 *Outl.* D' you want a Band, Sir? This is a courſe wearing,
'Twill ſit but ſcurvily upon this Collar;
But Patience is as good as a *French* Pickadel.
Lop. What's his Fault, Captain?
Rod. 'Tis my Will he periſh,
And that's his Fault.
Ped. A Captain of good Government.
Come, Soldiers, come, ye're roughly bred, and bloody;
Shew your Obedience, and the Joy ye take
In executing impious Commands;
Ye have a Captain ſeals your liberal Pardons,
Be no more Chriſtians, put Religion by,
'Twill make ye Cowards; feel no Tenderneſs,
Nor let a thing call'd Conſcience trouble ye;
Alas, 'twill breed Delay. Bear no Reſpect
To what I ſeem; were I a Saint indeed,
Why ſhould that ſtagger ye? You know not Holineſs:
To be excellent in Evil, is your Goodneſs;
And be ſo, 'twill become ye; have no Hearts,
For fear you ſhould repent; that will be dangerous;
For if there be a knocking there, a pricking,
And that Pulſe beat back to your Conſiderations,
How ye have laid a ſtiff Hand on Religion——
Rod. Truſs him, I ſay.
Ped. And violated Faith——
Rod. Hear him not prate.
Ped. Why, what a thing will this be?
What ſtrange Confuſion then will breed among ye?
Rod. Will none of ye obey?
Ped. What Devils vex ye?
The Fears ye live in, and the hourly Dangers
Will be Delights to theſe: Thoſe have their Ends,
But theſe out-live all Time, and all Repentance:
And if it creep into your Conſcience once,

Be ſure ye lock that cloſe.
Rod. Why ſtand ye gazing?
Ped. Farewel Sleep, Peace, all that are human Comfo
Better ye had been Trees, or Stones, and happier;
For thoſe die here, and ſeek no further Being,
Nor Hopes, nor Puniſhments.
Rod. Rots take ye, Raſcals.
Jaq. What would you have us do?
Rod. Diſpatch the Prater.
Jaq. And have religious Blood hang on our Conſcienc
We're bad enough already: Sins enough
To make our Graves ev'n loath us.
Rod. No Man love me?
Lop. Although I be a Thief, I am no Hangman;
They're two Mens Trades, and let another Execute.
Lay violent Hands on holy Things?
Rod. Baſe Cowards,
Put to your Powers, ye Raſcals, I command ye.
For holy, or unholy, if I ſay it,
I'll have it done.
1 *Outl.* If I do't, let me ſtarve for't.
2 *Outl.* Or I.
3 *Outl.* Or I: We will obey things handſome,
And bad enough, and over-do Obedience,
But to be made ſuch Inſtruments of Miſchief———
Jaq. I've done as many Villanies as another,
And with as little Reluctation;
Let me come clear of theſe, and wipe that Score off.
Put me upon a felt and known Perdition———
Rod. Have ye conſpir'd, ye Slaves?
Ped. (18) How vildly this ſhows,
In one that would command another's Temper,
And bear no bound in's own.
Rod. Am I thus jaded?
Ped. Is it my Life thou long'ſt for, *Roderigo?*
And can no Sacrifice appeaſe thy Malice,
But my Blood ſpilt? Do it thyſelf, diſpatch it;
And as thou tak'ſt the whole Revenge unto thee,

(18) *How* wildly *this ſhows,*] The *Folio* of 1647 gives the Text.

Take the whole Sin upon thee, and be mighty,
Mighty in Evil, as thou art in Anger:
And let not theſe poor Wretches houl for thy ſake.
Thoſe things that in thine own Glaſs ſeem moſt monſtrous,
Would'ſt thou abuſe their weak Sights with, for amiable?
Is it, thou think'ſt to fear me with thy Terrors,
And into weak Condition draw my Virtue?
If I were now to learn to die, I'd ſue to thee;
Or did I fear Death, then I'd make thee Glorious;
But knowing what, and how far I can ſuffer,
And all my whole Life being but Death's Preface,
My Sleep but at next Door——

Rod. Are ye ſo valiant?
I'll make ye feel; I'll make ye know, and feel too;
And Raſcals, you ſhall tremble. Keep him here,
And keep him ſafe too; if he 'ſcape your Guards——

Ped. Fear not, I will not.

Rod. As I live, ye die for't;
I will not be thus baffled. [*Exit.*

Jaq. What a Devil have ye done, Pilgrim? Or what Miſchief
Have you conſpir'd, that he ſhould rage and rave thus?
Have you kill'd his Father, or his Mother?
Or ſtrangled any of his Kindred?

Lop. Has he no Siſters? Have you not been bouncing
About their Belly-pieces?

Jaq. Why ſhould that be dangerous,
Or any way deſerve Death? Is't not Natural?
Bar us the Chriſtian Liberty of Women,
And build us up with Brick, take 'way our Free-ſtone.

1 *Outl.* Becauſe thou'rt holier than he, upon my Conſcience
He does not envy thee: That's not his Quarrel;
For, look you, that might be compounded without Prayers.

Lop. Nor that thou ſeem'ſt an honeſter Man; for here
We have no trading with ſuch Tinſel-ſtuff;
To be an excellent Thief, is all we aim at.
Wilt thou take a Spit and Stride, and ſee if thou canſt out-run us?

Ped. I ſcorn to ſhift his Fury; keep your Obedience;

For though your Government admit no Precedent,
Keep yourſelves careful in't.
Jaq. Thou wilt be hang'd then.
Ped. I cannot die with fewer Faults upon me.
2 *Outl.* 'Tis ten to one he'll ſhoot him: For the De
in him
If he hang him himſelf:
Lop. H'as too proud a Nature;
He will compel ſome one. *Jaq.* I'm confident.
Lop. And ſo are all, I think. *Ped.* Be not moleſte
If I muſt die, let it not trouble you;
It ſtirs not me: 'Tis the end I was born for.
Only this honeſt Office I deſire ye,
If there be Courteſy in Men of your Breed,
To ſee me buried; not to let his Fury
Expoſe my Body to the open Violence
Of Beaſts, and Fowls; ſo far I urge Humanity.

Enter Roderigo *and* Alinda.

Jaq. He ſhan't deny us that; we'll ſee ye under Grou
And give ye a Volley of as good Cups of Sack,
For that's our Diſcipline-----
Lop. He comes again,
As high in rage as ever; the Boy with him.
1 *Outl.* Will he compel the Child?
Lop. He's bent to do it,
And muſt have ſome Body.
Rod. If thou lov'ſt me, do it;
Love me, or love me not, I ſay thou ſhalt do it:
Stare not, nor ſtagger, Sirrah; if ye deny me—
Do you ſee this, Rogue?
Alin. What would ye have me do, Sir?
Heav'n's goodneſs bleſs me.
Rod. Do? why hang a Raſcal,
That would hang me.
Alin. I am a Boy, and weak, Sir.
Rod. Thou'rt ſtrong enough to tie him to a Bough,
And turn him off; come, thou ſhalt be my Jewel,
And I'll allow thee Horſe, and all thy Pleaſures,
And twenty gallant Things; I'll teach thee Arms too

Make thee mine Heir.
Alin. Let me inherit Death firſt.
Rod. Make me not angry, Sirrah.
Alin. Which is the Man, Sir?
I'll pluck up the beſt Heart I can, yet——
Rod. Fear not,
It is my Will: That in the Pilgrim's Coat there,
That Devil in the Saint's Skin.
Alin. Guard me, Goodneſs.
Rod. Diſpatch him preſently.
Ped. I wait your worſt, Sir.
Jaq. Will the Boy do it? Is the Rogue ſo confident?
So young, ſo deep in Blood?
Lop. He ſhakes, and trembles.
Ped. Doſt thou ſeek more Coals ſtill to ſear thy Conſcience,
Work ſacred Innocence, to be a Devil?
Do it thyſelf for ſhame, thou beſt becom'ſt it.
Rod. Sirrah, I ſcorn my Finger ſhould be 'fil'd with thee;
And yet I'll have it done; this Child ſhall ſtrangle thee;
A crying Girl, if ſhe were here, ſhould maſter thee.
Alin. How ſhould I ſave him? How myſelf from Violence? [*Aſide.*
Ped. Leave your Tongue-valour, and diſpatch your Hate, Sir,
The Patience of my Death, ſhall more torment thee,
(Thou painted Honour, thou baſe Man made backward,)
Than all my Life has fear'd thee.
Rod. Gag him, Sirrah.
Jaq. The Boy looks chearfully now; ſure he will do it.
Lop. He'll maul him elſe.
Alin. Are ye prepar'd to die, Sir?
Ped. Yes, Boy, and ready; prithee to thy Buſineſs.
Alin. Why are ye then ſo angry? So perplex'd, Sir?
Patience wins Heav'n, and not the heat of Paſſion.
Why do you rail?
Lop. The Boy's a pretty Prieſt.
Ped. I thank ye, gentle Child, you teach me truly.
Alin. You ſeem to fear too.

Ped. Thou ſeeſt more than I feel, Boy.
Alin. You tremble ſure.
Ped. No ſure, Boy, 'tis thy Tenderneſs;
Prithee make haſte, and let that Gulph be ſatisfied.
Alin. Are ye ſo willing to go to't?
Ped. Moſt willing:
I would not borrow from his Courteſy
One Hour of Life, to gain an Age of Glory.
Alin. And is your Reckoning ſtraight, Sir?
Ped. As ſtraight as Truth, Boy;
I cannot go more joyfully to a Wedding.
Alin. Then to your Prayers, I'll diſpatch ye preſently.
Now guide my Tongue, thou Bleſſedneſs. [*Aſide.*
Rod. A good Boy.
Alin. But hark ye, Sir, one Word; and pray ye reſolve me.
Let me ſpeak privately.
Rod. What would'ſt thou have, Child?
Alin. Shall this Man die?
Rod. Why doſt thou make that Queſtion?
Alin. Pray ye be not angry; if he muſt, I'll do it.
But muſt he now?
Rod. What elſe? Who dare reprieve him?
Alin. Pray ye think again; and as your Injuries
Are great, and full, you ſuffer from this Fellow,
Do not ye purpoſe ſo to ſuit your Vengeance?
Rod. I do, and muſt.
Alin. You cannot if he die now.
Rod. Cannot?
Alin. No, cannot; be not vex'd, you'll find it:
I have conſider'd, and I know it certain,
Ye ſuffer below him: loſe all your Angers.
Rod. Why, my beſt Boy?
Alin. I love and tender ye,
I would not tell ye elſe. Is that Revenge,
To ſlight your Cauſe, and Saint your Enemy?
Clap the Dove's Wings of downy Peace unto him,
And let him ſoar to Heav'n, whilſt you are ſighing?
Is this Revenge?
Rod. I'd have him die.

Alin.

Alin. Prepar'd thus?
The Bleſſing of a Father never reach'd it:
His Contemplation now ſcorns ye, contemns ye,
And all the Tortures ye can uſe. Let him die thus,
And theſe that know and love Revenge will laugh at ye:
Here lies the Honour of a well-bred Anger,
To make his Enemy ſhake and tremble under him;
Doubt, nay, almoſt deſpair, and then confound him.
This Man ye rock aſleep, and all your Rages
Are *Requiems* to his parting Soul, meer Anthems.
Rod. Indeed he's ſtrongly built.
Alin. You cannot ſhake him;
And the more Weight ye put on his Foundation,
Now as he ſtands, ye fix him ſtill the ſtronger;
If ye love him, honour him, would heap upon him
Friendſhips and Benefits beyond Example,
Hope him a Star in Heaven, and there would ſtick him,
Now take his Life.
Rod. I'd rather take mine own, Boy.
Alin. I'll eaſe him preſently.
Rod. Stay, be not haſty.
Alin. Bleſs my Tongue ſtill.
Lop. What has the Boy done to him?
How dull and ſtill he looks.
Alin. You are a wiſe Man,
And long have buckled with the World's Extremities,
A valiant Man, and no doubt know both Fortunes,
And would ye work your Maſter-piece thus madly,
(19) Take the bare name of Honour, that will pity ye,
When the World knows ye've prey'd upon a poor Pilgrim?
Rod.

(19) *Take the bare name of Honour*, that *will pity ye,*
When the World knows ye have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim?] I believe a Tranſpoſition here and falſe Points have rendred this all Darkneſs and Obſcurity; what confirms the Suſpicion is, that the old *Folio*, the firſt Edition of this Play, has a large Space between *knows* and *ye* in the ſecond Line: I read therefore,
Take the bare name of Honour? when the World knows
Ye've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim, they *will pity ye.* Mr. *Seward.*
I would not defraud the Reader of Mr. *Seward*'s ingenious Note, tho' I can't allow of ſo bold a Proceeding againſt the Text, which I think may be ſet right with leſs Trouble ſo,

Rod. The Boy has ſtagger'd me: What would'ſt thou have me?

Alin. Have ye? D' you not feel, Sir? Does 't not ſtir ye?
D' you ask a Child? I'd have ye do moſt bravely,
Becauſe I moſt affect ye: Like yourſelf, Sir,
Scorn him, and let him go; ſeem to contemn him,
And now ye've made him ſhake, ſeal him his Pardon;
When he appears a Subject fit for Anger,
And fit for you, his pious Armour off,
His Hopes no higher than your Sword may reach at,
Then ſtrike, and then ye know Revenge, then take it.
I hope I've turn'd his Mind. [*Aſide.*

Rod. Let the Fool go there;
I ſcorn to let looſe ſo baſe an Anger
May light on thee: See me no more, but quit me,
And when we meet again——

Ped. I'll thank ye, Captain. [*Exit.*

Alin. Why this was like yourſelf: But which way goes he?
Shall we ne'er happy meet? [*Aſide.*

Rod. I'm drowſy, Boy,
Go with me, and diſcourſe; I like thy Company,
O Child! I love thy Tongue.

Alin. I ſhall wait on ye. [*Exeunt.*

Lop. The Boy has done't; a plaguy witty Raſcal,
And I ſhall love him terribly.

Jaq. 'Twas he moſt certain,
For if ye mark, how earneſt he was with him,
And how he labour'd him.

Lop. A cunning Villain,
But a good Rogue: This Boy will make's all honeſt.

1 *Outl.* I ſcarce believe that; but I like the Boy well:
Come, let's to Supper; then upon our Watches.

——— ——— ——— *thus madly?*
Take the bare name of Honour, it will pity you
When the World knows you've prey'd on a poor Pilgrim.

The meaning is, Conſider only your Honour, and how poorly the World will think of you when it comes to know that you have prey'd on a poor Pilgrim.

Lop.

Lop. (20) This Pilgrim 'ſcap'd a joyful one.
Jaq. Let's drink round,
To the Boy's Health, and then about our Buſineſs.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Roderigo, Jaques, Lopes, *and three Outlaws.*

Rod. NONE of you know her?
Jaq. Alas, Sir, we ne'er ſaw her,
Nor e'er heard of her, but from your Report.
Rod. No happy Eye?
Lop. I do not think 'tis ſhe, Sir,
Methinks a Woman dares not.
Rod. Thou ſpeak'ſt poorly;
What dares not Woman, when ſhe is provok'd?
Or what ſeems dangerous to Love, or Fury?
That it is ſhe, this has confirm'd me certain,
Theſe Jewels here, a part of which I ſent her,
And though unwilling, yet her Father wrought her
To take and wear.
Lop. A Wench, and we not know it?
And among us? where were our Underſtandings?
I could have gueſs'd unhappily, have had ſome feeling
In ſuch a matter: Here are as pretty Fellows,
At the diſcovery of ſuch a Jigambob.
A handſome Wench too? Sure we've loſt (21) our Faculties,
We have no Motions: What ſhould ſhe do here, Sir?

(20) *This Pilgrim 'ſcap'd a* joyful *one.*] This may be underſtood as if this Pilgrim was joyful on account of his Eſcape, but 'tis more in Character to make *one* relate to *Supper*, and then, tho' *joyful*, underſtood ironically, may ſtand, yet *woful* ſeems a more humorous Word. I read therefore,
This Pilgrim 'ſcap'd a woful *one.* Mr. *Seward.*

(21) ——— ——— *our Faculties,*
We have no Motions:——] The *N* and the *M* have taken the ſame turn here as in *Shakeſpear.* Read,
——— ——— ——— *our Faculties,*
We have no Notions.———

Rod.

Rod. That's it that troubles me: O that baſe Raſcal!
There lies the miſery: How cunningly ſhe quit him,
And how ſhe urg'd! Had ye been conſtant to me,
I ne'er had ſuffer'd this.

1 *Outl.* Ye might have hang'd him;
And would he had been hang'd, that's all we care for't,
So our Hands had not done't.

Rod. She's gone again too.
And what care have ye for that? gone, and contemn'd me;
Maſter'd my Will, and Power, and now laughs at me.

Lop. The Devil that brought her hither, Sir, I think
Has carried her back again inviſible,
For we ne'er knew nor heard of her Departure.

Jaq. No living thing came this Night through our Watches;
She went with you.

Rod. Was by me till I ſlept,
But when I wak'd, and call'd—O my dull Pate here!
If I had open'd this when it was given me,
This roguy Box.

Enter Alphonſo, *and two Outlaws.*

Lop. We could but give it ye.

Rod. Pilgrim? a pox o' Pilgrims, there the Game goes,
There's all my Fortune fled; I know't, I feel it.

Alph. Bring me unto thy Captain; where's thy Captain?
I'm founder'd, melted, ſome fairy thing or other
Has led me dancing; the Devil has haunted me
I' th' Likeneſs of a Voice; give me thy Captain.

2 *Outl.* He's here, Sir, there he ſtands.

Alph. How doſt thou, Captain?
I have been fool'd and jaded, made a Dog-bolt.
My Daughter's run away: I have been haunted too,
I've loſt my Horſe; I'm hungry, and out of my Wits alſo.

Rod. Come in; I'll tell you what I know; ſtrange things!
And take your Eaſe; I'll follow her Recovery;
Theſe ſhall be yours the whilſt, and do ye Service.

Alph. Let me have Drink enough, I'm almoſt choak'd too.

Rod.

Rod. You ſhall have any thing; what think you now, Soldiers?

Jaq. I think a Woman, is a Woman, that's any thing. The next we take, we'll ſearch a little nearer, We'll not be boy'd again with a Pair of Breeches.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. He's gone in here: This is *Roderigo*'s Quarter, And I'll be with him ſoon, I'll ſtartle him, A little better than I have done: All this long Night I've led him out o' th' way, to try his Patience, And made him ſwear, and curſe, and pray, and ſwear again, And cry for Anger; I made him leave his Horſe too, Where he can never find him more; whiſtled to him, And then he'd run through thick and thin to reach me; And down in this Ditch, up again, and ſhake him, And ſwear ſome certain Bleſſings; then into that Buſh Pop goes his Pate, and all his Face is comb'd over, And I ſit laughing: A hundred Tricks I've ſerv'd him, And I will double 'em, before I leave him; I'll teach his Anger to diſpute with Women; But all this time I cannot meet my Miſtreſs, I cannot come to comfort her, that grieves me, For ſure ſhe's much afflicted; till I do, I'll haunt thy Ghoſt, *Alphonſo*; I'll keep thee waking: Yes, I muſt get a Drum: I am villanous weary, And yet I'll trot about theſe Villages Till I have got my Will, and then have at ye. I'll make your Anger drop out at your Elbows, e'er I leave ye. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Seberto, *and* Curio.

Seb. 'Tis ſtrange, in all the Circuit we have ridden, We cannot croſs her; no way light upon her.

Cur. I don't think ſhe is gone thus far, or this way, For

For certain if ſhe had, we ſhould have reach'd her,
Made ſome Diſcov'ry, heard ſome News; we've ſeen nothing.

Seb. Nor paſs'd by any Body that could promiſe any thing.
She's certainly diſguis'd; her Modeſty
Durſt never venture elſe.

Cur. Let her take any Shape,
And let me ſee it once, I can diſtinguiſh it.

Seb. So ſhould I think too; has n't her Father found her?

Cur. No, I'll be hang'd then; h'as no Patience,
Unleſs ſhe light in's Teeth, to look about him.
(22) He gueſſes now, and chafes, and frets like Tinſel.

Seb. Let him go on, he cannot live without it;
But keep her from him, Heav'n! Where are we, *Curio?*

Cur. In a Wood I think, hang me if I know elſe,
And yet I've ridden all theſe Coaſts at all Hours,
And had an aim.

Seb. I would we had a Guide.

Cur. And if I be not much awry, *Seberto*,
Not far off ſhould be *Roderigo*'s Quarter,
For in this Faſtneſs, If I be not cozen'd,
He and his Outlaws live.

Seb. This is the Place then
W' appointed him to meet in.

Enter Alinda.

Cur. Yes, I think ſo.

Seb. Would we could meet ſome living thing: What's that there?

Cur. A Boy, I think; ſtay, why may n't he direct us?

(22) *He* gueſſes now, and *chafes, and frets like Tinſel.*] This Line, to me, is not without its Difficulties, and if I may be allow'd to *gueſs* what *Curio* would be underſtood to ſay, perhaps it might be as follows. 'Alphonſo has not Patience enough for a deliberate Search; he ſtops indeed ſometimes *as if he would conſider* which way he ſhall take next, but he only *chafes and frets*, and, after all, purſues at random.' To make the Line in ſome meaſure to agree with this Interpretation, we ſhould read it,

He gueſſes not, but *chafes and frets like Tinſel.*

Alin.

Alin. I'm hungry, and I'm weary, and I can't find him.
Keep my Wits, Heav'n, I feel 'em wavering:
O God, my Head!
Seb. Boy, doſt thou hear, thou Stripling?
Alin. Now they will tear me, torture me, now *Roderigo*
Will hang him without Mercy; ha?
Cur. Come hither:
A very pretty Boy; what Place is this, Child?
And whither doſt thou travel? how he ſtares!
Some ſtubborn Maſter has abus'd the Boy,
And beaten him: How he complains! whither goeſt thou?
Alin. I go to *Segovia*, Sir, to my ſick Mother;
I have been taken here by drunken Thieves,
And (O my Bones!) I have been beaten, Sir,
Miſ-us'd and robb'd; extremely beaten, Gentlemen.
O God, my Side!
Seb. What Beaſts would uſe a Boy thus?
Look up, and be of good Cheer.
Alin. O, I cannot.
My Back! my Back! my Back!
Cur. What Thieves?
Alin. I know not,
But they call th' Captain, *Roderigo.*
Cur. Look ye,
I knew we were thereabouts.
Seb. Doſt thou want any thing?
Alin. Nothing but Eaſe, but Eaſe, Sir.
Cur. There's ſome Money,
And get thee to thy Mother.
Alin. I thank ye, Gentlemen.
Seb. This was extremely foul, to vex a Child thus.
Come let's along, we cannot loſe our way now.
[*Exeunt.*
Alin. Though ye are honeſt Men, I fear your Fingers,
And glad I am got off; O how I tremble!
Send me but once within his Arms, dear Fortune,
And then come all the World: What ſhall I do now?
'Tis almoſt Night again, and where to lodge me
Or get me Meat, or any thing, I know not;

These

Theſe wild Woods, and the Fancies I have in me,
Will run me mad.

Enter Juletta.

Jul. Boy! Boy!
Alin. More ſet to take me?
Jul. Doſt thou hear, Boy, thou Pointer?
Alin. 'Tis a Boy too,
A Lacky-Boy; I need not fear his Fierceneſs.
Jul. Canſt thou beat a Drum?
Alin. A Drum?
Jul. This thing, a Drum here.
Didſt thou ne'er ſee a Drum? Canſt thou make this grumble?
Alin. *Juletta*'s Face and Tongue; is ſhe run mad too? [*Aſide.*
Here may be double Craft. I have no Skill in't.
Jul. I'll give thee a Royal but to go along with me.
Alin. I care not for thy Royal, I've other Buſineſs.
Drum to thyſelf, and dance to't.
Jul. Sirrah, Sirrah;
Thou ſcurvy Sirrah; thou Snotty-nos'd Scab, doſt thou hear me?
If I lay down my Drum——

Enter Roderigo, *and two Outlaws.*

Alin. Here comes more Company,
I fear a Plot, Heav'n ſend me fairly from it. [*Exit.*
Jul. *Baſta*, who's here?
Lop. Captain, (23) do you need me farther?
Rod. No, not a Foot: Give me the Gown; the Sword now.
Jul. This is the Devil Thief, and if he take me,
Woe be to my Gally-gaskins.
Lop. Certain, Sir,
She'll take her Patches off, and change her Habit.

(23) — *do you need me*, Father?] This Paſſage, as Mr. *Seward* too obſerved with me, ſhould be read,
——— *need me* farther?
And I find the Copy of 1679 is here on our ſide.

Rod.

Rod. Let her do what ſhe pleaſe: No, no, *Alinda*,
You cannot cozen me again in a Boy's Figure,
Nor hide the Beauty of that Face in Patches,
But I ſhall know't.

Jul. A Boy, his Face in Patches?

Rod. Nor ſhall your Tongue again bewitch mine Anger.
If ſhe be found i'th' Woods, ſend me Word preſently,
And I'll return; ſhe cannot be far gone yet,
If ſhe be not, expect me, when ye ſee me;
Uſe all your Service to my Friend *Alphonſo*,
And have a care to your Buſineſs: Farewel,
No more, farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. (24) I'm heart'ly glad thou art gone: yet
This Boy in Patches was the Boy came by me,
The very ſame, how haſtily it ſhifted!
What a mop-ey'd Aſs was I, I could not know her;
This muſt be ſhe, this is ſhe, now I remember her,
How loth ſhe was to talk too, how ſhe fear'd me!
I could now piſs mine Eyes out for meer Anger:
I'll follow her——But who ſhall vex her Father then?
One flurt at him, and then I'm for the Voyage,
If I can croſs the Captain too: Come Tabor. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Jaques, *and one Outlaw.*

Jaq. Are they all ſet?

1 *Outl.* All, and each Quarter quiet.

Jaq. Is the old Man aſleep?

1 *Outl.* An Hour ago, Sir.

Jaq. We muſt be very careful in his Abſence,
And very watchful.

1 *Outl.* It concerns us nearly,
He will not be long from us.

Jaq. No, he cannot.

(24) *I am heart'ly glad thou art gone* yet.] The Senſe here would be greatly heightned, by a Change in the Pointing, and metamorphoſing this heavy *yet* into *yes*.

I am heart'ly glad thou art gone. Yes
This Boy in Patches, &c.

1 *Outl.*

1 *Outl.* A little heat of Love, which he muſt wander out.
[*Drum afar off.*
And then again: Hark!
Jaq. What?
1 *Outl.* 'Tis not the Wind, ſure:
That's ſtill and calm, no Noiſe, nor Flux of Waters.
Jaq. I hear a Drum, I think.
1 *Outl.* That, that;
It beats again now.
Jaq. Now it comes nearer: Sure we are ſurpris'd, Sir;
Some from the King's Command; we're loſt, we're dead all.
1 *Outl.* Hark, hark, a Charge now: My Captain has betray'd us,
And left us to this Ruin, run away from's.

Enter two Outlaws.

Lop. Another beats o' that ſide.
2 *Outl.* Fly, fly, *Jaques*,
We're taken in a Toil, ſnapt in a Pitfal;
Methinks I feel a Sword already ſhave me.
3 *Outl.* A thouſand Horſe and Foot, a thouſand Pioneers,
If we get under Ground, to fetch us out again;
And every one an Ax to cut the Woods down.
Lop. This is the diſmal'ſt Night—— [*Exit.*

Enter Alphonſo.

Alph. Where is my Nag now?
And what make I here to be hang'd? What Devil
Brought me into this Danger? is there ne'er a Hole,
That I may creep in deep enough, and die quickly?
Ne'er an old Ditch to choke in? I ſhall be taken
For their Commander now, their General,
And have a commanding Gallows ſet up for me
As high as a May-pole, and nafty Songs made on me;
Be printed with a Pint-pot and a Dagger.
They are all kill'd by this time: Can I pray?
Let me ſee that firſt—I've too much Fear to be faithful.
Where's all my State now? I muſt go hunt for Daughters,
Daughters, and Damſels of the Lake, damned Daughters.

A hundred Crowns (25) for a good Tod of Hay,
Or a fine hollow Tree, that would contain me;
I hear 'em coming; I feel the Nooſe about me.

Enter Seberto, Curio, *Outlaws, and* Jaques.

Seb. Why do you fear, and fly? Here are no Soldiers;
None from the King to vex ye.

1 *Outl.* The Drum, the Drum, Sir.

Cur. I never ſaw ſuch Pidgeon-hearted People:
What Drum? what Danger; Who's that that ſhakes behind there?
Mercy upon me, Sir, why are ye fear'd thus?

Alph. Are we all kill'd, no Mercy to be hop'd for?
Am I not ſhot, d' you think?

Seb. You're ſtrangely frighted,
Shot with a Fiddle-ſtick; who's here to ſhoot ye?
A Drum we ſaw indeed, a Boy was beating it,
And hunting Squirrels by Moon-light.

Lop. Nothing elſe, Sir?

Cur. Not any thing; no other Perſon ſtirring.

Alph. O that I had that Boy! this is that Devil,
That fairy Rogue, that haunted me laſt Night;
H'as Sleeves like Dragon's Wings.

Seb. A little Foot-boy.

Alph. Come, let's go in, and let me get my Cloaths on;
If e'er I ſtay here more to be thus Martyr'd——
Did ye not meet the Wench?

Seb. No ſure, we met her not.

Alph. She has been here in Boy's Apparel, Gentlemen,
A gallant thing, and famous for a Gentlewoman,
And all her Face patch'd over for Diſcovery;
A Pilgrim too, and thereby hangs a Circumſtance,

(25) ——— *for a good Tod of* Hay,] I have not ventured at an Alteration of the Text, but I ſtrongly ſuſpect a Corruption, and that the Line once run,

——— *for a good* Tod of Ivy.

So in *Bonduca*, Act I.

——— *then did I ſee*
Theſe ——— *Men of* Britain
Like boading Owls creep into Tods of Ivy.

That ſhe hath play'd her Maſter-prize, a rare one.
I came too ſhort.

Cur. Such a young Boy we met, Sir.

Alph. In a gray Hat.

Cur. The ſame; his Face all patch'd too.

Alph. 'Twas ſhe, a rot run with her; ſhe, that rank ſhe;
Walk in, I'll tell ye all; and then we'll part again,
But get ſome ſtore of Wine; this Fright fits here yet.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Juletta.

Jul. What a Fright I've put 'em in; what a brave Hurry.
(26) If this do bolt him, I'll be with him again
With a new Part, was never play'd; I'll firk him.
As he hunts her, ſo I'll hunt him: I'll claw him.
Now will I ſee if I can croſs her footing:
Yet ſtill I'll watch his Water, he ſhall pay for't;
And when he thinks moſt Malice, and means worſt,
I'll make him know the Mare's the better Horſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Pedro, *and a Gentleman.*

Gent. Ye are a Stranger, Sir, and for Humanity,
Being come within our Walls, I'd ſhew you ſomething.
Ye've ſeen the Caſtle?

Ped. Yes, Sir, 'tis a ſtrong one,
And well maintain'd.

Gent. Why are you ſtill thus ſad, Sir;
How do ye like the Walks?

Ped. They're very pleaſant;
Your Town ſtands cool and ſweet.

Gent. But that I would not
Affect you with more Sadneſs, I could ſhew ye
A Place worth View.

Ped. Shows ſeldom alter me, Sir;
Pray ye ſpeak it, and then ſhew it.

(26) *If this* do *bolt him,*—] Probably the Negative is wanting.
If this don't *bolt him* ———

Gent.

Gent. 'Tis a House here
Where People of all sorts, that have been visited
With Lunacies and Follies, wait their Cures;
There Fancies of a thousand Stamps and Fashions,
Like Flies in several shapes, buz round about ye,
And twice as many Gestures; some of Pity,
That it would make ye melt to see their Passions;
And some as light again, that would content ye.
But I see, Sir, your Temper is too modest,
Too much inclin'd to Contemplation,
To meet with these?

Ped. You could not please me better;
And I beseech you, Sir, do me the Honour
To let me wait upon ye.

Gent. Since ye're willing,
To me 't shall be a Pleasure to conduct ye.

Ped. I ne'er had such a mind yet to see Misery.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter two Keepers.

1 *Keep.* Carry mad *Bess* some Meat, she roars like Thunder;
And tie the Parson short, the Moon's a'th' Full,
H'as a thousand Pigs in's Brains: Who looks to th' Prentice?
Keep him from Women, he thinks h'as lost his Mistress;
And talk of no Silk Stuffs, 'twill run him horn mad.

2 *Keep.* The Justice keeps such a stir yonder with his Charges,
And such a coil with Warrants.

1 *Keep.* Take away his Statutes;
The Devil has possest him in the Likeness
Of penal Laws: Keep him from *Aqua-vitæ*,
For if that Spirit creep into his *Quorum*,
He will commit us all; how's it with th' Scholar?

2 *Keep.* For any thing I see, he's in his right Wits.

1 *Keep.* Thou art an Ass; in's right Wits, goodman Coxcomb?

As though any Man durſt be in's right Wits, and be here.
It is as much as we dare be that keep 'em.

Enter Engliſh *Madman.*

Engl. Give me ſome Drink.
1 *Keep.* O, there's the *Engliſh* Man.
Engl. Fill me a thouſand Pots, and froth 'em, froth 'em.
Down o' your Knees ye Rogues, and pledge me roundly,
One, two, three, and four;
We ſhall be all merry within this Hour.
To the great *Turk.*
1 *Keep.* Peace, peace, thou heathen Drunkard;
Theſe *Engliſh* are ſo Malt-mad, there's no medling with 'em;
When they've a fruitful Year of Barley there,
All the whole Iſland's thus.
Engl. A Snuff, a Snuff, a Snuff;
A lewd notorious Snuff; give't him again, Boy.

Enter She-fool.

Fool. God-ye-good even, Gaffer.
2 *Keep.* Who let the Fool looſe?
1 *Keep.* If any of the Madmen take her, ſhe is pepper'd,
They'll bounce her Loins.
Fool. Will ye walk into th' Coal-houſe?
1 *Keep.* She is as leacherous too as a She-ferret.
2 *Keep.* Who a vengeance looks to her? Go, go in, *Kate,*
I'll give thee a fine Apple.
Fool. Will ye buſs me,
And tickle me, and make me Laugh?
1 *Keep.* I'll whip ye.
Engl. Fool, Fool, come up to me, Fool.
Fool. Are ye peeping?
Engl. I'll get thee with five Fools.
Fool. O fine, O dainty!
Engl. And thou ſhalt lie in a Horſe-cloth, like a Lady.
Fool. And ſhall I have a Coach?
Engl. Drawn with four Turkeys,
And they ſhall tread thee too.
Fool. We ſhall have Eggs then;

And ſhall I ſit upon 'em?
Engl. Ay, ay, and they ſhall be all addle,
And make an admirable Tanſey for the Devil.
Come, come away, I'm taken with thy Love, Fool,
And will mightily belabour thee.
1 *Keep.* How the Fool bridles! How ſhe twitters at him!
Theſe *Engliſhmen* would ſtagger a wiſe Woman.
If we ſhould ſuffer her to have her Will now,
We ſhould have all the Women in *Spain* as mad as ſhe here.
2 *Keep.* They would ſtrive who ſhould be moſt Fool; away with her.

Enter Maſter, three Gentlemen, a mad Scholar, and Pedro.

Fool. Pray ye ſtay a little: Let's hear him ſing, h'as a fine Breaſt.
1 *Keep.* Here comes my Maſter; to the ſpit, ye Whore,
And ſtir no more abroad, but tend your Buſineſs;
You ſhall have no more Sops i' th' Pan elſe, nor no Porridge:
Beſides, I'll whip your Breech.
Fool. I'll go in preſently.
1 *Gent.* I'll aſſure ye, Sir, the Cardinal's angry with ye
For keeping this young Man.
Maſt. I'm heartily ſorry.
If ye allow him ſound, pray ye take him with ye.
1 *Gent.* This is the Place, and now obſerve their Humours.
2 *Gent.* We can find nothing in him light, nor tainted;
No Startings, nor no Rubs, in all his Anſwers;
In all his Letters nothing but Diſcretion,
Learning, and handſome Stile.
Maſt. Be not deceiv'd, Sir,
Mark but his Look.
1 *Gent.* His Grief, and his Impriſonment,
May ſtamp that there.
Maſt. Pray talk with him again then.
2 *Gent.* That will be needleſs, we have try'd him long enough,
And if he had a Taint we ſhould have met with't.
Yet to diſcharge your Care——
Ped. A ſober Youth:

Pity ſo heavy a croſs ſhould light upon him.
2 *Gent.* You find no Sickneſs?
Schol. None, Sir, I thank Heav'n,
Nor nothing that diverts my Underſtanding.
1 *Gent.* Do you ſleep a-nights?
Schol. As ſound, and ſweet, as any Man.
2 *Gent.* Have ye no fearful Dreams?
Schol. Sometimes, as all have
That go to bed with raw and windy Stomachs.
Elſe, I'm all one Piece.
1 *Gent.* Is there no Unkindneſs
You have conceiv'd from any Friend or Parent?
Or Scorn from what ye lov'd?
Schol. No, truly, Sir:
I never yet was Maſter of a Faith
So poor, and weak, to doubt my Friend or Kindred;
And what Love is, unleſs it lie in Learning,
I think I'm ignorant.
1 *Gent.* This Man is perfect;
A civiller Diſcourſer I ne'er talk'd with.
Maſt. You'll find it otherwiſe.
2 *Gent.* I muſt tell ye true, Sir,
I think ye keep him here to teach him Madneſs.
Here's his Diſcharge from my Lord Cardinal;
And come, Sir, go with us.
Schol. I'm bound unto ye,
And farewel, Maſter.
Maſt. Farewel, *Stephano*;
Alas, poor Man!
1 *Gent.* What Flaws and Whirles of Weather,
Or rather Storms, have been aloft theſe three Days;
How dark, and hot, and full of Mutiny!
And ſtill grows louder.
Maſt. 'T has been ſtubborn Weather.
2 *Gent.* Strange Work at Sea, I fear me there's a tumbling.
1 *Gent.* Bleſs my old Uncle's Bark, I have a Venture
2 *Gent.* And I more than I'd wiſh to loſe.
Schol. Do you fear?
2 *Gent.* Ha! how he looks?

Maſt. Nay, mark him better, Gentlemen.
2 *Gent.* Mercy upon me, how his Eyes are alter'd!
Maſt. Now tell me how you like him; whether now
He be that perfect Man ye credited?
Schol. Does the Sea ſtagger ye?
Maſt. Now ye have hit the Nick.
Schol. Do ye fear the Billows?
1 *Gent.* What ails him? Who has ſtirr'd him?
Schol. Be not ſhaken,
Nor let the ſinging of the Storm ſhoot through ye,
Let it blow on, blow on: Let the Clouds wreſtle,
And let the Vapours of the Earth turn mutinous,
The Sea in hideous Mountains riſe and tumble,
Upon a Dolphin's Back I'll make all tremble,
For I am *Neptune.*
Maſt. Now what think ye of him?
2 *Gent.* Alas, poor Man!
Schol. Your Bark ſhall plough through all,
And not a Surge ſo ſaucy to diſturb her.
I'll ſee her ſafe, my Power ſhall ſail before her.

Down, ye angry Waters all,
Ye loud whiſtling Whirlwinds, fall:
Down, ye proud Waves, ye Storms, ceaſe;
I command ye, be at Peace.
Fright not with your churliſh Notes,
Nor bruiſe the Keel of Bark that flotes;
No devouring Fiſh come nigh,
Nor Monſter in my Empery
Once ſhew his Head, or Terror bring;
But let the weary Sailor ſing:
Amphitrite *with white Arms*
Strike my Lute, I'll ſing thy Charms.

Maſt. He muſt have Muſick now: I muſt obſerve him.
His Fit will grow too full elſe. [*Muſick, Song.*
2 *Gent.* I muſt pity him.
Maſt. Now he will in himſelf moſt quietly,
And clean forget all, as he had done nothing.
1 *Gent.* We're ſorry, Sir, and we have ſeen a Wonder;

From this Hour we'll believe, and ſo we'll leave ye.
[*Exeunt two Gentlemen.*

Ped. This was a ſtrange Fit.
Maſt. Did ye mark him, Sir?
Ped. He might have cozen'd me with his Behaviour.
Maſt. Many have ſworn him right, and I have thought ſo:
Yet on a ſudden, from ſome Word or other,
When no Man could expect a Fit, he'as flown out:
I dare not give him Will.

Enter Alinda.

Ped. Pray Heav'n recover him.
Alin. Muſt I come in too?
Maſt. No, my pretty Lad;
Keep in thy Chamber, Boy, 'ſhalt have thy Supper.
Ped. I pray ye what's he, Sir?
Maſt. A ſtrange Boy, that laſt Night
Was found i'th' Town, a little craz'd, diſtracted,
And ſo ſent hither.
Ped. How the pretty Knave looks,
And plays, and peeps upon me! ſure ſuch Eyes
I've ſeen, and lov'd; what fair Hands! certainly——
Maſt. Good Sir, you'll make him worſe.
Ped. I pray believe not.
Alas, why ſhould I hurt him? How he ſmiles!
The very Shape, and Sweetneſs of *Alinda:*
Let me look once again; were it in ſuch Cloaths
As when I ſaw her laſt; this muſt be ſhe.
How tenderly it ſtroaks me!
Maſt. Pray ye be mild, Sir?
I muſt attend elſewhere. [*Exit.*
Ped. Pray ye be ſecure, Sir,
What would ye ſay? how my Heart beats and trembles?
He holds me hard by th' Hand; (27) O my Life, her Fleſh too!

(27) —— *O my Life, her* Fleſh *too!*] Would it not require a prodigious nice Touch, to diſtinguiſh the Fleſh of any one ſingle Perſon, whether Man or Woman, from all the World's beſide? The Reading I would offer to make this Line more intelligible is this,

—— *O my Life, her* Bluſh *too!*

And who knows but the Poet had theſe Words of *Virgil* in his Eye,

Sic Oculos, ſic ora ferebat. Æneid 3.

I

I know not what to think; her Tears, her true ones;
Pure orient Tears: Hark, do you know me, little one?
Alin. O *Pedro, Pedro!*
Ped. O my Soul!
3 *Gent.* What Fit's this?
The Pilgrim's off the Hooks too.
Alin. Let me hold thee,
And now come all the World, and all that hate me.
Ped. Be wiſe, and not diſcover'd: O how I love ye!
How do ye now?
Alin. I have been miſerable;
But your moſt virtuous Eyes have cur'd me, *Pedro:*
Pray ye think it no Immodeſty, I kiſs ye;
My Head's wild ſtill.
Ped. Be not ſo full of Paſſion,
Nor do not hang ſo greedily upon me,
'Twill be ill taken.
Alin. Are ye weary of me?
I will hang here eternally, kiſs ever,
And weep away for Joy.

Enter Maſter.

Maſt. I told ye, Sir,
What ye would do; for Shame do not afflict him:
You've drawn his Fit upon him fearfully:
Either depart, and preſently; I'll force ye elſe.
Who waits within?

Enter two Keepers to fetch them off.

Ped. Alas, good Sir.
Maſt. This is the way never to hope Recovery.
Stay but one Minute more, I'll complain to th' Governor.
Bring in the Boy; d' you ſee how he ſwells and tears himſelf?
Is this your Cure? Be gone; if th' Boy miſcarry
Let me ne'er find you more, for I'll ſo hamper ye—
3 *Gent.* You were to blame, too raſh.
Ped. Farewel for ever. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Alphonſo, *a Gentleman and* Juletta.

Gent. YOU are now within a Mile o' th' Town, Sir;
If my Buſineſs
Would give me Leave, I'd turn and wait upon ye;
But for ſuch Gentlemen as you enquire of,
Certain, I ſaw none ſuch: But for the Boy ye ſpoke of,
I will not ſay 'tis he, but ſuch a one;
Juſt of that height.

Alph. In ſuch Cloaths?

Gent. I much miſtake elſe,
Was ſent in th' other Night, a little maddiſh
And where ſuch People wait their Cures.

Alph. I underſtand ye.

Gent. There you may quickly know.

Alph. I thank ye, Sir.

Jul. So do I too; and if there be ſuch a Place,
I ask no more; but you ſhall hear more of me.
She may be there, and you may play the Tyrant;
I'll ſee what I can do. I'm almoſt foundred
In following him; and yet I'll never leave him,
I'll crawl of all four firſt; my Cauſe is meritorious,
And come what can come.

Gent. All you've told me's certain,
Complexion, and all elſe.

Alph. It may be ſhe then;
And I'll ſo fumble her: Is ſhe grown mad now?
Is her Blood ſet ſo high? I'll have her madded;
I'll have her worm'd.

Jul. Mark but the end, old Maſter,
If thou beeſt not ſick o' th' Bots within theſe five Hours,
And kick'ſt and roar'ſt—I'll make ye fart Fire, Signior.

Enter Alinda, *as a Fool.*

Gent. Here's one o' th' Houſe, a Fool, an Idiot, Sir;
May be ſhe's going home; ſhe'll be a Guide to ye,
And ſo I kiſs your Hand. [*Exit.*

Alph.

Alph. I am your Servant.

Alin. O now I'm loſt, loſt, loſt! Lord, how I tremble!
My Father, arm'd in all his Hates and Angers?
This is more Miſery than I have 'ſcap'd yet.

Alph. Fool! Fool!

Alin. He knows me not. Will ye give me two Pence?
And Gaffer, here's a Crow-Flower, and a Dazie;
I've ſome Pye in my Pocket too.

Alph. This is an arrant Fool,
An ignorant thing.

Alin. Believe ſo, and I'm happy. [*Aſide.*

Alph. Doſt thou dwell in *Segovia*, Fool?

Alin. No, no, I dwell in Heav'n,
And I have a fine little Houſe, made of Marmalade.
And I am a lone Woman, and I ſpin for Saint *Peter*;
I have a hundred little Children, and they ſing Pſalms with me.

Alph. 'Tis pity this pretty thing ſhould want Underſtanding.
But why do I ſtand talking with a Coxcomb?
If I do find her, if I light upon her——
I'll ſay no more. Is this the way to th' Town, Fool?

Alin. You muſt go o'er the top of that high Steeple, Gaffer.

Alph. A plague o' your Fool's Face.

Jul. No, take her Counſel.

Alin. And then you ſhall come to a River twenty Mile over,
And twenty Mile and ten, and then you muſt pray, Gaffer,
And ſtill you muſt pray, and pray.

Alph. Pray Heav'n deliver me
From ſuch an Aſs, as thou art.

Alin. *Amen*, ſweet Gaffer:
And fling a Sop of Sugar-Cake into it;
And then you muſt leap in naked.

Jul. Would he would believe her.

Alin. And ſink ſeven Days together; can ye ſink, Gaffer?

Alph. Yes, Coxcomb, yes; prithee farewel; a pox on thee.

A plague o' that Fool too, that ſet m' upon thee.
Alin. And then I'll bring you a ſup of Milk ſhall ſerve ye:
I'm going to get Apples.
Alph. Go to th' Devil:
Was ever Man tormented with a Puppy thus?
Thou tell me News? thou be a Guide?
Alin. And then, Nunkle——
Alph. Prithee keep on thy way, good Naunt. I could rail now
Theſe ten Hours at mine own Improvidence:
Get Apples and be choak'd; farewel. [*Exit.*
Alin. Farewel, Nuncle.
Jul. I rejoice in any thing that vexes him,
And I ſhall love this Fool extremely for't:
Could I but ſee my Miſtreſs now, to tell her
How I have truly, honeſtly wrought for her,
How I have worn myſelf away, to ſerve her——
Fool, there's a Ryal for the Sport thou mad'ſt me
In croſſing that old Fool, that parted from thee.
Alin. Thou'rt honeſt ſure, but yet thou muſt not ſee me.
I thank ye, little Gentleman; Heav'n bleſs ye,
And I'll pray for ye too: Pray ye keep this Nutmeg.
'Twas ſent me from the Lady of the *Mountain*,
A Golden Lady.
Jul. How prettily it prattles.
Alin. 'Tis very good to rub your Underſtanding.
And ſo good Night; the Moon's up.
Jul. Pretty Innocent.
Alin. Now Fortune, if thou dar'ſt do good, protect me.
[*Exit.*
Jul. I'll foll'w him to yond Town, he ſhall not 'ſcape me.
Stay, I muſt counterfeit a Letter by the way firſt,
And one that muſt carry ſome Credit with it: I am wide elſe,
And all this to no purpoſe that I aim at.
A Letter muſt be had, and neatly handled;
And then if Goodwife Fortune do not fail me,
Have at his Skirts; I ſhall worſe anger him
Than ever I have done, and worſe torment him.
It does me good to think how I ſhall conjure him

And

And crucify his Crabb'dneſs: He's my Maſter;
But that's all one, I'll lay that on the left hand.
He would now perſecute my harmleſs Miſtreſs,
A Fault without Forgiveneſs, as I take it;
And under (28) that bold Banner flies my Vengeance,
A meritorious War, and ſo I'll make it.
I'th' name of Innocence, what's this the Fool gave me?
She ſaid 'twas good to rub my Underſtanding.
What ſtrange Concealment? Bread, or Cheeſe, or a Cheſnut?
Ha! 'tis a Ring, a pretty Ring, a right one;
A Ring I know too! the very ſame Ring:
O admirable Blockhead! O baſe Eyes!
A Ring my Miſtreſs took from me, and wore it,
I know it by the Poſy; (29) *Prick me, and heal me.*
None could deliver this but ſhe herſelf too;
Am I twice Sand-blind? twice ſo near the Bleſſing
I would arrive at, and block-like ne'er know it?
I'm vengeance angry, but that ſhall light on thee,
And heavily, and quickly, I pronounce it:
There are ſo many croſs ways, (30) there's no foll'wing her;
And yet I muſt not now. I hope ſhe is right ſtill
For all her outward Shew, for ſure ſhe knew me,
And in that hope, ſome few Hours I'll forget her. [*Exit.*

(28) — *that bold Banner* flies *my Vengeance,*] The Diſcontinuity of the Metaphor makes this Place greatly obſcure, we ſhould probably read,

— *under that bold Banner* fights *my Vengeance.*

(29) —— *Prick me, and heal me*] Theſe Words, by what Miſtake I know not, are wanting in the *Folio* of 1679.

(30) ——— *there's no foll'wing her;*
And yet I muſt not now.——] The Diſtraction of *Juletta* here will be finely expreſſed if we alter the pointing;

—— *there's no following her;*——
And yet I muſt——*not now. I hope,* &c.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Roderigo, *in a Pilgrim's Habit.*

Rod. She's not to be recovered, which I vex at;
And he beyond my Veng'ance, which torments me:
O! I am fool'd and ſlighted, made a Raſcal;
(31) My Hopes are flatter'd, as my preſent Fortunes:
Why ſhould I wander thus, and play the Coxcomb?
Tire out my Peace and Pleaſure for a Girl?
A Girl that ſcorns me too? a thing that hates me?
And conſider'd at the beſt, 's but a ſhort Breakfaſt
For a hot Appetite: Why ſhould I walk, and walk thus,
And fret myſelf, and travel like a Carrier,
And peep, and watch? want Meat and Wine, to cheriſh me,
When thouſand Women may be had, ten thouſand,
And thank me too, and I ſit ſtill? Well, trim Beauty
And Chaſtity, and all that ſeem to ruin me,
Let me not take ye, let me not come near ye,
For I'll ſo trim ye, I'll ſo buſtle with ye——
'Tis not the Name of Virgin ſhall redeem ye,
(I'll change that Property:) nor Tears nor Angers;
I bear a Hate about me ſcorns thoſe Follies.
To find this Villain too——for there's my main Prize;
(32) And if he ſcape me then——

Enter Alinda.

Alin. Is not that *Pedro*?
'Tis he, 'tis he; O!
Rod. What art thou?
Alin. Ha? now, now, now,
O now moſt miſerable!

(31) *My Hopes are* flatter'd, *as my preſent Fortunes:*] But *flatter'd* with what? If Diſappointments are Flatteries, then the Paſſage is clear. Write without Diſpute,

My Hopes are flat as are *my preſent Fortunes.*

(32) *And if he* ſcape *me then*——] Thus I read againſt the Authority of all the Copies who agree in repreſenting the Place ſo,

——— ſnap *me then.*

Rod.

Rod. What a Devil art thou?
Alin. No end of my Misfortunes, Heav'n?
Rod. What Antick?
Speak, Puppet, ſpeak.
Alin. That Habit to betray me?
Ye holy Saints, can ye ſee this?
Rod. It danceth:
The Devil in a Fool's Coat, is he turn'd Innocent?
What Mops and Mowes it makes; heigh, how it friſketh,
Is't not a Fairy? or ſome ſmall Hobgoblin?
It has a mortal Face, and I have a great mind to it,
But if 't ſhould prove the Devil then.
Alin. Come hither.
Rod. I think 'twill raviſh me;
Is is a handſome thing, but horribly Sun-burnt,
What's that it points at?
Alin. Doſt thou ſee that Star there,
That, juſt above the Sun?
Prithee go thither, and light me this Tobacco,
And ſtop it with the Horns o' th' Moon.
Rod. The thing's mad,
Abominably mad, her Brains are butter'd.
Go ſleep, Fool, ſleep.
Alin. Thou canſt not ſleep ſo ſweetly:
For ſo I can ſay my Prayers, and then ſlumber.

(33) *I am not proud, nor full of Wine,*
This little Flower will make me fine:
Cruel in Heart, for I ſhall cry,
If I ſee a Sparrow die:
I am not watchful to do ill,
(34) *Nor glorious to purſue it ſtill:*
Nor pitileſs to thoſe that weep;
Such as are, bid them go ſleep.

(33) *I am* not *proud, nor full of Wine,*
This little Flower will make me fine:
Cruel *in Heart,*——] The Negative *not* in the firſt Line is to be underſtood here in the third, or the Senſe will turn out directly contrary to what ſhe deſigns.

(34) *Nor* glorious *to purſue*——] *i. e.* Take no Pride, Pleaſure in, *&c.*

Do,

Do, do, do, and ſee if they can.
Rod. It ſaid true,
I feel it ſink into me forcibly.
Sure 'tis a kind of Sibyl, ſome mad Prophet.
I feel my Wildneſs bound and fetter'd in me.
Alin. Give me your Hand, and I'll tell you what's your Fortune.
Rod. Here; prithee ſpeak.
Alin. Fie, fie, fie, fie, fie.
Waſh your Hands, and pare your Nails, and look finely,
You ſhall never kiſs the King's Daughter elſe.
Rod. I waſh 'em daily.
Alin. But ſtill you foul 'em faſter.
Rod. This goes nearer.
Alin. You'll have two Wives.
Rod. Two Wives?
Alin. Ay, two fine Gentlewomen;
Make much of 'em, for they'll ſtick cloſe to you, Sir.
And theſe two, in two Days.
Rod. That's a fine Riddle.
Alin. To-day you ſhall wed Sorrow,
And Repentance will come To-morrow.
Rod. Sure ſhe's inſpired.
Alin. I'll ſing ye a fine Song, Sir.

He called down his merry Men all,
By one, by two, by three,
William *would fain have been the firſt,*
But now the laſt is he.

Rod. 'Tis the meer Chronicle of my Miſhaps.
Alin. I'll bid you good-ev'n; for my Boat ſtays for me yonder,
And I muſt ſup with the Moon to Night in the *Mediterranean.* [*Exit.*
Rod. When Fools and Mad-folks ſhall be Tutors to me,
And feel my Sores, yet I unſenſible—
Sure it was ſet by Providence upon me
To ſteer my Heart right: I am wondrous weary.
My Thoughts too, which add more burden to me:
I have been ill, and, which is worſe, purſu'd it,

And

And ſtill run on: I muſt think better, nobler,
And be another thing, or not at all.

Enter four Peaſants.

Still I grow heavier, heavier; Heav'n defend me!
I'll lie down, and take reſt, and Goodneſs guard me.
1 *Pea.* We've ſcap'd to day well; certain, if the Outlaws
Had known we had been ſtirring, we had paid for't.
2 *Pea.* Plague on 'em, they have robb'd me thrice.
3 *Pea.* And me five times:
Beſide they made my Daughter one of us too,
An arrant Drum: O, they're the lewdeſt Raſcals!
The Captain ſuch a damn'd Piece of Iniquity——
But we are far enough off on 'em, that's the beſt on't,
They cannot hear.
4 *Pea.* They'll come to me familiarly
And eat up all I have; drink up my Wine too,
And if there be a Servant that contents 'em,
Let her Keel hold, they'll give her Stowage enough:
We have no Children now, but Thieves, and Outlaws:
The very Brats
I' their Mothers Bellies have their Qualities,
They'll ſteal into the World.
1 *Pea.* Would we had ſome of 'em here.
2 *Pea.* Ay, o' that Condition we could maſter 'em,
They're ſturdy Knaves.
3 *Pea.* A Devil take their Sturdineſs,
We can neither keep our Wives from 'em, nor our States,
We pay the Rent, and they poſſeſs the Benefit.
1 *Pea.* What is this lies here? is it drunk or ſober?
It ſleeps and ſoundly too.
2 *Pea.* 'Tis an old Woman
That keeps Sheep hereabouts; it turns and ſtretches.
4 *Pea.* Does ſhe keep Sheep with a Sword?
3 *Pea.* It has a Beard too.
1 *Pea.* Peace, peace: It is the Devil *Roderigo*,
Peace of all hands, and look.
2 *Pea.* 'Tis he.
3 *Pea.* Speak ſoftly.
4 *Pea.* Now we may fit him.

4 *Pea.* Stay, ſtay; let's be provident.
1 *Pea.* Kill him, and wake him then.
4 *Pea.* Let me come to him,
Ev'n one Blow at his Pate, if e'er he wake more.
3 *Pea.* So, ſo, ſo, lay that by.
2 *Pea.* I muſt needs kill him.
It ſtands with my Reputation.
3 *Pea.* Stand off, I ſay:
And let us ſome way make him ſure; then torture him.
To kill him preſently, has no Pleaſure in't.
H'as been tormenting of us, at leaſt this Twelvemonth.
Rod. Oh me!
All. He comes, he comes.
4 *Pea.* Has he no Guns about him?
3 *Pea.* Softly again: No, no; take that Hand eaſily,
And tie it faſt here, that to th' other Bough there.
Faſt, faſt, and eaſy, leſt he wake.
2 *Pea.* Have we got ye?
This was a Benefit we never aim'd at.
3 *Pea.* Out with your Knives, and let us carve this Cock-thief,
Daintily carve him.
1 *Pea.* I would h'had been uſed thus
Ten Years ago, we might have thought we had Children.
3 *Pea.* O, that (35) Sir *Nicholas* now our Prieſt were here,
What a ſweet Homily would he ſay over him,
For ringing all in, with his Wife i'th' Belfry!
He would ſtand up ſtiff girt: Now pounce him lightly,
And as he rores, and rages, let's go deeper;
Come near, you are dim-ey'd, on with your Spectacles.
Rod. O, what torments me thus? What Slaves, what Villains?
O ſpare me, do not murder me.
3 *Pea.* We'll but tickle ye.
You've tickled us at all Points.
4 *Pea.* Where are his Emblems?

(35) —— Sir Nicholas *now our Prieſt*, &c.] *Sir* was a Title given (formerly) to any Clergyman under the degree of a Doctor. The Reader can't but obſerve the great Impropriety which the next Line but one contains, the Scene lying not in *England* but *Spain*.

Enter

Enter Pedro.

Rod. As y' are Men, and Chriſtians.
2 *Pea.* Yes, we hear ye,
And you ſhall hear of us too.
Rod. Oh! no Mercy?
Ped. What Noiſe is this? What Roar? I cannot find her,
She is got free again; but where, or which way?
Rod. O Villains, Beaſts!
Ped. Murd'ring a Man, ye Raſcals?
Y' inhuman Slaves, off, off, and leave this Cruelty,
Or as I am a Gentleman—Do ye brave me?
Then have among ye all, ye Slaves, ye Cowards;
Take up that Sword, and ſtand: [*To* Roderigo.] Stay, ye baſe Raſcals,
Ye cut-throat Rogues———
All. Away, away. [*Exeunt Peaſants.*
Ped. Ye Dog-whelps.
Rod. O! I am now more wretched far, than ever. [*Aſide.*
Ped. A Violence to that Habit? Ha? *Roderigo?*
What makes he here, thus clad? Is it Repentance,
(36) Or only a fair Shew to guild his Miſchiefs?
Rod. This Benefit has made me ſhame to ſee him,
To know him, bluſh.
Ped. You are not much hurt?
Rod. No, Sir;
All I can call a Hurt, ſticks in my Conſcience,
That pricks and tortures me.
Ped. Have ye conſider'd
The Nature of theſe Men, and how they us'd ye?
Was it fair Play? Did it appear t' you handſome?
Rod. I dare not ſpeak: Or if I do, 'tis nothing
Can bring me off, or juſtify me. *Ped.* Was it

(36) *Or only a fair Shew to* guide *his Miſchiefs?*] In this Blunder do all the Copies agree, yet that general Conſent can't incline me to think the Paſſage ſound. A *Diſguiſe* is not us'd as a *Guide*, but a *Cover* or *Colour*, and ſo it ought to be here. There are ſeveral ways of correcting this Place, as *Hide*, *Sguiſe*, i. e. *Diſguiſe*: But I like (as Mr. *Seward* too directed) *Guild* the beſt, there being great reaſon to believe that to be the original Reading, from what the Edition of 1679 exhibits, tho' corruptly,

—— *fair Shew to* guile *his Miſchiefs.*

Noble to be o'er-lay'd with odds, and Violence?
Manly, or brave in theſe, thus to oppreſs ye?
D' you bluſh at this, in ſuch as are mere Rudeneſs?
That have ſtopt Souls, that never knew things gentle?
And dare you glorify worſe in yourſelf, Sir?
Ye us'd me with much Honour, and I thank ye,
In this I have requited ſome; ye know me:
Come turn not back, ye muſt and ye ſhall know me;
Had I been over-ſeaſon'd with baſe Anger,
And ſuited all Occaſions to my Miſchiefs,
Bore no reſpect to Honeſty, Religion;
No Faith, no common Tie of Man, Humanity,
Had I had in me, but giv'n Reins, and Licence
To a tempeſtuous Will, as wild as Winter,
This Day, know, *Roderigo*, I had ſet
As ſmall a Price upon thy Life, and Fortunes,
As thou didſt lately on mine Innocence;
But I reſerve thee to a nobler Service.

Rod. I thank ye, and I'll ſtudy more to honour ye;
You have the nobler Soul, I muſt confeſs it,
And are the greater Maſter of your Goodneſs.
Though't be impoſſible I ſhould now recover
And my rude Will grow handſome, in an inſtant,
Yet touching but the Pureneſs of your Metal,
Something ſhall ſhew like Gold, at leaſt ſhall gliſter;
That Men may hope, although the Mine be rugged,
Stony and hard to work, yet Time, and Honour
Shall find and bring forth that, that's rich and worthy.

Ped. I'll try that; and to th' purpoſe. Ye told me, Sir,
In noble Emulation, ſo I take it,
(I'll put your Hatred far off, and forget it;)
You had a fair Deſire to try my Valour:
You ſeem'd to court me to 't; you've found a time,
A Weapon in your Hand, an equal Enemy,
That, as he puts this off, puts off all Injuries,
And only now for Honour's ſake defies ye:
Now, as you are a Man, I know you're valiant,
As you're gentle bred, a Soldier faſhion'd——

Rod. His Virtue ſtartles me; I dare fight, *Pedro*.

Ped. And as you have a Miſtreſs that you honour,

Mark

Mark me, a Miſtreſs——
Rod. Ha?
Ped. A handſome Miſtreſs;
As you dare hold yourſelf deſerving of her——
Rod. Deſerving? What a Word was that to fire me?
Ped. I could compel ye now without this Circumſtance,
But I'll deal free and fairly, like a Gentleman:
As ye are worthy of the Name ye carry,
A daring Man——
Rod. O that I durſt not ſuffer;
For all I dare do now, implies but Penance.
Ped. Now do me noble Right.
Rod. I'll ſatisfy ye;
(37) But not by th' Sword: Pray ye hear me, and allow me.
I have been rude; but ſhall I be a Monſter,
And teach my Sword to hurt that that preſerv'd me?
Though I be rough by Nature, ſhall my Name
Inherit that eternal Stain of Barbarous?
Give me an Enemy, a thing that hates ye,
That never heard of yet, nor felt your Goodneſs,
(That is one main Antipathy to Sweetneſs,)
And ſet me on, you cannot hold me Coward;
(38) If I have ever err'd, 't has been in hazard;
The Temper of my Sword ſtarts at your Virtue
And will fly off, nay it will weep (39) to light ye;
Things

(37) *But not by th' Word:——*] The Copy of 1647 has drop'd a Letter, which that of 1679 has luckily pick'd up, and reads the Text, as it doubtleſs was wrote primitively,

But not by the Sword:——

Thus Mr. *Seward* too ſaw the Place ſhould run.

(38) *If I have err'd, 't has been in hazard:*] When a Line is evidently mangled, and has loſt Words abſolutely neceſſary to its meaning, the whole that one can hope is to recover the Sentiment; and if we miſs that, to put one in its ſtead that may not at leaſt diſgrace the Context: I hope the following Conjecture will be thought probable,

If I have err'd ſhall thy Life be in hazard?

i. e. It is juſt that for my Crimes my Life ſhould be in hazard, but ſurely not yours, whoſe Virtue would charm things inanimate, and make my Sword ſtart back on its Maſter. Mr. *Seward.*

(39) —— *to* light *ye*;] We have here either an *Ellipſis* or a Corruption; the one will be filled up eaſier than the other amended: As to the firſt, to make the Senſe eaſy the Words ought to run ſo,

—— *to* light on *ye*;

O, have I ſplit your Mizen? Blow, blow, thou Weſt-Wind,
(40) Blow till thou rive, and make the Sea run roaring.
I'll hiſs it down again with a Bottle of Ale.
Schol. Triton! why *Triton!*
Engl. Triton's drunk with Metheglin.
Schol. Strike, ſtrike the Surges, ſtrike.
Engl. Drink, drink, 'tis Day-light;
Drink, didle, didle, didle, drink *Parſon*, proud *Parſon:*
A Pig's Tail in thy Teeth, and I defy thee.
Par. Give me ſome Porridge, or I'll damn thee, *Engliſh.*
Alph. How comes this *Engliſh* Madman here?
Maſt. Alas,
That's no Queſtion, they're mad ev'ry where, Sir;
Their Fits are cool now, let 'em reſt.

Enter Keeper and She-fool.

Alph. Mad Gallants,
Moſt (41) admirably mad, I love their Fancies.
1 *Keep.* Ye ſtinking Whore, who knew of this? who look'd to him?
Pox take him, he was ſleepy when I left him.
2 *Keep.* Certain he made the Fool drunk.
Maſt. How now, who's this here?
Where is the Boy?

(40) *Blow till thou rive,*——] This is a manifeſt copying from *Shakeſpear*'s *Boatſwain* in the *Tempeſt*,

Blow till thou burſt thy *Wind, if Room enough.*

Which Paſſage is not Senſe as it ſtands, but ought to be alter'd thus,

Blow till thou burſt thee, *Wind*, &c.

By which Reading he (*Boatſwain*) addreſſes the Wind as a Perſon, and the Sentence acquires a Dignity which it had not before.

(41) — *admirably mad, I love their* Faces] *Alphonſo* muſt be near as mad as the Folks here in *Bedlam* to talk thus: Read,

——— *I love their* Fancies.

So in Act 3. Scene 5. the *Gentleman* deſcribing this Place to *Pedro*, ſays,

——— ——— *'tis a Houſe*
Where People of all ſorts, that have been viſited
With Lunacies and Follies, wait their Cures;
Their Fancies *of a thouſand* Stamps and Faſhions, *&c.*

1 *Keep.*

1 *Keep.* The Boy, Sir?
Maſt. Ay, the Boy, Sir.
1 *Keep.* Here's all the Boys we found.
Maſt. Theſe are his Cloaths,
But where's the Boy?
Fool. The Boy is gone a Maying,
He'll bring me home a Cuckow's Neſt; d' ye hear, Maſter?
I put my Cloaths off, and I dizen'd him,
And pin'd a Plumb in's Forehead, and a Feather,
And buſs'd him twice, and bid him go ſeek his Fortune:
He gave me this fine Money, and fine Wine too,
And bid me ſop, and gave me theſe trim Cloaths too,
And put 'em on.
Alph. Is this the Boy you'd ſhew?
Fool. I'll give you Two-pence, Maſter.
Alph. Am I fool'd of all ſides?
I met a Fool i'th' Woods, they ſaid ſhe dwelt here,
In a long pied Coat.
Maſt. That was the very Boy, Sir.
Fool. Ay, ay, I gave him leave to play forſooth;
He'll come again To-morrow, and bring Peſcods.
Maſt. I'll bring your Bones——
Alph. Pox o' your Fools, and Bedlams,
Plague o' your Owls and Apes.
Maſt. Pray ye, Sir, be tamer,
We cannot help this preſently; but we ſhall know;
I'll recompence your Care too.
Alph. Know me a Pudding:
You juggle, and ye fiddle, fart upon ye,
I am abuſed.
Maſt. Pray ye, Sir.

Enter Welſh *Madman.*

Alph. And I will be abuſed, Sir,
And you ſhall know I am abuſed.
Welſh. Whaw, Mr. Keeper.
Alph. Pox o' thy Whaws, and thy Whims,
Pox o' thy Urſhip.

Welſh.

Welſh. Give me ſome Ceeze and Onions, give me ſome
Waſh-brew,
I have——in my Bellies, give me Abundance;
Pendragon was a Shentleman, marg you, Sir,
And the Organs at *Rixum* were made by Revelations;
There is a Spirit blows, and blows the Bellows,
And then they ſing.
Alph. What Moon-calf's this? what Dream?
Maſt. Pray ye, Sir, obſerve him,
He is a Mountaineer, a Man of Goatland.
Welſh. I will beat thy Face as black as a blue Clout,
I will leave no more Sheet in thine Eyes.
Maſt. He will not hurt ye.
Welſh. Give me a great deal of Guns: thou art the
Devils,
I know thee by thy Tails: Poor *Owen*'s hungry,
I will pig thy Bums full of Bullets.
Alph. This is the rareſt Raſcal,
He ſpeaks as if he had Butter-milk in's Mouth;
Is this any thing akin to th' *Engliſh?*
Maſt. The elder Brother, Sir,
He run mad becauſe a Rat eat up's Cheeſe:
Alph. H'ad a great deal of Reaſon, Sir.
Welſh. Beſar las manos, is for an old Cod-piece, mark ye,
I will borrow thy Urſhip's Whore to ſeal a Letter.
Maſt. Now he grows villanous.
Alph. Methinks he's beſt now.
Maſt. Away with him.
Alph. He ſhall not.
Maſt. Sir, he muſt.
Welſh. I will ſing, and dance, do any thing.
Alph. Wilt thou declaim in *Greek?*
Maſt. Away with the Fool,
And whip her ſoundly, Sirrah.
Fool. I'll tell no more Tales: [*Exit.*
Alph. Or wilt thou fly i' th' Air?
Engl. Do, and I'll catch thee,
And like a Wiſp of Hay, I'll whirle, and whirle thee,
And puff thee up, and puff thee up.

Schol.

The Duke commands me with ſuch Care to look to him;
And if he grow too violent to correct him,
To uſe the ſpeedieſt means for his Recovery,
And thoſe he muſt find ſharp.
Jul. The better for him.
Maſt. How got y' him hither?
Jul. With a Train, I told him:
He's in love with a Boy, there lies his Melancholy.
Maſt. Hither he came to ſeek one.
Jul. Yes, I ſent him;
Now had we dealt by force, we'd never brought him.
Maſt. Here was a Boy.
Jul. He ſaw him not?
Maſt. He was gone firſt.
Jul. It is the better; look you to your Charge well;
I'll ſee him lodged, for ſo the Duke commanded me;
He will be very rough.
Maſt. We're us'd to that, Sir,
And we as rough as he, if he give occaſion.
Jul. (42) You will find him gainful, but be ſure ye curb him,
And get him if ye can fairly t' his Lodging;
I am afraid ye will not.

Enter Alphonſo.

Maſt. We muſt ſweat then.
Alph. What doſt thou talk to me of Noiſes? I'll have more Noiſe,
I'll have all looſe, and all ſhall play their Prizes;
Thy Maſter has let looſe the Boy I look'd for,
Baſely convey'd him hence.
Keep. Will ye go out, Sir?
Alph. I will not out, I will have all out with me,
I'll have thy Maſter in; he's only mad here: [*Shake Irons.*
And Rogues, I'll have y' all whipt; heigh, mad Boys, mad Boys.
Jul. Do you perceive him now?

(42) *You will find him* gainful,—] *i. e.* wayward, reſty, *&c.*

Maſt.

If ye be ſtubborn here.
Alph. Whips? what am I grown?
Jul. O I could burſt; hold, hold, hold, hold o' both ends;
How he looks! pray Heav'n he be not mad indeed.
Alph. I don't perceive I'm ſo, but if you think it——
Nor I'll be hang'd if 't be ſo.
Maſt. Do you ſee this, Sir? [*Irons brought in.*
Down with that Devil in ye.
Alph. Indeed I'm angry,
But I'll contain myſelf: O I could burſt now,
And tear myſelf; but theſe Rogues will torment me.
Mad in my old Days? make mine own Afflictions?
Maſt. What do you mutter, Sir?
Alph. Nothing, Sir, nothing;
I will go in, and quietly, moſt civilly:
And good Sir,
Let none of your Tormentors come about me;
You have a gentle Face, they look like Dragons.
Maſt. Be civil and be ſafe; come, for theſe two Days
Ye muſt eat nothing neither; 'twill eaſe your Fits, Sir.
Alph. 'Twill ſtarve me, Sir; but I muſt bear it joyfully.
I may ſleep?
Maſt. Yes, a little; go in with theſe Men.
Alph. O miſerable me! [*Exit.*
Maſt. I'll follow preſently.
You ſee 'tis done, Sir.
Jul. Ye have done it handſomely,
And I'll inform the Duke ſo: Pray y' attend him,
Let him want nothing, but his Will.
Maſt. He ſhall not,
And if he be rebellious——
Jul. Never ſpare him:
H'as Fleſh, and Hide enough, he loves a Whipping.
Maſt. My Service to his Grace. [*Exit.*
Jul. I ſhall commend it.
So thou art faſt; I muſt go get ſome freſh Room
To laugh and caper in: O how it tickles me!
O how it tumbles me with Joy! Thy Mouth's ſtopt:
Now if I can do my Miſtreſs good, I'm Sainted. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Seberto *and* Curio.

Seb. NOW o' my Conſcience, we have loſt him utterly;
He's not gone home, we heard from thence this Morning;
And ſince our parting laſt at *Roderigo's*,
You know what Ground we've travel'd.
Cur. He's aſleep ſure:
For if h'ad been awake, we ſhould have met with him:
Faith let's turn back, we've but a fruitleſs Journey;
And to hope further of *Alinda's* Recovery,
(For ſure ſhe'll rather periſh than return)
(43) Is but to ſeek a Moth i'th' Sun.
Seb. We'll on ſure;
Something we'll know, ſome Cauſe of all this Fooling,
Make ſome Diſcovery.
Cur. Which way ſhall we caſt then?
For all the Champian Country, and the Villages,
And all thoſe ſides——
Seb. We'll croſs theſe Woods awhile then:
Here if we fail, we'll gallop to *Segovia*,
And if we light of no News there, hear nothing,
We'll ev'n turn fairly home, and coaſt the other ſide.
Cur. He may be ſick, or fall'n into ſome Danger;
He has no Guide, nor no Man to attend him.
Seb. He's well enough, he has a travell'd Body,
And though he be old, he's tough, and will endure well;
But he's ſo violent to find her out,
That his Anger leads him a thouſand wild Gooſe Chaſes:
I'll warrant he is well.
Cur. Shall we part Company?
Seb. By no means, no; that were a ſullen Buſineſs:

(43) *Is but to ſeek a* Moth *i' th' Sun.*] Mr. *Theobald* has a Correction here which I think myſelf oblig'd to communicate to the Reader, tho' I have not ventur'd to inſert it in the Text;

——— *to ſeek a* Moat *i' th' Sun.*

No

No Pleaſure in our Journey: Come, let's croſs here firſt,
And where we find the Paths, let them direct us. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Juletta *and* Alinda.

Jul. Why are you ſtill ſo fearful of me, Lady?
So doubtful of my Faith, and honeſt Service?
To hide yourſelf from me, to fly my Company?
Am I not yours? All yours? By this Light you ſhake ſtill;
Do ye ſuſpect me falſe? Did I e'er fail ye?
D' you think I am corrupted, baſe, and treacherous?
Lord, how ye look! Is not my Life ty'd to ye?
And all the Power I have to ſerve, and honour ye?
Still do ye doubt? ſtill am I terrible?
I will not trouble ye: Good Heav'n preſerve ye,
And ſend ye what ye wiſh: I will not ſee ye,
Nor once remember I had ſuch a Miſtreſs,
I will not ſpeak of ye, nor name *Alinda*,
For fear you ſhould ſuſpect I would betray ye:
Goodneſs and Peace conduct ye.

Alin. Prithee pardon me,
I know thou'rt truly faithful; and thou'rt welcome,
A welcome Partner to my Miſeries;
Thou know'ſt I love thee too.

Jul. I've thought ſo, Lady.

Alin. Alas, my Fears have ſo diſtracted me
I durſt not truſt myſelf.

Jul. Come, pray ye think better,
And caſt thoſe by; at leaſt conſider, Lady,
How to prevent 'em; pray ye put off this Fool's Cpat,
Though it have kept ye ſecret for a Seaſon,
'Tis known now, and will betray ye; your arch Enemy
Roderigo is abroad; many are looking for ye.

Alin. I know it, and thoſe many I have cozen'd.

Jul. You cannot ſtill thus.

Alin. I've no means to ſhift it.

Jul. I have, and ſhift you too. I lay laſt Night
At a poor Widow's Houſe here in the Thicket,

Whither I will conduct ye, and new ſhape ye,
Myſelf too to attend ye.
Alin. What Means haſt thou?
For mine are gone.
Jul. Fear not, enough to ſerve ye;
I came not out ſo empty.
Alin. Prithee tell me,
(For thou haſt ſtruck a kind of Comfort through me,)
When ſaw'ſt thou *Roderigo?*
Jul. Ev'n this Morning,
And in theſe Woods: Take heed, h'as got a new Shape.
Alin. The Habit of a Pilgrim? Yes, I know it,
And I hope ſhall prevent it; was he alone?
Jul. No, Madam, and which made me wonder mightily,
He was in Compay with that handſome Pilgrim,
That ſad ſweet Man.
Alin. That I forgot to give to?
Jul. The ſame, the very ſame, that you ſo pitied;
A Man as fit to ſuit his Villanies ——
Alin. And did they walk together?
Jul. Wondrous civilly.
Alin. Talk, and diſcourſe?
Jul. I think ſo, for I ſaw 'em
Make many Stands, and then embrace each other.
Alin. The Pilgrim is betray'd, a *Judas* dwells with him,
(44) A *Sinon*, that will ſeem a Saint to choak him.
Canſt thou but ſhew me this?
Jul. Lord how ſhe trembles!
Not thus, for all the World, ye are undone then;
But let's retire, and alter, then we'll walk free;
And then I'll ſhew ye any thing.
Alin. Come, good Wench,
And ſpeedily, for I have ſtrange Faiths working,
As ſtrange Fears too, I'll tell thee all my Life then.
Jul. Come quick, I will conduct ye, and ſtill ſerve ye,
And do not fear; hang Fear, it ſpoils all Projects.
This way, I'll be your Guide. [*Exeunt.*

(44) A *Sinon*,—] The Text from the Edition of 1679.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Governor, Verdugo, *and Citizens.*

Gov. Uſe all your Sports, all your Solemnities;
'Tis the King's Day To-morrow,
His Birth-day, and his Marriage, a glad Day,
A Day we ought to honour, all.
1 *Cit.* We will, Sir,
And make *Segovia* ring with our Rejoicings.
Gov. Be ſumptuous, but not riotous; be bounteous,
But not in drunken Bacchanals; free to all Strangers,
Eaſy and ſweet in all your Entertainments,
For 'tis a Royal Day, admits no Rudeneſs.
2 *Cit.* Your Lordſhip
Will do us th' Honour to be here yourſelf,
And grace the Day?
Gov. 'Tis a main part of my Service.
1 *Cit.* I hope your Honour
Has taken into your Conſideration
The Miſeries we have ſuffer'd by theſe Outlaws,
The Loſſes, hourly Fears; the rude Abuſes,
Strangers that travel to's are daily loaden with;
Our Daughters and our Wives Complaints.
Gov. I'm ſorry for't,
And have Commiſſion from the King to eaſe it:
You ſhall not be long vext.
1 *Cit.* Had we not Walls, Sir,
And thoſe continually mann'd toó with our Watches,
We ſhould not have a Bit of Meat to feed us.
And yet they are our Friends, and we muſt think ſo,
And entertain 'em ſo ſometimes, and feaſt 'em,
And ſend 'em loaden home too, we are loſt elſe.
2 *Cit.* They'll come to Church 'mongſt us, as we hope, *Chriſtians*,
When all their Zeal is but to ſteal the Chalices;
At this good time now, if your Lordſhip were not here,
To awe their Violence, with your Authority,
They'd play ſuch Gambols.

Gov. Are they grown ſo heady?
2 *Cit.* They'd drink up all our Wine, piſs out our Bonfires;
Then, like the drunken *Centaurs*, have at th' faireſt,
Nay, have at all; Fourſcore and ten's a Goddeſs,
Whilſt we, like Fools, ſtand ſhaking in our Cellars.
Gov. Are they ſo fierce upon ſo little Sufferance?
I'll give 'em ſuch a Purge, and ſuddenly——
Verdugo, after this Solemnity is over
Call on me for a Charge of Men, of good Men,
(To ſee what Houſe theſe Knaves keep,) of good Soldiers,
As ſturdy as themſelves; that dare diſpute with 'em,
Dare walk the Woods as well as they, as fearleſs,
But with a better Faith belabour 'em;
I'll know what Claim they have to their Poſſeſſion.
'Tis pity of their Captain, *Roderigo*,
A well-bred Gentleman, and a good Soldier,
And one his Majeſty has ſome little Reaſon
To thank for ſundry Services, and fair ones;
That long Neglect bred this. I'm ſorry for him.
Ver. The hope of his Eſtate keeps back his Pardon;
There's divers Waſps that buz about that Honey-Box,
And long to lick themſelves full.
Gov. True, *Verdugo*,
Would he had but the Patience to diſcern it,
And Policy to wipe their Lips.
Ver. To fetch him in, Sir,
By Violence, he being now no Infant,
Will ask ſome bloody Crowns. I know his People
Are of his own Choice, Men that will not totter
Nor blench much at a Bullet; I know his Order;
And though he have no Multitude, h'as Manhood;
The elder Twin to that too, ſtaid Experience.
But if he muſt be forc'd, Sir,——
Gov. There's no Remedy,
Unleſs he come himſelf.
Verd. That will be doubtful.
Did you ne'er hear yet of the noble *Pedro*?
Gov. I cannot by no Means; I think he's dead ſure;

The

The Court bewails much his untimely Loſs:
The King himſelf laments him.
Verd. He was ſunk;
And if he be dead, he dy'd happily;
He buried all he had in the King's Service,
And loſt himſelf.
Gov. Well, if he be alive, Captain,
(As hope ſtill ſpeaks the beſt) I know the King's Mind
So inwardly and full, he will be happy.
Come, to this Preparation; when that's done,
The Outlaws Expedition is begun.
Cit. We'll contribute all to that, and help ourſelves too,
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Roderigo *and* Pedro.

Rod. How ſweet theſe ſolitary Places are! How wantonly
The Wind blows through the Leaves, and courts, and plays
with 'em!
Will ye ſit down, and ſleep? The Heat invites ye.
Hark how yond purling Stream dances, and murmurs,
The Birds ſing ſoftly too; pray take ſome Reſt, Sir.
I would fain woo his Fancy to a Peace,
It labours high and haſtily upon him:
Pray ye ſit, and I'll ſit by.
Ped. I cannot ſleep, Friend,
I have theſe Watches here admit no Slumbers,
Saw ye none yet?
Lop. No Creature.
Ped. What ſtrange Muſick
Was that we heard far off?
Rod. I cannot gueſs;
'Twas loud, and ſhrill: Sometimes it chew'd hard by us,
And by and by the Sound fled as the Wind does;
Here's no Inhabitants.
Ped. It much delighted me.
Rod. They talk of Fairies, and ſuch Demi-Devils,
This is as fine a Place to dance their Gambols.——

Ped. Methought I heard a Voice. [*Muſick and Birds.*
Rod. They can ſing admirably,
They never loſe their Maiden-heads: I would fool any away
To make him merry now; methinks yond Rocks yonder
Shew like enchanted Cells, where they inhabit.
[*Muſick afar off. Pot Birds.*
Ped. 'Tis here again, hark, gentle *Roderigo*,
Hark, hark: O ſweet, ſweet, how the Birds record too!
Mark how it flies now ev'ry way, O Love!
In ſuch a Harmony art thou begotten,
In ſuch ſoft Air, ſo gentle, lull'd and nouriſh'd.
O my beſt Miſtreſs!
Rod. How he weeps! Dear Heav'n,
Give him his Heart's Content, and me forgive too.
I muſt melt too.
Ped. The Birds ſing louder, ſweeter,
And every Note they emulate one another!
Lie ſtill and hear: Theſe when they've done their Labours,

Enter Alinda *and* Juletta, *like old Women.*

Their pretty Airs, fall to their Reſts, enjoy 'em.
Nothing rocks Love aſleep, but Death.
Rod. Who're theſe?
Ped. What?
Rod. Thoſe there, thoſe, thoſe things that come upon us,
Thoſe grandam things, thoſe ſtrange Antiquities.
Did not I ſay theſe Woods begot ſtrange Wonders?
Jul. Now ye may view 'em.
Alin. Ha?
Jul. The Men ye long'd for,
Here they are both: Now ye may boldly talk with 'em,
And ne'er be gueſs'd at; be n't afraid, nor faint not;
They wonder at us; let's maintain that wonder;
Shake not, but what ye purpoſe do diſcreetly,
And from your Tongue I'll take my Part.
Alin. Ha?
Jul There,
Before ye, there; do not turn Coward, Miſtreſs,

If

If ye do love, carry your Love out handſomely.
Alin. 'Tis he and *Roderigo:* What a Peace
Dwells in their Faces, what a friendly Calm
Crowns both their Souls?
Rod. They ſhow as they were mortal;
They come upon us ſtill.
Ped. Be not afraid, Man,
Let 'em be what they will, they cannot hurt us.
Rod. That thing i'th' Button'd-Cap looks terribly.
She has Guns in her Eyes, the Devil's Engineer.
Ped. Come, ſtand, and let's go meet 'em.
Rod. Go you firſt.
I have leſs Faith: When I have ſaid my Prayers——
Ped. There needs no Fear. Hail reverend Dames.
Alin. Good Even,
What do ye ſeek?
Ped. We would ſeek happier Fortunes.
Rod. That little Devil has main need of a Barber,
What a trim Beard ſhe has? [*Aſide.*
Alin. Seek 'em, and make 'em,
Lye not ſtill, (45) *nor longer here,*
Here inhabits nought but Fear.
Be conſtant good, in Faith be clear:
Fortune will wait ye every where.
Ped. Whither ſhould we go? for we believe thy Reverence,
And next obey.
Alin. Go to *Segovia,*
And there before the Altar pay thy Vows,
Thy Gifts, and Prayers; unload thy Heavineſs,
To-morrow ſhed thy Tears, and gain thy Suit,
Such honeſt noble Show'rs ne'er wanted Fruit.
Jul. Stand you out too. [*To* Roderigo.
Rod. I ſhall be hang'd, or whip'd I know;
Theſe know and theſe have Pow'r.

(45) —— *nor longer here,*] Tho' this is Senſe, I yet ſuſpect we ſhould read,
—— *nor* linger *here.*

Jul. *See how he ſhakes.*
A ſecure Conſcience never quakes;
Thou haſt been ill, be ſo no more,
A good Retreat is a great Store.
Thou haſt commanded Men of Might,
Command thyſelf, and then thou'rt right.
Alin. *Command thy Will, thy foul Deſires,*
Put out and quench thy unhallow'd Fires:
Command thy Mind, and make that pure;
Thou'rt wiſe then, valiant and ſecure.
A Bleſſing then thou may'ſt beget.
Jul. *A Curſe elſe that ſhall never ſet*
Will light upon thee: Say thy Prayers;
Thou haſt as many Sins as Hairs.
Thou art a Captain, let thy Men
Be honeſt, have good Thoughts, and then
Thou may'ſt command, and lead in chief,
Yet thou art bloody, and a Thief.
Rod. What ſhall I do? I do confeſs.
Alin. *Retire,*
And purge thee perfect in his Fire:
His Life obſerve; live in his School,
And then thou ſhalt put off the Fool.
Jul. *Pray at* Segovia *too, and give*
Thy Offrings up, repent, and live. [Muſick within.
Alin. *Away, away; enquire no more,*
Do this, ye're rich, elſe Fools, and poor;
What Muſick's this? [*Aſide.*
Jul. Retire; 'tis ſome neat Joy,
In Honour of the King's great Day; they wonder,
This comes in right to confirm their Reverence.
Away, away, let them admire, it makes
For our Advantage; how the Captain ſhakes! [*Exeunt.*
Ped. This was the Muſick.
Rod. Yes, yes; how I ſweat!
I was never ſo deſerted; ſure theſe Woods are
Only inhabited with rare Dreams, and Wonders;
I would not be a Knave again, a Villain——
Lord, how I loath it now! for theſe know all, Sir,

And

And they would find me out.
Ped. They're excellent Women,
Deep in their Knowledge, Friend.
Rod. I'd not be Traitor,
And have these of my Jury; how light I am,
And how my Heart laughs now methinks within me!
Now I am Catechiz'd, I'd ever dwell here,
For there's a kind of Court of Reformation;
Had I been ſtubborn, Friend——
Ped. They would have found it.
Rod. And then they would have handled me a new way,
The Deel's dump had been danced then.
Ped. Let's away
And do their great Commands, and do 'em handſomly,
Contrite, and true; for I believe, *Roderigo*,
And conſtantly believe, we ſhall be happy.
Rod. So you do well; fall edge or flat o' my ſide,
All I can ſtagger at is the King's Anger,
Which if it come, I am prepar'd to meet it.
Ped. The King has Mercy, Friend, as well as Juſtice,
(46) And when you fall: No more.
Rod. I hope the faireſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Maſſer, Soberto, and Curio.

Cur. We've told ye what he is, what time we've fought him,
His Nature, and his Name; the ſeeming Boy too,
Ye had here, how, and what, by your own relation,

(46) *And when you fall: No more.*
Rod. *I hope the faireſt.*] Mr. *Seward* is diſpleaſed at the Pointing of the firſt Line, and wou'd alter it thus,

And when you fall no more,
Rod. *I hope the faireſt.*

I ſhall give the Reader what occurr'd to me before I received Mr. *Seward*'s Letter, and leave it to his Judgment:

And when you fall——
Rod. *No more; I hope the faireſt.*

All

All Circumſtances we have clear'd: That the Duke ſent him,
We told ye how impoſſible; he knows him not;
That he is mad himſelf, and therefore fit
To be your Priſoner, we dare ſwear againſt it.
Seb. Take heed, Sir, be not madder than you'd make him;
Though he be raſh, and ſudden (which is all his Wildneſs)
Take heed ye wrong him not: He is a Gentleman,
And ſo muſt be reſtor'd and clear'd in all Points;
The King ſhall be a Judge elſe.
Cur. 'Twas ſome trick
That brought him hither: Th' Boy and Letter counterfeit,
Which ſhall appear, if ye dare now detain him.
Maſt. I dare not, Sir, nor will not: I believe ye,
And will reſtore him up; had I known ſooner
H'ad been a Neighbour, and the Man you ſpeak him,
(Though as I live, he carried a wild ſeeming)
My Service and myſelf had both attended him.
How I have us'd him, let him ſpeak.
Seb. Let's in, and viſit him,
Then to the holy Temple, there pay our Duties,
And ſo we'll take our Leaves.
Maſt. I'll wait upon ye. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

An Altar prepar'd. Solemn Muſick.

Enter Governor, Verdugo, *Courtiers*, *Ladies*, &c.

Gov. *This to Devotion ſacred be,*
This to the King's Proſperity,
This to the Queen, and Chaſtity. [Muſick.
Ver. (47) *Theſe Oblations firſt we bring*
To purge ourſelves: Theſe to the King.
To Love, and Beauty theſe: Now Sing. [Muſick.

(47) *Theſe* Obligations *firſt we bring*] The Lection of the oldeſt Copies makes both the Senſe and Meaſure compleat, thus,
Theſe Oblations ——

Ladies.

Ladies. *Holy Altar, deign to take*
Theſe for ourſelves: for the King's ſake
And Honour's, theſe: Theſe ſacred lye
To Virtue, Love, and Modeſty,
Our Wiſhes to Eternity. [Muſick.

Enter Pedro, *and* Roderigo.

Ped. *For ourſelves firſt, thus we bend;*
Forgive us Heav'n, and be our Friend.
Rod. *And happy Fortune to us ſend.*
Ped. *To the King, Honour, and all Joy,*
Long, and happy from Annoy.
Rod. *Proſperous be all his Days,*
Every new Hour, a new Praiſe.
Ped. *Every Minute thus be ſeen,*
Both. *And thouſand Honours crown the Queen.*
[Muſick.

Enter Alphonſo, Curio, *and* Seberto.

Seb. Come to the Altar; let us do our Duties.
Alph. I have almoſt forgot a Church.
Cur. Kneel reverently.
Alph. *For my loſt Wits (let me ſee)*
Firſt I pray; and ſecondly,
To be at home again, and free;
And if I travel more, hang me.
For the King, and for the Queen,
That they may be wiſe, and ſeen
Never in the Madman's Inn.
For my Daughter I would pray,
But ſhe has made a Holy-day,
And needs not my Devotion now;
Let her take her own courſe, Heav'n,
Whether it be odd, or even, [Muſick.
And if that pleaſe not, take her you.
Seb. A ſhort, and ſweet Meditation, what are theſe here?

Enter Alinda, *and* Juletta, *like Shepherds.*

Alin. Hail to this ſacred Place.

Jul.

Jul. They are all here, Madam;
No Violence dare touch here, be ſecure.
My Bilbo-Maſter too: How got he looſe again?
How lamentably he looks! h'as had Diſcipline.
I dare not let him know my Pranks.
Seb. 'Tis ſhe ſure.
Cur. 'Tis certainly.
Ped. Ha! do I dazle?
Rod. 'Tis the fair *Alinda*.
Gov. What wonder ſtand theſe Strangers in?
Rod. Her Woman by her;
The ſame, Sir, as I live.
Alph. I had a Daughter
With ſuch a Face once, ſuch Eyes, and Noſe too.
Ha, let me ſee, 'tis wondrous like *Alinda*;
Their Devotion ended, I'll mark 'em and nearer.
And ſhe had a Filly too that waited on her
Juſt with ſuch a Favour; do they keep Goats now?
Alin. *Thus we kneel, and thus we pray*
A happy Honour to this Day;
Thus our Sacrifice we bring
Ever happy to the King.
Jul. *Theſe of Purple, Damask, green,*
Sacred to the virtuous Queen,
Here we hang.
Alin. *As theſe are now,*
Her Glories ever ſpring, and ſhew.
Theſe for ourſelves, our Hopes, and Loves,
Full of Pinks, and Lady-gloves,
Of (48) *Hearts-eaſe too, which we would fain,*
As we labour for, attain;
Hear me, Heav'n, and as I bend,
Full of Hope, ſome Comfort ſend.
Jul. *Hear her, hear her; if there be*
A ſpotleſs Sweetneſs, this is ſhe. [Muſic
Ped. Now, *Roderigo*, ſtand.
Rod. He that divides ye
Divides my Life too.

(48) *Heart's-eaſe*] i. e. *Panſy* or *Viola tricolor.*

Gov. *Pedro*, noble *Pedro*,
Do not you know your Friend?
Ped. I know, and honour ye.
Gov. Lady, this Leave I'll crave, pray be not angry,
I will not long divide you; how happy, *Pedro*,
Would all the Court be now, might they behold thee,
Might they but ſee you thus, and thus embrace you!
The King will be a joyful Man, believe it
Moſt joyful, *Pedro*.
Ped. I'm his humble Servant.
Nay, good Sir, ſpeak your Will, I ſee you wonder,
One eaſy Word from you——
Alph. I dare ſay nothing,
My Tongue's a new Tongue, Sir, and knows his Tither;
Let her do what ſhe pleaſe, I dare do nothing.
I have been damn'd for doing. Will the King know him,
That Fellow there? Will he reſpect and honour him?
He has been look'd upon, they ſay; will he own him?
Gov. Yes certainly and grace him, ever honour him,
Reſtore him every way; h'as much lamented him.
Alph. Is't your Will too? 'Tis the laſt time of Asking.
Rod. I am ſure, none elſe ſhall touch her, none elſe enjoy her.
If this, and this hold.
Alph. You had beſt begin
The Game then, I have no Title in her,
Pray take her, and diſpatch her, and commend me to her,
And let me get me home, and hope I'm ſober:
Kiſs, kiſs, it muſt be thus; ſtand up, *Alinda*,
I am the more Child, and more need of Bleſſing.
Ye had a waiting Woman, one *Juletta*,
A pretty deſperate thing, juſt ſuch another
As this ſweet Lady; we call'd her *Nimble-chops*.
I pray is this the Party?
Jul. No indeed, Sir,
She is at home; I am a little Foot-boy,
That walk a Nights, and fright old Gentlemen;
Make 'em looſe Hats and Cloaks.
Alph. And Horſes too.

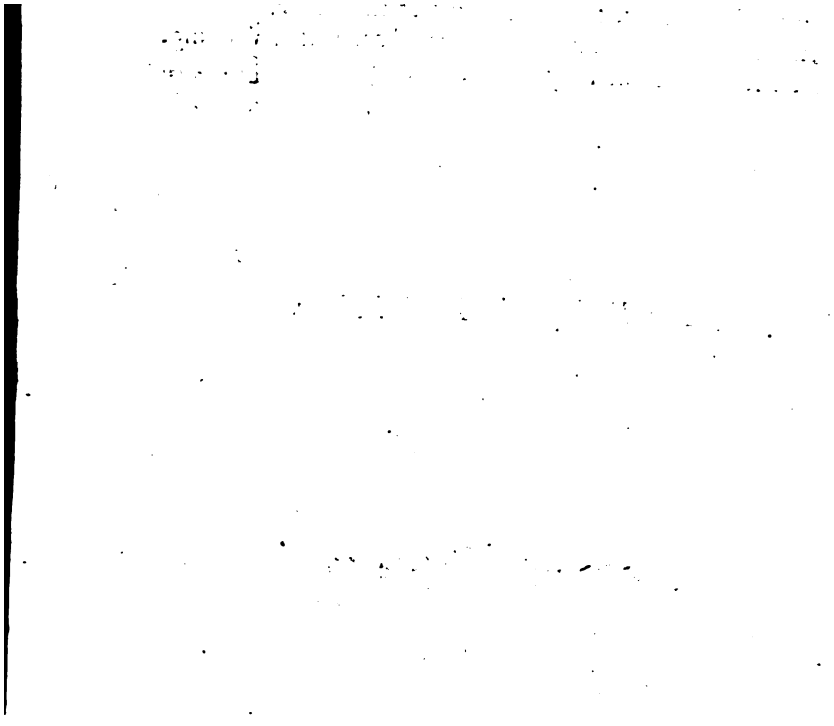
Jul.

Jul. Sometimes I do, Sir; teach 'em th' way through Ditches,
And how to break their Worſhips Shins, and Noſes
Againſt old broken Stiles and Stumps.
Alph. A fine Art!
I feel it in my Bones yet.
Jul. I'm a Drum, Sir,
A Drum at Midnight, *ran, tan, tan, tan, tan,* Sir;
D' you take me for *Juletta?* I'm a Page, Sir,
That brought a Letter from the Duke of *Medina*
To have one Senior *Alphonſo,* juſt ſuch another
As your old Worſhip, worm'd for running mad, Sir.
Alas, you are miſtaken.
Alph. Thou'rt the Devil,
And ſo thou'ſt uſed me.
Jul. I am any thing,
An old Woman, that tells Fortunes——
Rod. Ha.
Jul. And frights good People,
And ſends them to *Segovia* for their Fortunes:
I am ſtrange Airs and excellent ſweet Voices.
I'm any thing, to do her good, believe me;
She now recovered, and her Wiſhes crown'd,
I am *Juletta* again; pray, Sir, forgive me.
Alph. I dare not
Do otherwiſe, for fear thou ſhould'ſt ſtill follow me;
Prithee be forgiv'n, and I prithee forgive me too:
And if any of you will marry her——
Jul. No, I beſeech you, Sir;
My Miſtreſs is my Husband, with her I'll dwell ſtill,
And when you
Play any more Pranks you know where to have me.
Ped. You know him, Sir?
Gov. Know him, and much lament him;
The King's incens'd much, much Sir, I can aſſure you.
Ped. Noble Governor——
Gov. But ſince he is your Friend, and now appears,
In honour of this Day, and Love to you, Sir,
I'll try the Power I have, to th' pinch I'll put it;

Here's

Here's my Hand, *Roderigo*, I'll ſet you fair again.
Rod. And here's mine, to be true and full of Service.
Gov. Your People too ſhall have their general Pardons,
We'll have all Peace and Love.
Rod. And ſhall pray for you.
Gov. To my Houſe now, and ſuit you to your Worths;
Off with theſe Weeds, and appear Glorious:
Then to the Prieſt that ſhall attend us here,
And this be ſtil'd Loves new and happy Year.
Rod. The King's and Queen's; two noble Honours meet
To grace this Day, two true Loves at their Feet.
Alph. Well, well, ſince Wedding will come after Wooing,
Give me ſome Roſemary, and let's be going. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Fifth Volume.



POSTSCRIPT

To the FIFTH VOLUME.

By Mr. *SEWARD.*

Page 61, Note 16.

SHE's parcel *drunk*] I was miſled by *Skinner* to interpret *parcel* by *partly*. It was probably only a typographical Error in that excellent Dictionary. For *parcel* us'd adverbially always ſignifies *partly*.

Page 100, Note 15.

What noble Spirit eager of Advancement,
Whoſe Employment is his Plough.] I rather condemn the Change I have made of *Employment* to *Intereſt*. I had more regard to the Meaſure than was neceſſary.

Page 116, Note 37. I give up the Change I have made here, and prefer the former Pointing.

Page 120, Line 9.

Who knows not the unbounded Flood and Sea,
In which my Brother Rollo's *Appetites*
Alter and rage with every Puff of Breath?
His ſwelling Blood exhales, and therefore bear.] I accidentally forgot to correct the old Pointing of this Paſſage, tho' the Faults were viſible at firſt Reading, and are ſuch as greatly diminiſh the extreme Beauty of the Metaphors. I read,

Who knows not the unbounded Flood and Sea
In which my Brother Rollo's *Appetites*
Alter and rage? With every Puff of Wind
His ſwelling Blood exhales. ——— *exhales i. e.* boils and flings off Vapours, as the Sea in Storms does its Spray. This is the true meaning of the Word, from the *Latin exhalare*. We corrupt it when we ſay the Sun *exhales* Vapours from the Sea.

Page 140, Line ult.

That ſleep'ſt within thy Maſter's Ear, and whiſper'ſt, &c.] The Tale-bearer, Whiſperer and Sycophant, cannot be ſaid to ſleep within their Maſter's Ear, ſince they are generally vigilant and eager to inſtil their poiſonous Counſel. I read therefore, *That* creep'ſt *within thy Maſter's Ear.*

Page 447.

The very Shrines of Saints ſink at her Virtues,
And ſwear *they cannot hold pace with her Pieties.*] I have none of the old Editions now by me to examine whether they alſo make the *Shrines ſwear*, or whether it is a meer Miſtake of the preſent Printer: For *ſweat* is undoubtedly the true Word, being the proper Metaphor to the *Shrines*.

Page 376, Note 8.

Yet dearly will I ſell my Love] It was great Inattention to *Lidian*'s Character which made Mr. *Sympſon* and myſelf propoſe to change *Love* to *Life*. His *Love* was his *Life*, and all he regretted in the loſs of the latter, was that he ſhould loſe the former.

Page 516, Line 22.

And Policy to wipe *their Lips*] *Verdugo* had ſaid that the Court-Waſps buz'd about the Honey of *Roderigo*'s Eſtate, and in hopes of gaining it, prevented his Pardon. The *Governor* in anſwer, wiſhes he had Policy enough to bribe them; but how does he expreſs it? why, Would he had Policy to *wipe* their Lips. To make the Metaphor clear and expreſſive of the Senſe, we ſhould, I think, read, *And Policy to* wet *their Lips*. *i. e.* to gain ſome of them by letting them taſte ſome of his Honey.

ERRATA.

Page	68,	Line 20, for *tumble, tumble,* read *rumble, rumble,*
	100,	10 of Note 17, for *probability* read *poſſibility*
	281,	2 of Note 7, for *Bands* read *Bawds*
	292,	12, for *Caſſander* read *Caſſandra*
	302,	at the end of Note 22, add, *if ſuch a Word cou'd be found*
	303,	3, in Note, for *Arms too* read *Armes*
	326,	3, for *Women* read *Woman*
	328,	15, dele *to*
	335,	6, for *Even* read *Ever*
	379,	1 in Note 8, for *tell* read *ſell*
	387,	12, for *Lis* read *Lan*
	404,	11, for *meditate* read *mediate*
	404,	the laſt in Note 15, for *In danger* read *Indanger*
	463,	16, for *Alonſo*'s read *Fernando*'s. See p. 443.
	487,	35, for *muſt* read *much*
	495,	15, for *Is* read *It*
	502,	7, in Note, for *herſelf in* read *herſelfin*
	512,	3, in Note 43, add *which yet I might have done without any Diſcredit to the Poet*
	517,	24, for *Lop.* read *Rod.*

FINIS.